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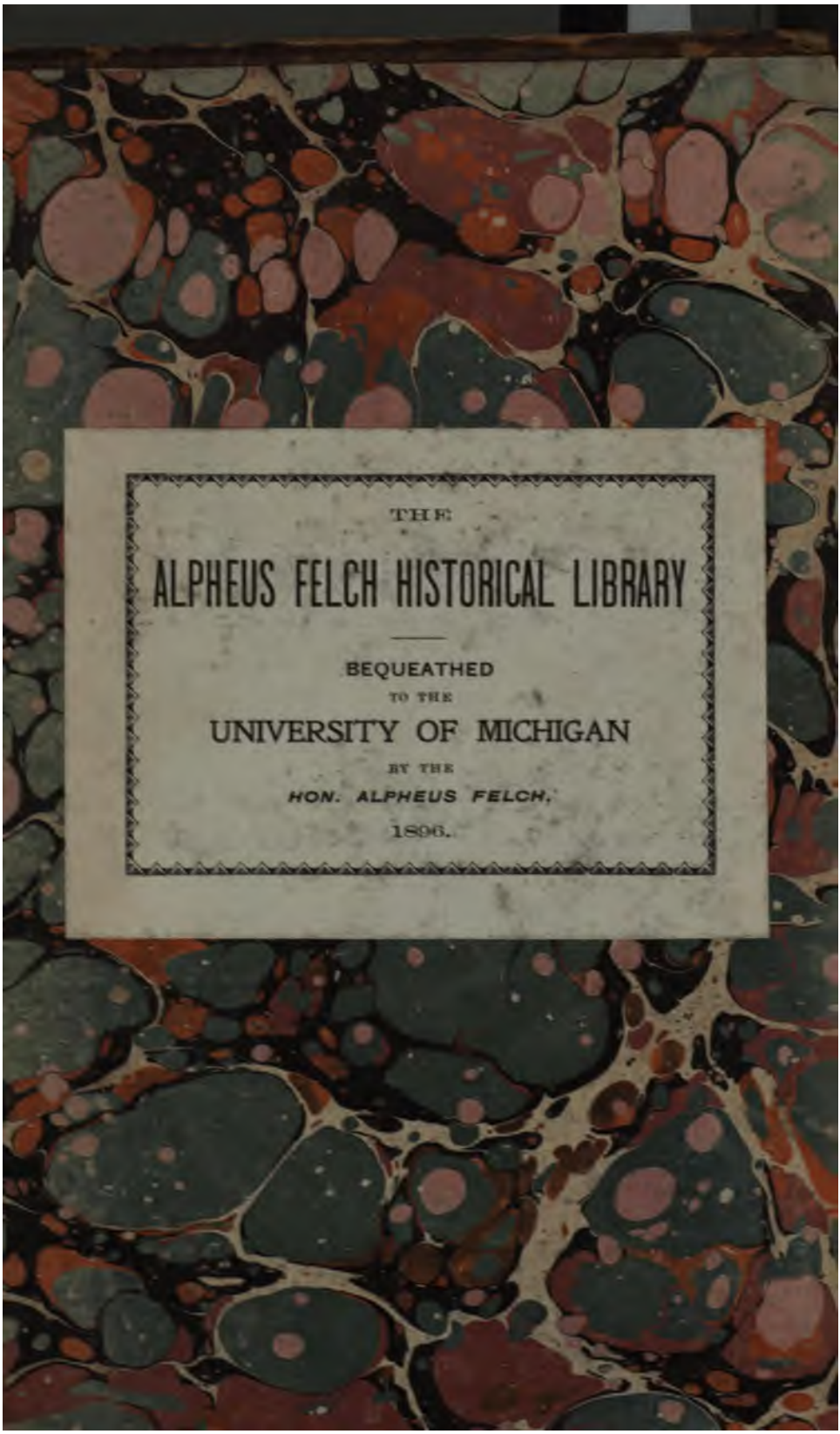
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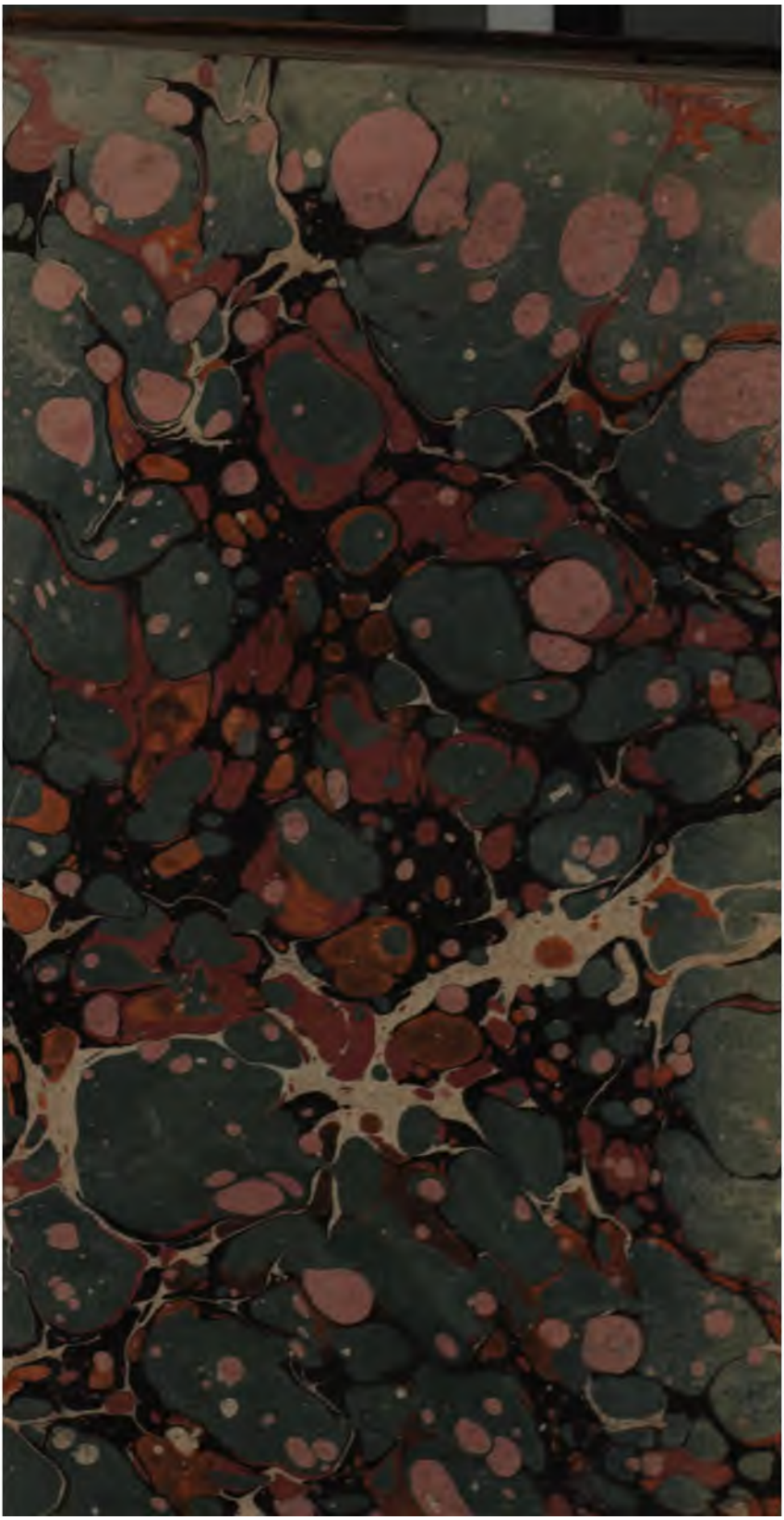

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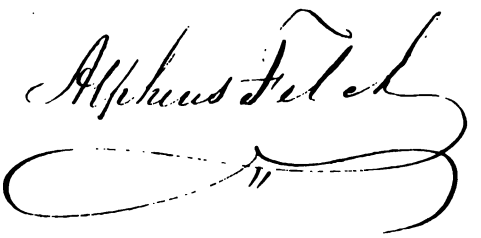

ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

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BOOK THE THIRD.

ORATIONS, CHARACTERS, AND LETTERS.

§ 1. *The Oration which was ſpoken by* PERICLES, *at the public Funeral of thoſe* ATHENIANS *who had been firſt killed in the* PELOPONNESIAN *War.*

MANY of thoſe who have ſpoken before me on occaſions of this kind, have commended the author of that law which we are now obeying, for having inſtituted an oration to the honour of thoſe who ſacrifice their lives in fighting for their country. For my part, I think it ſufficient for men who have approved their virtue in action, by action to be honoured for it—by ſuch as you ſee the public gratitude now performing about this funeral; and that the virtues of many ought not to be endangered by the management of any one perſon, when their credit muſt precariouſly depend on his oration, which may be good, and may be bad. Difficult indeed it is, judiciouſly to handle a ſubject, where even probable truth will hardly gain aſſent. The hearer, enlightened by a long acquaintance, and warm in his affections, may quickly pronounce every thing unfavourably expreſſed, in reſpect to what he wiſhes and what he knows; whilſt the ſtranger pronounceth all exaggerated, through envy of thoſe deeds which he is conſcious are above his own atchievement. For the praiſes beſtowed on others are then only to be endured, when men imagine they can do thoſe feats they hear to have been done; they envy what they cannot equal, and immediately pronounce it falſe. Yet, as this ſolemnity has received its ſanction from the authority of our anceſtors, it is my duty alſo to obey the law, and to endeavour to procure, ſo far as I am able, the goodwill and approbation of all my audience.

I ſhall therefore begin firſt with our forefathers, ſince both juſtice and decency require we ſhould, on this occaſion, beſtow on them an honourable remembrance. In this our country they kept themſelves always firmly ſettled; and, through their valour, handed it down free to every ſince-ſucceeding generation.—Worthy, indeed, of praiſe are they, and yet more worthy are our immediate fathers; ſince, enlarging their own inheritance into the extenſive empire which we now poſſeſs, they bequeathed that their work of toil to us their ſons. Yet even theſe ſucceſſes, we ourſelves, here preſent, we who are yet in the ſtrength and vigour of our days, have nobly improved, and have made ſuch proviſions for this our Athens, that now it is all-ſufficient in itſelf to anſwer every exigence of war and of peace. I mean not here to recite thoſe martial exploits by which theſe ends were accompliſhed, or the reſolute defences we ourſelves and our forefathers have made againſt the formidable invaſions of Barbarians and Greeks. Your own knowledge of theſe will excuſe the long detail. But, by what methods we have roſe to this height of glory and power; by what polity, and by what conduct we are

thus aggrandized, I ſhall firſt endeavour to ſhew; and then proceed to the praiſe of the deceaſed. Theſe, in my opinion, can be no impertinent topics on this occaſion; the diſcuſſion of them muſt be beneficial to this numerous company of Athenians and of ſtrangers.

We are happy in a form of government which cannot envy the laws of our neighbours; for it hath ſerved as a model to others, but is original at Athens. And this our form, as committed not to the few, but to the whole body of the people, is called a democracy. How different ſoever in a private capacity, we all enjoy the ſame general equality our laws are fitted to preſerve; and ſuperior honours, juſt as we excel. The public adminiſtration is not confined to a particular family, but is attainable only by merit. Poverty is not an hindrance, ſince whoever is able to ſerve his country meets with no obſtacle to preferment from his firſt obſcurity. The offices of the ſtate we go through without obſtructions from one another; and live together in the mutual endearments of private life without ſuſpicions; not angry with a neighbour for following the bent of his own humour, nor putting on that countenance of diſcontent, which pains, though it cannot puniſh; ſo that in private life we converſe together without diffidence or damage, whilſt we dare not, on any account, offend againſt the public, through the reverence we bear to the magiſtrates and the laws, chiefly to thoſe enacted for redreſs of the injured, and to thoſe unwritten, a breach of which is allowed diſgrace. Our laws have further provided for the mind moſt frequent intermiſſions of care, by the appointment of public recreations and ſacrifices throughout the year, elegantly performed with a peculiar pomp, the daily delight of which is a charm that puts melancholy to flight. The grandeur of this our Athens cauſeth the produce of the whole earth to be imported here, by which we reap a familiar enjoyment, not more of the delicacies of our own growth, than of thoſe of other nations.

In the affairs of war we excel thoſe *of our enemies who adhere* to methods oppoſite to our own: for we lay open Athens to general reſort, nor ever drive any ſtranger from us, whom either improvement or curioſity hath brought amongſt us, leſt any enemy ſhould hurt us by ſeeing what is never concealed: we place not ſo great a confidence in the preparatives and artifices of war as in the native warmth of our ſouls impelling us to action. In point of education, the youth of ſome people are inured, by a courſe of laborious exerciſe, to ſupport toil and hardſhip like men; but we, notwithſtanding our eaſy and elegant way of life, face all the dangers of war as intrepidly as they. This may be proved by facts, ſince the Lacedæmonians never invade our territories, barely with their own, but with the united ſtrength of all their confederates. But, when we invade the dominions of our neighbours, for the moſt part we conquer without difficulty, in an enemy's country, thoſe who fight in defence of their own habitations. The ſtrength of our whole force, no enemy hath yet ever experienced, becauſe it is divided by our naval expeditions, or engaged in the different quarters of our ſervice by land. But if anywhere they engage and defeat a ſmall party of our forces, they boaſtingly give it out a total defeat; and, if they are beat, they were certainly overpowered by our united ſtrength. What though from a ſtate of inactivity, rather than laborious exerciſe, or with a natural, rather than an acquired valour, we learn to encounter danger; this good at leaſt we receive from it, that we never droop under the apprehenſion of poſſible misfortunes, and when we hazard the danger, are found no leſs courageous than thoſe who are continually inured to it. In theſe reſpects, our whole community deſerves juſtly to be admired, and in many we have yet to mention.

In our manner of living we ſhew an elegance tempered with frugality, and we cultivate philoſophy, without enervating the mind. We diſplay our wealth in the ſeaſon of beneficence, and not in the vanity of diſcourſe. A confeſſion of poverty is diſgrace to no man; no effort to avoid it, is diſgrace indeed. There is viſibly, in the ſame perſons, an attention

attention to their own private concerns, and thoſe of the public; and in others, engaged in the labours of life, there is a competent ſkill in the affairs of government. For we are the only people who think him that does not meddle in ſtate affairs—not indolent, but good for nothing. And yet we paſs the ſoundeſt judgment, and are quick at catching the right apprehenſions of things, not thinking that words are prejudicial to actions; but rather the not being duly prepared by previous debate, before we are obliged to proceed to execution. Herein conſiſts our diſtinguiſhing excellence, that in the hour of action we ſhew the greateſt courage, and yet debate before-hand the expediency of our meaſures. The courage of others is the reſult of ignorance; deliberation makes them cowards. And thoſe undoubtedly muſt be owned to have the greateſt ſouls, who, moſt acutely ſenſible of the miſeries of war and the ſweets of peace, are not hence in the leaſt deterred from facing danger.

In acts of beneficence, farther, we differ from the many. We preſerve friends, not by receiving, but by conferring obligations. For he who does a kindneſs, hath the advantage over him who, by the law of gratitude, becomes a debtor to his benefactor. The perſon obliged is compelled to act the more inſipid part, conſcious that a return of kindneſs is merely a payment, and not an obligation. And we alone are ſplendidly beneficent to others, not ſo much from intereſted motives, as for the credit of pure liberality. I ſhall ſum up what yet remains, by only adding, that our Athens, in general, is the ſchool of Greece: and that every ſingle Athenian among us is excellently formed, by his perſonal qualifications, for all the various ſcenes of active life, acting with a moſt graceful demeanor, and a moſt ready habit of diſpatch.

That I have not, on this occaſion, made uſe of a pomp of words, but the truth of facts, that height to which, by ſuch a conduct, this ſtate hath roſe, is an undeniable proof. For we are now the only people of the world who are found by experience to be greater than in report; the only people who, repelling the attacks of an invading enemy, exempts their defeat from the bluſh of indignation, and to their tributaries no diſcontent, as if ſubject to men unworthy to command. That we deſerve our power, we need no evidence to manifeſt; we have great and ſignal proofs of this, which entitle us to the admiration of the preſent and of future ages. We want no Homer to be the herald of our praiſe; no poet to deck off a hiſtory with the charms of verſe, where the opinion of exploits muſt ſuffer by a ſtrict relation. Every ſea hath been opened by our fleets, and every land been penetrated by our armies, which have every where left behind them eternal monuments of our enmity and our friendſhip.

In the juſt defence of ſuch a ſtate, theſe victims of their own valour, ſcorning the ruin threatened to it, have valiantly fought, and bravely died. And every one of thoſe who ſurvive is ready, I am perſuaded, to ſacrifice life in ſuch a cauſe. And for this reaſon have I enlarged ſo much on national points, to give the cleareſt proof, that in the preſent war we have more at ſtake than men whoſe public advantages are not ſo valuable; and to illuſtrate by actual evidence, how great a commendation is due to them who are now my ſubjects, and the greateſt part of which they have already received. For the encomiums with which I have celebrated the ſtate, have been earned for it by the bravery of theſe, and of men like theſe. And ſuch compliments might be thought too high and exaggerated, if paſſed on any Grecians, but them alone. The fatal period to which theſe gallant ſouls are now reduced, is the ſureſt evidence of their merit—an evidence begun in their lives, and completed in their deaths: for it is a debt of juſtice to pay ſuperior honours to men, who have devoted their lives in fighting for their country, though inferior to others in every virtue but that of valour. Their laſt ſervice effaceth all former demerits—it extends to the public; their private demeanors reached only to a few. Yet not one of theſe was at all induced to ſhrink from danger through fondneſs of thoſe delights which the peaceful affluent life

beſtows; not one was the leſs laviſh of his life, through that flattering hope attendant upon want, that poverty at length might be exchanged for affluence. One paſſion there was in their minds much ſtronger than theſe, the deſire of vengeance on their enemies. Regarding this as the moſt honourable prize of dangers, they boldly ruſhed towards the mark, to ſeek revenge, and then to ſatisfy thoſe ſecondary paſſions. The uncertain event they had already ſecured in hope; what their eyes ſhewed plainly muſt be done, they truſted their own valour to accompliſh, thinking it more glorious to defend themſelves, and die in the attempt, than to yield and live. From the reproach of cowardice, indeed, they fled, but preſented their bodies to the ſhock of battle; when, inſenſible of fear, but triumphing in hope, in the doubtful charge they inſtantly dropt; and thus diſcharged the duty which brave men owe to their country.

As for you, who now ſurvive them, it is your buſineſs to pray for a better fate—but to think it your duty alſo to preſerve the ſame ſpirit and warmth of courage againſt your enemies; not judging the expediency of this from a mere harangue—where any man, indulging a flow of words, may tell you, what you yourſelves know as well as he, how many advantages there are in fighting valiantly againſt your enemies—but rather making the daily increaſing grandeur of this community the object of your thoughts, and growing quite enamoured of it. And, when it really appears great to your apprehenſions, think again, that this grandeur was acquired by brave and valiant men; by men who knew their duty, and in the moments of action were ſenſible of ſhame; who, whenever their attempts were unſucceſsful, thought it diſhonour their country ſhould ſtand in need of any thing their valour could do for it, and ſo made it the moſt glorious preſent. Beſtowing thus their lives on the public, they have every one received a praiſe that will never decay, a ſepulchre that will be moſt illuſtrious.—Not that in which their bones lie mouldering, but that in which their fame is preſerved, to be on every occaſion, when honour is the employ of either word or act, eternally remembered. This whole earth is the ſepulchre of illuſtrious men; nor is it the inſcription on the columns in their native ſoil alone that ſhews their merit, but the memorial of them, better than all inſcriptions, in every foreign nation, repoſited more durably in univerſal remembrance than on their own tomb. From this very moment, emulating theſe noble patterns, placing your happineſs in liberty, and liberty in valour, be prepared to encounter all the dangers of war. For, to be laviſh of life is not ſo noble in thoſe whom misfortunes have reduced to miſery and deſpair, as in men who hazard the loſs of a comfortable ſubſiſtence, and the enjoyment of all the bleſſings this world affords, by an unſucceſsful enterprize. Adverſity, after a ſeries of eaſe and affluence, ſinks deeper into the heart of a man of ſpirit, than the ſtroke of death inſenſibly received in the vigour of life and public hope.

For this reaſon, the parents of thoſe who are now gone, whoever of them may be attending here, I do not bewail;—I ſhall rather comfort. It is well known to what unhappy accidents they were liable from the moment of their birth; and that happineſs belongs to men who have reached the moſt glorious period of life, as theſe now have who are to you the ſource of ſorrow; thoſe, whoſe life hath received its ample meaſure, happy in its continuance, and equally happy in its concluſion. I know it in truth a difficult taſk, to fix comfort in thoſe breaſts which will have frequent remembrances, in ſeeing the happineſs of others, of what they once themſelves enjoyed. And ſorrow flows not from the abſence of thoſe good things we have never yet experienced, but from the loſs of thoſe to which we have been accuſtomed. They, who are not yet by age exempted from iſſue, ſhould be comforted in the hope of having more. The children yet to be born will be a private benefit to ſome, in cauſing them to forget ſuch as no longer are, and will be a double benefit to their country, in preventing its deſolation, and providing for its ſecurity. For thoſe perſons cannot in common

juſtice

juſtice be regarded as members of equal value to the public, who have no children to expoſe to danger for its ſafety. But you, whoſe age is already far advanced, compute the greater ſhare of happineſs your longer time hath afforded for ſo much gain, perſuaded in yourſelves the remainder will be but ſhort, and enlighten that ſpace by the glory gained by theſe. It is greatneſs of ſoul alone that never grows old; nor is it wealth that delights in the latter ſtage of life, as ſome give out, ſo much as honour.

To you, the ſons and brothers of the deceaſed, whatever number of you are here, a field of hardy contention is opened. For him, who no longer is, every one is ready to commend, ſo that to whatever height you puſh your deſerts, you will ſcarce ever be thought to equal, but to be ſomewhat inferior to theſe. Envy will exert itſelf againſt a competitor whilſt life remains; but when death ſtops the competition, affection will applaud without reſtraint.

If, after this, it be expected from me to ſay any thing to you, who are now reduced to a ſtate of widowhood, about female virtue, I ſhall expreſs it all in one ſhort admonition:—It is your greateſt glory not to be deficient in the virtue peculiar to your ſex, and to give the men as little handle as poſſible to talk of your behaviour, whether well or ill.

I have now diſcharged the province allotted me by the laws, and ſaid what I thought moſt pertinent to this aſſembly. Our departed friends have by facts been already honoured. Their children, from this day till they arrive at manhood, ſhall be educated at the public expence of the ſtate *, which hath appointed ſo beneficial a meed for theſe, and all future relics of the public conteſts. For wherever the greateſt rewards are propoſed for virtue, there the beſt of patriots are ever to be found.—Now, let every one reſpectively indulge the decent grief for his departed friends; and then retire. *Thucydides.*

* The law was, that they ſhould be inſtructed at the public expence, and when come to age preſented with a complete ſuit of armour, and honoured with the firſt ſeats in all public places.

§ 2. HAMLET *to the Players.*

Speak the ſpeech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue. But if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lieve the town crier had ſpoke my lines. And do not ſaw the air too much with your hand; but uſe all gently: for in the very torrent, tempeſt, and, as I may ſay, whirlwind of your paſſion, you muſt acquire and beget a temperance that may give it ſmoothneſs. Oh! it offends me to the ſoul, to hear a robuſtous periwig-pated fellow tear a paſſion to tatters, to very rags, to ſplit the ears of the groundlings; who (for the moſt part) are capable of nothing, but inexplicable dumb ſhews and noiſe. Pray you, avoid it.

Be not too tame neither; but let your own diſcretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this ſpecial obſervance, that you o'erſtep not the modeſty of nature: for any thing ſo overdone, is from the purpoſe of playing; whoſe end is—to hold, as 'twere the mirror up to nature; to ſhew Virtue her own feature, Scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and preſſure. Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unſkilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the cenſure of one of which muſt, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. Oh! there be players that I have ſeen play, and heard others praiſe, and that highly, that, neither having the accent of Chriſtian, nor the gait of Chriſtian, Pagan, nor man, have ſo ſtrutted and bellowed, that I have thought ſome of nature's journeymen had made them, and not made them well; they imitated humanity ſo abominably.

And let thoſe that play your clowns, ſpeak no more than is ſet down for them: for there be of them that will themſelves laugh, to ſet on ſome quantity of barren ſpectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, ſome neceſſary queſtion of the play be then to be conſidered: — that's villainous, and ſhews a moſt pitiful ambition in the fool that uſes it. *Shakeſpeare.*

§ 3. *The*

§ 3. *The Character of* MARIUS.

The birth of Marius was obſcure, though ſome call it equeſtrian, and his education wholly in camps; where he learnt the firſt rudiments of war, under the greateſt maſter of that age, the younger Scipio, who deſtroyed Carthage; till by long ſervice, diſtinguiſhed valour, and a peculiar hardineſs and patience of diſcipline, he advanced himſelf gradually through all the ſteps of military honour, with the reputation of a brave and complete ſoldier. The obſcurity of his extraction, which depreſſed him with the nobility, made him the greater favourite of the people; who, on all occaſions of danger, thought him the only man fit to be truſted with their lives and fortunes; or to have the command of a difficult and deſperate war: and in truth, he twice delivered them from the moſt deſperate, with which they had ever been threatened by a foreign enemy. Scipio, from the obſervation of his martial talents, while he had yet but an inferior command in the army, gave a kind of prophetic teſtimony of his future glory; for being aſked by ſome of his officers, who were ſupping with him at Numantia, what general the republic would have, in caſe of any accident to himſelf? That man, replied he, pointing to Marius at the bottom of the table. In the field he was cautious and provident; and while he was watching the moſt favourable opportunities of action, affected to take all his meaſures from augurs and diviners; nor ever gave battle, till by pretended omens and divine admonitions he had inſpired his ſoldiers with a confidence of victory; ſo that his enemies dreaded him as ſomething more than mortal; and both friends and foes believed him to act always by a peculiar impulſe and direction from the gods. His merit however was wholly military, void of every accompliſhment of learning, which he openly affected to deſpiſe; ſo that Arpinum had the ſingular felicity to produce the moſt glorious contemner, as well as the moſt illuſtrious improver, of the arts and eloquence of Rome *. He made no figure, therefore, in the gown, nor had any other way of ſuſtaining his authority in the city, than by cheriſhing the natural jealouſy between the ſenate and the people; that by his declared enmity to the one he might always be at the head of the other; whoſe favour he managed, not with any view to the public good, for he had nothing in him of the ſtateſman or the patriot, but to the advancement of his private intereſt and glory. In ſhort, he was crafty, cruel, covetous, and perfidious; of a temper and talents greatly ſerviceable abroad, but turbulent and dangerous at home; an implacable enemy to the nobles, ever ſeeking occaſions to mortify them, and ready to ſacrifice the republic, which he had ſaved, to his ambition and revenge. After a life ſpent in the perpetual toils of foreign or domeſtic wars, he died at laſt in his bed, in a good old age, and in his ſeventh conſulſhip; an honour that no Roman before him ever attained. *Middleton.*

§ 4. ROMULUS *to the People of Rome, after building the City.*

If all the ſtrength of cities lay in the height of their ramparts, or the depth of their ditches, we ſhould have great reaſon to be in fear for that which we have now built. But are there in reality any walls too high to be ſcaled by a valiant enemy? and of what uſe are ramparts in inteſtine diviſions? They may ſerve for a defence againſt ſudden incurſions from abroad; but it is by courage and prudence chiefly, that the invaſions of foreign enemies are repelled; and by unanimity, ſobriety, and juſtice, that domeſtic ſeditions are prevented. Cities fortified by the ſtrongeſt bulwarks have been often ſeen to yield to force from without, or to tumults from within. An exact military diſcipline, and a ſteady obſervance of civil polity, are the ſureſt barriers againſt theſe evils,

But there is ſtill another point of great importance to be conſidered. The proſperity of ſome riſing colonies, and the ſpeedy ruin of others, have in a great meaſure been owing to their form of government. Were there but one manner of ruling ſtates and cities that could make

* Arpinum was alſo the native city of Cicero

make them happy, the choice would not be difficult, but I have learnt, that of the various forms of government among the Greeks and Barbarians, there are three which are highly extolled by thoſe who have experienced them; and yet that no one of theſe is in all reſpects perfect, but each of them has ſome innate and incurable defect. Chuſe you, then, in what manner this city ſhall be governed. Shall it be by one man? ſhall it be by a ſelect number of the wiſeſt among us? or ſhall the legiſlative power be in the people? As for me, I ſhall ſubmit to whatever form of adminiſtration you ſhall pleaſe to eſtabliſh. As I think myſelf not unworthy to command, ſo neither am I unwilling to obey. Your having choſen me to be the leader of this colony, and your calling the city after my name, are honours ſufficient to content me; honours of which, living or dead, I never can be deprived.

Hooke.

§ 5. *The Character of* SYLLA.

Sylla died after he had laid down the dictatorſhip, and reſtored liberty to the republic, and, with an uncommon greatneſs of mind, lived many months as a private ſenator, and with perfect ſecurity, in that city where he had exerciſed the moſt bloody tyranny: but nothing was thought to be greater in his character, than that, during the three years in which the Marians were maſters of Italy, he neither diſſembled his reſolution of purſuing them by arms, nor neglected the war which he had upon his hands; but thought it his duty, firſt to chaſtiſe a foreign enemy, before he took his revenge upon citizens. His family was noble and patrician, which yet, through the indolency of his anceſtors, had made no figure in the republic for many generations, and was almoſt ſunk into obſcurity, till he produced it again into light, by aſpiring to the honours of the ſtate. He was a lover and patron of polite letters, having been carefully inſtituted himſelf in all the learning of Greece and Rome; but from a peculiar gaiety of temper, and fondneſs for the company of mimics and players, was drawn, when young, into a life of luxury and pleaſure; ſo that when he was ſent quæſtor to Marius, in the Jugurthine war, Marius complained, that in ſo rough and deſperate a ſervice chance had given him ſo ſoft and delicate a quæſtor. But, whether rouſed by the example, or ſtung by the reproach of his general, he behaved himſelf in that charge with the greateſt vigour and courage, ſuffering no man to outdo him in any part of military duty or labour, making himſelf equal and familiar even to the loweſt of the ſoldiers, and obliging them all by his good offices and his money; ſo that he ſoon acquired the favour of the army, with the character of a brave and ſkilful commander; and lived to drive Marius himſelf, baniſhed and proſcribed, into that very province where he had been contemned by him at firſt as his quæſtor. He had a wonderful faculty of concealing his paſſions and purpoſes; and was ſo different from himſelf in different circumſtances, that he ſeemed as it were to be two men in one: no man was ever more mild and moderate before victory; none more bloody and cruel after it. In war, he practiſed the ſame art that he had ſeen ſo ſucceſsful to Marius, of raiſing a kind of enthuſiaſm and contempt of danger in his army, by the forgery of auſpices and divine admonitions; for which end, he carried always about with him a little ſtatue of Apollo, taken from the temple of Delphi; and whenever he had reſolved to give battle, uſed to embrace it in ſight of the ſoldiers, and beg the ſpeedy confirmation of its promiſes to him. From an uninterrupted courſe of ſucceſs and proſperity, he aſſumed a ſurname, unknown before to the Romans, of Felix, or the Fortunate; and would have been fortunate indeed, ſays Velleius, if his life had ended with his victories. Pliny calls it a wicked title, drawn from the blood and oppreſſion of his country; for which poſterity would think him more unfortunate, even than thoſe whom he had put to death. He had one felicity, however, peculiar to himſelf, of being the only man in hiſtory, in whom the odium of the moſt barbarous cruelties was extinguiſhed by the glory of his great acts. Cicero, though he had a good opinion of his cauſe, yet deteſted the

the inhumanity of his victory, and never ſpeaks of him with reſpect, nor of his government but as a proper tyranny; calling him, "a maſter of three moſt "peſtilent vices, luxury, avarice, cru-"elty.' He was the firſt of his family whoſe dead body was burnt: for, having ordered Marius's remains to be taken out of his grave, and thrown into the river Anio, he was apprehenſive of the ſame inſult upon his own, if left to the uſual way of burial. A little before his death, he made his own epitaph, the ſum of which was, "that no man "had ever gone beyond him, in doing "good to his friends, or hurt to his "enemies." *Middleton.*

§ 6. HANNIBAL *to* SCIPIO AFRICANUS, *at their Interview preceding the Battle of Zama.*

Since fate has ſo ordained it, that I, who began the war, and who have been ſo often on the point of ending it by a compleat conqueſt, ſhould now come of my own motion to aſk a peace; I am glad that it is of you, Scipio, I have the fortune to aſk it. Nor will this be among the leaſt of your glories, that Hannibal, victorious over ſo many Roman generals, ſubmitted at laſt to you.

I could wiſh, that our fathers and we had confined our ambition within the limits which nature ſeems to have preſcribed to it; the ſhores of Africa, and the ſhores of Italy. The gods did not give us that mind. On both ſides we have been ſo eager after foreign poſſeſſions, as to put our own to the hazard of war. Rome and Carthage have had, each in her turn, the enemy at her gates. But ſince errors paſt may be more eaſily blamed than corrected, let it now be the work of you and me to put an end, if poſſible, to the obſtinate contention. For my own part, my years, and the experience I have had of the inſtability of fortune, inclines me to leave nothing to her determination, which reaſon can decide. But much I fear, Scipio, that your youth, your want of the like experience, your uninterrupted ſucceſs, may render you averſe from the thoughts of peace. He whom fortune has never failed, rarely reflects upon her inconſtancy. Yet, without recurring to former examples, my own may perhaps ſuffice to teach you moderation. I am that ſame Hannibal, who, after my victory at Cannæ, became maſter of the greateſt part of your country, and deliberated with myſelf what fate I ſhould decree to Italy and Rome. And now—ſee the change! Here, in Africa, I am come to treat with a Roman, for my own preſervation and my country's. Such are the ſports of fortune. Is ſhe then to be truſted becauſe ſhe ſmiles? An advantageous peace is preferable to the hope of victory. The one is in your own power, the other at the pleaſure of the gods. Should you prove victorious, it would add little to your own glory, or the glory of your country; if vanquiſhed, you loſe in one hour all the honour and reputation you have been ſo many years acquiring. But what is my aim in all this?——that you ſhould content yourſelf with our ceſſion of Spain, Sicily, Sardinia, and all the iſlands between Italy and Africa. A peace on theſe conditions will, in my opinion, not only ſecure the future tranquillity of Carthage, but be ſufficiently glorious for you, and for the Roman name. And do not tell me, that ſome of our citizens dealt fraudulently with you in the late treaty—it is I, Hannibal, that now aſk a peace: I aſk it, becauſe I think it expedient for my country; and, thinking it expedient, I will inviolably maintain it. *Hooke.*

§ 7. SCIPIO's *Anſwer.*

I knew very well Hannibal, that it was the hope of your return which emboldened the Carthaginians to break the truce with us, and to lay aſide all thoughts of a peace, when it was juſt upon the point of being concluded; and your preſent propoſal is a proof of it. You retrench from their conceſſions every thing but what we are, and have been long, poſſeſſed of. But as it is your care that your fellow-citizens ſhould have the obligations to you of being eaſed from a great part of their burden, ſo it ought to be mine that they draw no advantage from their perfidiouſneſs. Nobody is more ſenſible than I am of the weakneſs of man, and the power of fortune, and that whatever

we

we enterprize is ſubject to a thouſand chances. If, before the Romans paſſed into Africa, you had of your own accord quitted Italy, and made the offers you now make, I believe they would not have been rejected. But as you have been forced out of Italy, and we are maſters here of the open country, the ſituation of things is much altered. And, what is chiefly to be conſidered, the Carthaginians, by the late treaty which we entered into at their requeſt, were, over and above what you offer, to have reſtored to us our priſoners without ranſom, delivered up their ſhips of war, paid us five thouſand talents, and to have given hoſtages for the performance of all. The ſenate accepted theſe conditions, but Carthage failed on her part; Carthage deceived us. What then is to be done? Are the Carthaginians to be releaſed from the moſt important articles of the treaty, as a reward of their breach of faith? No, certainly. If, to the conditions before agreed upon, you had added ſome new articles to our advantage, there would have been matter of reference to the Roman people; but when, inſtead of adding, you retrench, there is no room for deliberation. The Carthaginians therefore muſt ſubmit to us at diſcretion, or muſt vanquiſh us in battle. *Hooke.*

§ 8. *The Character of* POMPEY.

Pompey had early acquired the ſurname of the Great, by that ſort of merit which, from the conſtitution of the republic, neceſſarily made him great; a fame and ſucceſs in war, ſuperior to what Rome had ever known in the moſt celebrated of her generals. He had triumphed, at three ſeveral times, over the three different parts of the known world, Europe, Aſia, Africa; and by his victories had almoſt doubled the extent, as well as the revenues, of the Roman dominion; for, as he declared to the people on his return from the Mithridatic war, he had found the leſſer Aſia the boundary, but left it the middle of their empire. He was about ſix years older than Cæſar; and while Cæſar, immerſed in pleaſures, oppreſſed with debts, and ſuſpected by all honeſt men, was hardly able to ſhew his head, Pompey was flouriſhing in the height of power and glory: and, by the conſent of all parties, placed at the head of the republic. This was the poſt that his ambition ſeemed to aim at, to be the firſt man in Rome; the leader, not the tyrant of his country; for he more than once had it in his power to have made himſelf the maſter of it without any riſk, if his virtue, or his phlegm at leaſt, had not reſtrained him: but he lived in a perpetual expectation of receiving from the gift of the people, what he did not care to ſeize by force; and, by fomenting the diſorders of the city, hoped to drive them to the neceſſity of creating him dictator. It is an obſervation of all the hiſtorians, that while Cæſar made no difference of power, whether it was conferred or uſurped, whether over thoſe who loved, or thoſe who feared him; Pompey ſeemed to value none but what was offered; nor to have any deſire to govern, but with the good-will of the governed. What leiſure he found from his wars, he employed in the ſtudy of polite letters, and eſpecially of eloquence, in which he would have acquired great fame, if his genius had not drawn him to the more dazzling glory of arms; yet he pleaded ſeveral cauſes with applauſe, in the defence of his friends and clients; and ſome of them in conjunction with Cicero. His language was copious and elevated; his ſentiments juſt; his voice ſweet; his action noble, and full of dignity. But his talents were better formed for arms than the gown; for though in both he obſerved the ſame diſcipline, a perpetual modeſty, temperance, and gravity of outward behaviour; yet in the licence of camps the example was more rare and ſtriking. His perſon was extremely graceful, and imprinting reſpect; yet with an air of reſerved haughtineſs, which became the general better than the citizen. His parts were plauſible, rather than great; ſpecious, rather than penetrating; and his views of politics but narrow; for his chief inſtrument of governing was diſſimulation; yet he had not always the art to conceal his real ſentiments. As he was a better ſoldier than a ſtateſman, ſo what he gained in the camp he uſually loſt in the city; and though adored when abroad, was

often

often affronted and mortified at home, till the imprudent oppoſition of the ſenate drove him to that alliance with Craſſus and Cæſar, which proved fatal both to himſelf and the republic. He took in theſe two, not as the partners, but the miniſters rather of his power; that by giving them ſome ſhare with him, he might make his own authority uncontrollable: he had no reaſon to apprehend that they could ever prove his rivals; ſince neither of them had any credit or character of that kind which alone could raiſe them above the laws; a ſuperior fame and experience in war, with the militia of the empire at their devotion: all this was purely his own; till, by cheriſhing Cæſar, and throwing into his hands the only thing which he wanted, arms, and military command, he made him at laſt too ſtrong for himſelf, and never began to fear him till it was too late. Cicero warmly diſſuaded both his union and his breach with Cæſar; and after the rupture, as warmly ſtill, the thought of giving him battle: if any of theſe counſels had been followed, Pompey had preſerved his life and honour, and the republic its liberty. But he was urged to his fate by a natural ſuperſtition, and attention to thoſe vain auguries, with which he was flattered by all the Haruſpices: he had ſeen the ſame temper in Marius and Sylla, and obſerved the happy effects of it: but they aſſumed it only out of policy, he out of principle: they uſed it to animate their ſoldiers, when they had found a probable opportunity of fighting: but he, againſt all prudence and probability, was encouraged by it to fight to his own ruin. He ſaw his miſtakes at laſt, when it was out of his power to correct them; and in his wretched flight from Pharſalia, was forced to confeſs, that he had truſted too much to his hopes; and that Cicero had judged better, and ſeen farther into things than he. The reſolution of ſeeking refuge in Egypt finiſhed the ſad cataſtrophe of this great man: the father of the reigning prince had been highly obliged to him for his protection at Rome, and reſtoration to his kingdom: and the ſon had ſent a conſiderable fleet to his aſſiſtance in the preſent war: but in this ruin of his fortunes, what gratitude was there to be expected from a court governed by eunuchs and mercenary Greeks? all whoſe politics turned, not on the honour of the king, but the eſtabliſhment of their own power; which was likely to be eclipſed by the admiſſion of Pompey. How happy had it been for him to have died in that ſickneſs, when all Italy was putting up vows and prayers for his ſafety! or, if he had fallen by the chance of war, on the plains of Pharſalia, in the defence of his country's liberty, he had died ſtill glorious, though unfortunate; but, as if he had been reſerved for an example of the inſtability of human greatneſs, he, who a few days before commanded kings and conſuls, and all the nobleſt of Rome, was ſentenced to die by a council of ſlaves; murdered by a baſe deſerter; caſt out naked and headleſs on the Egyptian ſtrand; and when the whole earth, as Velleius ſays, had ſcarce been ſufficient for his victories, could not find a ſpot upon it at laſt for a grave. His body was burnt on the ſhore by one of his freed-men, with the planks of an old fiſhing-boat; and his aſhes, being conveyed to Rome, were depoſited privately, by his wife Cornelia, in a vault by his Alban villa. The Egyptians however raiſed a monument to him on the place, and adorned it with figures of braſs, which being defaced afterwards by time, and buried almoſt in ſand and rubbiſh, was ſought out, and reſtored by the emperor Hadrian. *Middleton.*

§ 9. *Submiſſion; Complaint; Intreating —The Speech of* SENECA *the Philoſopher to* NERO, *complaining of the Envy of his Enemies, and requeſting the Emperor to reduce him back to his former narrow Circumſtances, that he might no longer be an Object of their Malignity.*

May it pleaſe the imperial majeſty of Cæſar favourably to accept the humble ſubmiſſions and grateful acknowledgments of the weak though faithful guide of his youth.

It is now a great many years ſince I firſt had the honour of attending your imperial majeſty as preceptor. And your bounty has rewarded my labours with ſuch affluence, as has drawn upon me,

me, what I had reaſon to expect, the envy of many of thoſe perſons, who are always ready to preſcribe to their prince where to beſtow, and where to withhold his favours. It is well known, that your illuſtrious anceſtor, Auguſtus, beſtowed on his deſerving favourites, Agrippa and Mæcenas, honours and emoluments, ſuitable to the dignity of the benefactor, and to the ſervices of the receivers: Nor has his conduct been blamed. My employment about your imperial majeſty has, indeed, been purely domeſtic: I have neither headed your armies, nor aſſiſted at your councils. But you know, Sir, (though there are ſome who do not ſeem to attend to it) that a prince may be ſerved in different ways, ſome more, others leſs conſpicuous; and that the latter may be to him as valuable as the former.

"But what!" ſay my enemies, "ſhall "a private perſon, of equeſtrian rank, "and a provincial by birth, be advanced "to an equality with the patricians? "Shall an upſtart, of no name nor fa"mily, rank with thoſe who can, by the "ſtatues which make the ornament of "their palaces, reckon backward a line "of anceſtors, long enough to tire out "the faſti *? Shall a philoſopher who "has written for others precepts of mo"deration, and contempt of all that is "external, himſelf live in affluence and "luxury? Shall he purchaſe eſtates, and "lay out money at intereſt? Shall he "build palaces, plant gardens, and ad"orn a country at his own expence, and "for his own pleaſure?"

Cæſar has given royally, as became imperial magnificence. Seneca has received what his prince beſtowed; nor did he ever aſk: he is only guilty of—not refuſing. Cæſar's rank places him above the reach of invidious malignity. Seneca is not, nor can be, high enough to deſpiſe the envious. As the overloaded ſoldier, or traveller, would be glad to be relieved of his burden, ſo I, in this laſt ſtage of the journey of life, now that I find myſelf unequal to the lighteſt cares, beg, that Cæſar would kindly eaſe me of the trouble of my unwieldy wealth. I beſeech him to reſtore to the imperial treaſury, from whence it came, what is to me ſuperfluous and cumbrous. The time and the attention, which I am now obliged to beſtow upon my villa and my gardens, I ſhall be glad to apply to the regulation of my mind. Cæſar is in the flower of life: long may he be equal to the toils of government! His goodneſs will grant to his worn-out ſervant leave to retire. It will not be derogatory from Cæſar's greatneſs to have it ſaid, that he beſtowed favours on ſome, who, ſo far from being intoxicated with them, ſhewed—that they could be happy, when (at their own requeſt) diveſted of them.

Corn. Tacit.

* The faſti, or calendars, or, if you pleaſe, almanacs, of the ancients, had, as our almanacs, tables of kings, conſuls, &c.

§ 10. *Speech of* CHARIDEMUS, *an* ATHENIAN *Exile, at the Court of* DARIUS, *on being aſked his Opinion of the warlike Preparations making by that Prince againſt* ALEXANDER.

Perhaps your Majeſty may not bear the truth from the mouth of a Grecian, and an exile: and if I do not declare it now, I never will, perhaps I may never have another opportunity.—Your Majeſty's numerous army, drawn from various nations, and which unpeoples the eaſt, may ſeem formidable to the neighbouring countries. The gold, the purple, and the ſplendor of arms, which ſtrike the eyes of beholders, make a ſhow which ſurpaſſes the imagination of all who have not ſeen it. The Macedonian army, with which your Majeſty's forces are going to contend, is, on the contrary, grim, and horrid of aſpect, and clad in iron. The irreſiſtible phalanx is a body of men who, in the field of battle, fear no onſet, being practiſed to hold together, man to man, ſhield to ſhield, and ſpear to ſpear; ſo that a brazen wall might as ſoon be broke through. In advancing, in wheeling to right or left, in attacking, in every exerciſe of arms, they act as one man. They anſwer the ſlighteſt ſign from the commander, as if his ſoul animated the whole army. Every ſoldier has a knowledge of war ſufficient for a general. And this diſcipline, by which the Macedonian army is become ſo formidable, was firſt eſtabliſhed, and has been all along kept up, by a fixed contempt

tempt of what your Majeſty's troops are ſo vain of, I mean gold and ſilver. The bare earth ſerves them for beds. Whatever will ſatisfy nature, is their luxury. Their repoſe is always ſhorter than the night. Your Majeſty may, therefore, judge, whether the Theſſalian, Acarnanian, and Ætolian cavalry, and the Macedonian phalanx—an army that has, in ſpite of all oppoſition, over-run half the world—are to be repelled by a multitude (however numerous) armed with ſlings, and ſtakes hardened at the points by fire. To be upon equal terms with Alexander, your Majeſty ought to have an army compoſed of the ſame ſort of troops: and they are no where to be had, but in the ſame countries which produced thoſe conquerors of the world.—It is therefore my opinion, that, if your Majeſty were to apply the gold and ſilver, which now ſo ſuperfluouſly adorns your men, to the purpoſe of hiring an army from Greece, to contend with Greeks, you might have ſome chance for ſucceſs; otherwiſe I ſee no reaſon to expect any thing elſe, than that your army ſhould be defeated, as all the others have been who have encountered the irreſiſtible Macedonians. *Q. Curtius.*

§ 11. *The Character of* JULIUS CÆSAR.

Cæſar was endowed with every great and noble quality, that could exalt human nature, and give a man the aſcendant in ſociety: formed to excel in peace, as well as war; provident in counſel; fearleſs in action; and executing what he had reſolved with an amazing celerity: generous beyond meaſure to his friends; placable to his enemies; and for parts, learning, eloquence, ſcarce inferior to any man. His orations were admired for two qualities, which are ſeldom found together, ſtrength and elegance; Cicero ranks him among the greateſt orators that Rome ever bred; and Quinctilian ſays, that he ſpoke with the ſame force with which he fought; and if he had devoted himſelf to the bar, would have been the only man capable of rivalling Cicero. Nor was he a maſter only of the politer arts; but converſant alſo with the moſt abſtruſe and critical parts of learning; and, among other works which he publiſhed, addreſſed two books to Cicero, on the analogy of language, or the art of ſpeaking and writing correctly. He was a moſt liberal patron of wit and learning, whereſoever they were found; and out of his love of thoſe talents, would readily pardon thoſe who had employed them againſt himſelf; rightly judging, that by making ſuch men his friends, he ſhould draw praiſes from the ſame fountain from which he had been aſperſed. His capital paſſions were ambition, and love of pleaſure; which he indulged in their turns to the greateſt exceſs: yet the firſt was always predominant; to which he could eaſily ſacrifice all the charms of the ſecond, and draw pleaſure even from toils and dangers, when they miniſtered to his glory. For he thought Tyranny, as Cicero ſays, the greateſt of goddeſſes; and had frequently in his mouth a verſe of Euripides, which expreſſed the image of his ſoul, that if right and juſtice were ever to be violated, they were to be violated for the ſake of reigning. This was the chief end and purpoſe of his life; the ſcheme that he had formed from his early youth; ſo that, as Cato truly declared of him, he came with ſobriety and meditation to the ſubverſion of the republic. He uſed to ſay, that there were two things neceſſary, to acquire and to ſupport power—ſoldiers and money; which yet depended mutually upon each other: with money therefore he provided ſoldiers, and with ſoldiers extorted money; and was, of all men, the moſt rapacious in plundering both friends and foes; ſparing neither prince, nor ſtate, nor temple, nor even private perſons, who were known to poſſeſs any ſhare of treaſure. His great abilities would neceſſarily have made him one of the firſt citizens of Rome; but, diſdaining the condition of a ſubject, he could never reſt, till he made himſelf a monarch. In acting this laſt part, his uſual prudence ſeemed to fail him; as if the height to which he was mounted, had turned his head, and made him giddy: for, by a vain oſtentation of his power, he deſtroyed the ſtability of it: and as men ſhorten life by living too faſt, ſo by an intemperance of reigning, he brought his reign to a violent end.

Middleton.

§ 12.

§ 12. CALISTHENES's *Reproof of* CLEON's *Flattery to* ALEXANDER, *on whom he had propoſed to confer Divinity by Vote.*

If the king were preſent, Cleon, there would be no need of my anſwering to what you have juſt propoſed: he would himſelf reprove you for endeavouring to draw him into an imitation of foreign abſurdities, and for bringing envy upon him by ſuch unmanly flattery. As he is abſent, I take upon me to tell you, in his name, that no praiſe is laſting, but what is rational; and that you do what you can to leſſen his glory, inſtead of adding to it. Heroes have never, among us, been deified till after their death; and, whatever may be your way of thinking, Cleon, for my part, I wiſh the king may not, for many years to come, obtain that honour.

You have mentioned, as precedents of what you propoſe, Hercules and Bacchus. Do you imagine, Cleon, that they were deified over a cup of wine? and are you and I qualified to make gods? Is the king, our ſovereign, to receive his divinity from you and me, who are his ſubjects? Firſt try your power, whether you can make a king. It is, ſurely, eaſier to make a king, than a god; to give an earthly dominion, than a throne in heaven. I only wiſh, that the gods may have heard, without offence, the arrogant propoſal you have made, of adding one to their number; and that they may ſtill be ſo propitious to us, as to grant the continuance of that ſucceſs to our affairs with which they have hitherto favoured us. For my part, I am not aſhamed of my country; nor do I approve of our adopting the rites of foreign nations, or learning from them how we ought to reverence our kings. To receive laws or rules of conduct from them, what is it but to confeſs ourſelves inferior to them?

Q. Curtius.

§ 13. *The Character of* CATO.

If we conſider the character of Cato without prejudice, he was certainly a great and worthy man; a friend to truth, virtue, liberty; yet, falſely meaſuring all duty by the abſurd rigour of the ſtoical rule, he was generally diſappointed of the end which he ſought by it, the happineſs both of his private and public life. In his private conduct he was ſevere, moroſe, inexorable; baniſhing all the ſofter affections, as natural enemies to juſtice, and as ſuggeſting falſe motives of acting, from favour, clemency, and compaſſion: in public affairs he was the ſame; had but one rule of policy, to adhere to what was right, without regard to time or circumſtances, or even to a force that could controul him; for, inſtead of managing the power of the great, ſo as to mitigate the ill, or extract any good from it, he was urging it always to acts of violence by a perpetual defiance; ſo that, with the beſt intentions in the world, he often did great harm to the republic. This was his general behaviour; yet, from ſome particular facts, it appears that his ſtrength of mind was not always impregnable, but had its weak places of pride, ambition, and party zeal; which, when managed and flattered to a certain point, would betray him ſometimes into meaſures contrary to his ordinary rule of right and truth. The laſt act of his life was agreeable to his nature and philoſophy: when he could no longer be what he had been; or when the ills of life over-balanced the good, which, by the principles of his ſect, was a juſt cauſe for dying: he put an end to his life with a ſpirit and reſolution which would make one imagine, that he was glad to have found an occaſion of dying in his proper character. On the whole, his life was rather admirable than amiable; fit to be praiſed, rather than imitated.

Middleton.

§ 14. BRUTUS's *Speech in Vindication of* CÆSAR's *Murder.*

Romans, countrymen, and lovers!—Hear me, for my cauſe; and be ſilent, that you may hear. Believe me, for mine honour; and have reſpect to mine honour, that you may believe. Cenſure me, in your wiſdom; and awake your ſenſes, that you may the better judge.

If there be any in this aſſembly, any dear friend of Cæſar's, to him I ſay, that Brutus's love to Cæſar was no leſs than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus roſe againſt Cæſar? this is my anſwer—Not that I loved Cæſar leſs, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæſar were, and die all ſlaves; than that Cæſar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæſar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but, as he was ambitious, I ſlew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his ambition. Who's here ſo baſe, that would be a bond-man?—If any, ſpeak; for him have I offended. Who's here ſo rude, that would not be a Roman?—If any, ſpeak; for him have I offended. Who's here ſo vile, that will not love his country?—If any, ſpeak; for him have I offended.—I pauſe for a reply.——

None?—Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæſar, than you ſhould do to Brutus. The queſtion of his death is inrolled in the capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences inforced, for which he ſuffered death.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, ſhall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as, which of you ſhall not? With this I depart—That, as I ſlew my beſt lover for the good of Rome, I have the ſame dagger for myſelf, when it ſhall pleaſe my country to need my death.

Shakeſpeare.

§ 15. *A Compariſon of* CÆSAR *with* CATO.

As to their extraction, years, and eloquence, they were pretty nigh equal. Both of them had the ſame greatneſs of mind, both the ſame degree of glory, but in different ways: Cæſar was celebrated for his great bounty and generoſity; Cato for his unſullied integrity: the former became renowned by his humanity and compaſſion; an auſtere ſeverity heightened the dignity of the latter. Cæſar acquired glory by a liberal, compaſſionate, and forgiving temper; as did Cato, by never beſtowing any thing. In the one, the miſerable found a ſanctuary; in the other, the guilty met with a certain deſtruction. Cæſar was admired for an eaſy yielding temper; Cato for his immoveable firmneſs; Cæſar, in a word, had formed himſelf for a laborious active life; was intent upon promoting the intereſt of his friends, to the neglect of his own; and refuſed to grant nothing that was worth accepting: what he deſired for himſelf, was to have ſovereign command, to be at the head of armies, and engaged in new wars, in order to diſplay his military talents. As for Cato, his only ſtudy was moderation, regular conduct, and, above all, rigorous ſeverity: he did not vie with the rich in riches, nor in faction with the factious; but, taking a nobler aim, he contended in bravery with the brave, in modeſty with the modeſt, in integrity with the upright; and was more deſirous to be virtuous, than appear ſo: ſo that the leſs he courted fame, the more it followed him.

Salluſt, by Mr. Roſe.

§ 16. CAIUS MARIUS *to the* ROMANS, *ſhewing the Abſurdity of their heſitating to confer on him the Rank of General, merely on Account of his Extraction.*

It is but too common, my countrymen, to obſerve a material difference between the behaviour of thoſe who ſtand candidates for places of power and truſt, before and after their obtaining them. They ſolicit them in one manner, and execute them in another. They ſet out with a great appearance of activity, humility, and moderation; and they quickly fall into ſloth, pride, and avarice.—It is, undoubtedly, no eaſy matter to diſcharge, to the general ſatisfaction, the duty of a ſupreme commander, in troubleſome times. I am, I hope, duly ſenſible of the importance of the office I propoſe to take upon me for the ſervice of my country. To carry on, with effect, an expenſive war, and yet be frugal of the public money; to oblige thoſe to ſerve, whom it may be delicate to offend; to conduct, at the ſame time, a complicated variety

riety of operations; to concert meaſures at home, anſwerable to the ſtate of things abroad; and to gain every valuable end, in ſpite of oppoſition from the envious, the factious, and the diſaffected—to do all this, my countrymen, is more difficult than is generally thought.

But, beſides the diſadvantages which are common to me with all others in eminent ſtations, my caſe is, in this reſpect, peculiarly hard—that whereas a commander of Patrician rank, if he is guilty of a neglect or breach of duty, has his great connections, the antiquity of his family, the important ſervices of his anceſtors, and the multitudes he has, by power, engaged in his intereſt, to ſcreen him from condign puniſhment, my whole ſafety depends upon myſelf; which renders it the more indiſpenſably neceſſary for me to take care that my conduct be clear and unexceptionable. Beſides, I am well aware, my countrymen, that the eye of the public is upon me; and that, though the impartial, who prefer the real advantage of the commonwealth to all other conſiderations, favour my pretenſions, the Patricians want nothing ſo much as an occaſion againſt me. It is, therefore, my fixed reſolution, to uſe my beſt endeavours, that you be not diſappointed in me, and that their indirect deſigns againſt me may be defeated.

I have, from my youth, been familiar with toils and with dangers. I was faithful to your intereſt, my countrymen, when I ſerved you for no reward, but that of honour. It is not my deſign to betray you, now that you have conferred upon me a place of profit. You have committed to my conduct the war againſt Jugurtha. The Patricians are offended at this. But where would be the wiſdom of giving ſuch a command to one of their honourable body? a perſon of illuſtrious birth, of ancient family, of innumerable ſtatues, but—of no experience! What ſervice would his long line of dead anceſtors, or his multitude of motionleſs ſtatues, do his country in the day of battle? What could ſuch a general do, but, in his trepidation and inexperience, have recourſe to ſome inferior commander, for direction in difficulties to which he was not himſelf equal? Thus your Patrician general would, in fact, have a general over him; ſo that the acting commander would ſtill be a Plebeian. So true is this, my countrymen, that I have, myſelf, known thoſe who have been choſen conſuls, begin then to read the hiſtory of their own country, of which, till that time, they were totally ignorant; that is, they firſt obtained the employment, and then bethought themſelves of the qualifications neceſſary for the proper diſcharge of it.

I ſubmit to your judgment, Romans, on which ſide the advantage lies, when a compariſon is made between Patrician haughtineſs and Plebeian experience. The very actions, which they have only read, I have partly ſeen, and partly myſelf atchieved. What they know by reading, I know by action. They are pleaſed to ſlight my mean birth; I deſpiſe their mean characters. Want of birth and fortune is the objection againſt me; want of perſonal worth, againſt them. But are not all men of the ſame ſpecies? What can make a difference between one man and another, but the endowments of the mind? For my part, I ſhall always look upon the braveſt man as the nobleſt man. Suppoſe it were enquired of the fathers of ſuch Patricians as Albinus and Beſtia, whether, if they had their choice, they would deſire ſons of their character, or of mine; what would they anſwer, but that they ſhould wiſh the worthieſt to be their ſons? If the Patricians have reaſon to deſpiſe me, let them likewiſe deſpiſe their anceſtors; whoſe nobility was the fruit of their virtue. Do they envy the honours beſtowed upon me? Let them envy, likewiſe, my labours, my abſtinence, and the dangers I have undergone for my country, by which I have acquired them. But thoſe worthleſs men lead ſuch a life of inactivity, as if they deſpiſed any honours you can beſtow, whilſt they aſpire to honours as if they had deſerved them by the moſt induſtrious virtue. They lay claim to the rewards of activity, for their having enjoyed

the pleaſures of luxury; yet none can be more laviſh than they are in praiſe of their anceſtors: and they imagine they honour themſelves by celebrating their forefathers; whereas they do the very contrary: for, as much as their anceſtors were diſtinguiſhed for their virtues, ſo much are they diſgraced by their vices. The glory of anceſtors caſts a light, indeed, upon their poſterity; but it only ſerves to ſhew what the deſcendants are. It alike exhibits to public view their degeneracy and their worth. I own, I cannot boaſt of the deeds of my forefathers; but I hope I may anſwer the cavils of the Patricians, by ſtanding up in defence of what I have myſelf done.

Obſerve now, my countrymen, the injuſtice of the Patricians. They arrogate to themſelves honours, on account of the exploits done by their forefathers; whilſt they will not allow me the due praiſe, for performing the very ſame ſort of actions in my own perſon. He has no ſtatues, they cry, of his family. He can trace no venerable line of anceſtors.—What then? Is it matter of more praiſe to diſgrace one's illuſtrious anceſtors, than to become illuſtrious by one's own good behaviour? What if I can ſhew no ſtatues of my family? I can ſhew the ſtandards, the armour, and the trappings, which I have myſelf taken from the vanquiſhed: I can ſhew the ſcars of thoſe wounds which I have received by facing the enemies of my country. Theſe are my ſtatues. Theſe are the honours I boaſt of. Not left me by inheritance, as theirs: but earned by toil, by abſtinence, by valour; amidſt clouds of duſt, and ſeas of blood: ſcenes of action, where thoſe effeminate Patricians, who endeavour by indirect means to depreciate me in your eſteem, have never dared to ſhew their faces. *Salluſt.*

§ 17. *The Character of* CATILINE.

Lucius Catiline was deſcended of an illuſtrious family: he was a man of great vigour, both of body and mind, but of a diſpoſition extremely profligate and depraved. From his youth he took pleaſure in civil wars, maſſacres, depredations, and inteſtine broils; and in theſe he employed his younger days. His body was formed for enduring cold, hunger, and want of reſt, to a degree indeed incredible: his ſpirit was daring, ſubtle, and changeable: he was expert in all the arts of ſimulation and diſſimulation; covetous of what belonged to others, laviſh of his own; violent in his paſſions; he had eloquence enough, but a ſmall ſhare of wiſdom. His boundleſs ſoul was conſtantly engaged in extravagant and romantic projects, too high to be attempted.

After Sylla's uſurpation, he was fired with a violent deſire of ſeizing the government; and, provided he could but carry his point, he was not at all ſolicitous by what means. His ſpirit, naturally violent, was daily more and more hurried on to the execution of his deſign, by his poverty, and the conſciouſneſs of his crimes; both which evils he had heightened by the practices above-mentioned. He was encouraged to it by the wickedneſs of the ſtate, thoroughly debauched by luxury and avarice; vices equally fatal, though of contrary natures.

Salluſt, by Mr. Roſe.

§ 18. *Speech of* TITUS QUINCTIUS *to the* ROMANS, *when the* ÆQUI *and* VOLSCI, *taking Advantage of their inteſtine Commotions, ravaged their Country to the Gates of* ROME.

Though I am not conſcious, O Romans, of any crime by me committed, it is yet with the utmoſt ſhame and confuſion that I appear in your aſſembly. You have ſeen it—poſterity will know it!—in the fourth conſulſhip of Titus Quinctius, the Æqui and Volſci (ſcarce a match for the Hernici alone) came in arms to the very gates of Rome, and went away again unchaſtiſed! The courſe of our manners, indeed, and the ſtate of our affairs, have long been ſuch that I had no reaſon to preſage much good; but, could I have imagined that ſo great an ignominy would have befallen me this year I would, by baniſhment or death (if all other means had failed) have avoided the ſtation I am now in. What! might Rome then have been taken, if thoſe men who were at our gates had not wanted courage for the

the attempt?—Rome taken, whilſt I was conſul!—Of honours I had ſufficient—of life enough—more than enough—I ſhould have died in my third conſulate.

But who are they that our daſtardly enemies thus deſpiſe?—the conſuls, or you, Romans? If we are in fault, depoſe us, or puniſh us yet more ſeverely. If you are to blame—may neither gods nor men puniſh your faults! only, may you repent! No, Romans, the confidence of our enemies is not owing to their courage, or to their belief of your cowardice: they have been too often vanquiſhed, not to know both themſelves and you. Diſcord, diſcord, is the ruin of this city! The eternal diſputes between the ſenate and the people are the ſole cauſe of our misfortunes. While we will ſet no bounds to our domination, nor you to your liberty; while you impatiently endure Patrician magiſtrates, and we Plebeian; our enemies take heart, grow elated, and preſumptuous. In the name of the immortal gods, what is it, Romans, you would have? You deſired Tribunes; for the ſake of peace, we granted them. You were eager to have Decemvirs; we conſented to their creation. You grew weary of theſe Decemvirs; we obliged them to abdicate. Your hatred purſued them when reduced to private men; and we ſuffered you to put to death, or baniſh, Patricians of the firſt rank in the republic. You inſiſted upon the reſtoration of the Tribuneſhip; we yielded: we quietly ſaw Conſuls of your own faction elected. You have have the protection of your Tribunes, and the privilege of appeal: the Patricians are ſubjected to the decrees of the Commons. Under pretence of equal and impartial laws, you have invaded our rights; and we have ſuffered it, and we ſtill ſuffer it. When ſhall we ſee an end of diſcord? When ſhall we have one intereſt, and one common country? Victorious and triumphant, you ſhew leſs temper than we under defeat. When you are to contend with us, you can ſeize the Aventine hill, you can poſſeſs yourſelves of the Mons Sacer.

The enemy is at our gates, the Æſquiline is near being taken, and nobody ſtirs to hinder it. But againſt us you are valiant, againſt us you can arm with diligence. Come on then, beſiege the ſenate-houſe, make a camp of the forum, fill the jails with our chief nobles; and, when you have atchieved theſe glorious exploits, then, at laſt, ſally out at the Æſquiline gate, with the ſame fierce ſpirits, againſt the enemy. Does your reſolution fail you for this? Go then, and behold from our walls your lands ravaged, your houſes plundered and in flames, the whole country laid waſte with fire and ſword. Have you any thing here to repair theſe damages? Will the Tribunes make up your loſſes to you? They'll give you words as many as you pleaſe; bring impeachments in abundance againſt the prime men in the ſtate; heap laws upon laws: aſſemblies you ſhall have without end: but will any of you return the richer from thoſe aſſemblies? Extinguiſh, O Romans, theſe fatal diviſions; generouſly break this curſed inchantment, which keeps you buried in a ſcandalous inaction. Open your eyes, and conſider the management of thoſe ambitious men, who, to make themſelves powerful in their party, ſtudy nothing but how they may foment diviſions in the commonwealth.—If you can but ſummon up your former courage, if you will now march out of Rome with your conſuls, there is no puniſhment you can inflict which I will not ſubmit to, if I do not in a few days drive thoſe pillagers out of our territory. This terror of war, with which you ſeem ſo grievouſly ſtruck, ſhall quickly be removed from Rome to their own cities. *Hooke.*

§ 19. MICIPSA *to* JUGURTHA.

You know, Jugurtha, that I received you under my protection in your early youth, when left a helpleſs and hopeleſs orphan. I advanced you to high honours in my kingdom, in the full aſſurance that you would prove grateful for my kindneſs to you; and that, if I came to have children of my own, you would ſtudy to repay to

them what you owed to me. Hitherto I have had no reaſon to repent of my favours to you. For, to omit all former inſtances of your extraordinary merit, your late behaviour in the Numantian war has reflected upon me, and my kingdom, a new and diſtinguiſhed glory. You have, by your valour, rendered the Roman commonwealth, which before was well affected to our intereſt, much more friendly. In Spain, you have raiſed the honour of my name and crown. And you have ſurmounted what is juſtly reckoned one of the greateſt difficulties; having, by your merit, ſilenced envy. My diſſolution ſeems now to be faſt approaching. I therefore beſeech and conjure you, my dear Jugurtha! by this right hand; by the remembrance of my paſt kindneſs to you; by the honour of my kingdom; and by the majeſty of the gods; be kind to my two ſons, whom my favour to you has made your brothers; and do not think of forming a connection with any ſtranger, to the prejudice of your relations. It is not by arms, nor by treaſures, that a kingdom is ſecured, but by well affected ſubjects and allies. And it is by faithful and important ſervices, that friendſhip (which neither gold will purchaſe, nor arms extort) is ſecured. But what friendſhip is more perfect, than that which ought to obtain between brothers? What fidelity can be expected among ſtrangers, if it is wanting among relations? The kingdom I leave you is in good condition, if you govern it properly; if otherwiſe, it is weak. For by agreement a ſmall ſtate increaſes: by diviſion a great one falls into ruin. It will lie upon you, Jugurtha, who are come to riper years than your brothers, to provide that no miſconduct produce any bad effect. And, if any difference ſhould ariſe between you and your brothers (which may the gods avert!) the public will charge you, however innocent you may be, as the aggreſſor, becauſe your years and abilities give you the ſuperiority. But I firmly perſuade myſelf, that you will treat them with kindneſs, and that they will honour and eſteem you, as your diſtinguiſhed virtue deſerves. *Salluſt.*

§ 20. *Speech of* PUBLIUS SCIPIO *to the* ROMAN *Army, before the Battle of the* TICIN.

Were you, ſoldiers, the ſame army which I had with me in Gaul, I might well forbear ſaying any thing to you at this time: for, what occaſion could there be to uſe exhortation to a cavalry that had ſo ſignally vanquiſhed the ſquadrons of the enemy upon the Rhone; or to legions, by whom that ſame enemy, flying before them to avoid a battle, did in effect confeſs themſelves conquered? But, as theſe troops, having been inrolled for Spain, are there with my brother Cneius, making war under my auſpices (as was the will of the ſenate and people of Rome) I, that you might have a conſul for your captain, againſt Hannibal and the Carthaginians, have freely offered myſelf for this war. You, then, have a new general; and I a new army. On this account, a few words from me to you will be neither improper nor unſeaſonable.

That you may not be unappriſed of what ſort of enemies you are going to encounter, or of what is to be feared from them, they are the very ſame whom, in a former war, you vanquiſhed both by land and ſea; the ſame, from whom you took Sicily and Sardinia; and who have been theſe twenty years your tributaries. You will not, I preſume, march againſt theſe men, with only that courage with which you are wont to face other enemies; but with a certain anger and indignation, ſuch as you would feel if you ſaw your ſlaves on a ſudden riſe up in arms againſt you. Conquered and enſlaved, it it not boldneſs, but neceſſity, that urges them to battle, unleſs you can believe that thoſe who avoided fighting when their army was entire, have acquired better hope by the loſs of two-thirds of their horſe and foot in the paſſage of the Alps.

But you have heard, perhaps, that, though they are few in number, they are men of ſtout hearts and robuſt bodies; heroes, of ſuch ſtrength and vigour, as nothing is able to reſiſt.—Mere effigies! nay, ſhadows of men! wretches, emaciated with hunger, and benumbed with cold! bruiſed and battered to pieces

pieces among the rocks and craggy cliffs! their weapons broken, and their horſes weak and foundered! Such are the cavalry, and ſuch the infantry, with which you are going to contend; not enemies, but the fragments of enemies. There is nothing which I more apprehend, than that it will be thought Hannibal was vanquiſhed by the Alps, before we had any conflict with him. But, perhaps, it was fitting it ſhould be ſo; and that, with a people and a leader who had violated leagues and covenants, the gods themſelves, without man's help, ſhould begin the war, and bring it to a near concluſion: and that we, who, next to the gods, have been injured and offended, ſhould happily finiſh what they have begun.

I need not be in any fear that you ſhould ſuſpect me of ſaying theſe things merely to encourage you, while inwardly I have different ſentiments. What hindered me from going into Spain? That was my province, where I ſhould have had the leſs dreaded Aſdrubal, not Hannibal, to deal with. But hearing, as I paſſed along the coaſt of Gaul, of this enemy's march, I landed my troops, ſent the horſe forward, and pitched my camp upon the Rhone. A part of my cavalry encountered, and defeated that of the enemy. My infantry not being able to overtake theirs, which fled before us, I returned to my fleet; and, with all the expedition I could uſe in ſo long a voyage by ſea and land, am come to meet them at the foot of the Alps. Was it, then, my inclination to avoid a conteſt with this tremendous Hannibal? and have I met with him only by accident and unawares? or am I come on purpoſe to challenge him to the combat? I would gladly try whether the earth, within theſe twenty years, has brought forth a new kind of Carthaginians; or whether they be the ſame ſort of men, who fought at the Ægates, and whom, at Eryx, you ſuffered to redeem themſelves at eighteen denarii per head: whether this Hannibal, for labours and journies, be, as he would be thought, the rival of Hercules; or whether he be, what his father left him, a tributary, a vaſſal, a ſlave of the Roman people. Did not the conſciouſneſs of his wicked deed at Saguntum torment him and make him deſperate, he would have ſome regard, if not to his conquered country, yet ſurely to his own family, to his father's memory, to the treaty written with Hamilcar's own hand. We might have ſtarved him in Eryx; we might have paſſed into Africa with our victorious fleet; and, in few days, have deſtroyed Carthage. At their humble ſupplication, we pardoned them; we releaſed them, when they were cloſely ſhut up, without a poſſibility of eſcaping; we made peace with them, when they were conquered. When they were diſtreſſed by the African war, we conſidered them, we treated them, as a people under our protection. And what is the return they make us for all theſe favours? Under the conduct of a hare-brained young man, they come hither to overturn our ſtate, and lay waſte our country.—I could wiſh, indeed, that it were not ſo; and that the war we are now engaged in concerned only our own glory, and not our preſervation. But the conteſt at preſent is not for the poſſeſſion of Sicily and Sardinia, but of Italy itſelf: nor is there behind us another army, which, if we ſhould not prove the conquerors, may make head againſt our victorious enemies. There are no more Alps for them to paſs, which might give us leiſure to raiſe new forces. No, ſoldiers; here you muſt make your ſtand, as if you were juſt now before the walls of Rome. Let every one reflect, that he is now to defend, not his own perſon only, but his wife, his children, his helpleſs infants. Yet, let not private conſiderations alone poſſeſs our minds: let us remember that the eyes of the ſenate and people of Rome are upon us; and that, as our force and courage ſhall now prove, ſuch will be the fortune of that city, and of the Roman empire. *Hooke.*

§ 21. *Speech of* HANNIBAL *to the* CARTHAGINIAN *Army, on the ſame Occaſion.*

I know not, ſoldiers, whether you or your priſoners be encompaſſed by fortune with the ſtricter bonds and neceſ-

ſities. Two ſeas incloſe you on the right and left: not a ſhip to fly to for eſcaping. Before you is the Po, a river broader and more rapid than the Rhone: behind you are the Alps; over which, even when your numbers were undiminiſhed, you were hardly able to force a paſſage. Here then, ſoldiers, you muſt either conquer or die, the very firſt hour you meet the enemy.

But the ſame fortune which has thus laid you under the neceſſity of fighting, has ſet before your eyes thoſe rewards of victory, than which no men are ever wont to wiſh for greater from the immortal gods. Should we, by our valour, recover only Sicily and Sardinia, which were raviſhed from our fathers, thoſe would be no inconſiderable prizes. Yet, what are thoſe? The wealth of Rome; whatever riches ſhe has heaped together in the ſpoils of nations; all theſe, with the maſters of them, will be yours. You have been long enough employed in driving the cattle upon the vaſt mountains of Luſitania and Celtiberia; you have hitherto met with no reward worthy of the labours and dangers you have undergone. The time is now come, to reap the full recompence of your toilſome marches over ſo many mountains and rivers, and through ſo many nations, all of them in arms. This is the place which fortune has appointed to be the limits of your labour; it is here that you will finiſh your glorious warfare, and receive an ample recompence of your compleated ſervice. For I would not have you imagine, that victory will be as difficult as the name of a Roman war is great and ſounding. It has often happened, that a deſpiſed enemy has given a bloody battle; and the moſt renowned kings and nations have by a ſmall force been overthrown. And, if you but take away the glitter of the Roman name, what is there wherein they may ſtand in competition with you? For (to ſay nothing of your ſervice in war, for twenty years together, with ſo much valour and ſucceſs) from the very pillars of Hercules, from the ocean, from the utmoſt bounds of the earth, through ſo many warlike nations of Spain and Gaul, are you not come hither victorious? And with whom are you now to fight? With raw ſoldiers, an undiſciplined army, beaten, vanquiſhed, beſieged by the Gauls the very laſt ſummer; an army, unknown to their leader, and unacquainted with him.

Or ſhall I, who was born, I might almoſt ſay, but certainly brought up, in the tent of my father, that moſt excellent general; ſhall I, the conqueror of Spain and Gaul, and not only of the Alpine nations, but which is greater ſtill, of the Alps themſelves; ſhall I compare myſelf with this half-year captain? a captain, before whom ſhould one place the two armies, without their enſigns, I am perſuaded he would not know to which of them he is conſul. I eſteem it no ſmall advantage, ſoldiers, that there is not one among you, who has not often been an eye-witneſs of my exploits in war; not one of whoſe valour I myſelf have not been a ſpectator, ſo as to be able to name the times and places of his noble atchievements; that with ſoldiers, whom I have a thouſand times praiſed and rewarded, and whoſe pupil I was before I became their general, I ſhall march againſt an army of men ſtrangers to one another.

On what ſide ſoever I turn my eyes, I behold all full of courage and ſtrength. A veteran infantry; a moſt gallant cavalry: you, my allies, moſt faithful and valiant; you, Carthaginians, whom not only your country's cauſe, but the juſteſt anger, impels to battle. The hope, the courage of aſſailants, is always greater than of thoſe who act upon the defenſive. With hoſtile banners diſplayed, you are come down upon Italy: you bring the war. Grief, injuries, indignities, fire your minds, and ſpur you forward to revenge.—Firſt, they demanded me; that I, your general, ſhould be delivered up to them; next, all of you who had fought at the ſiege of Saguntum: and we were to be put to death by the extremeſt tortures. Proud and cruel nation! every thing muſt be yours, and at your diſpoſal! you are to preſcribe to us with whom we ſhall make war, with whom we ſhall make peace. You are to ſet us bounds; to ſhut us up within hills and rivers; but you, you are not to obſerve the limits

mits which yourſelves have fixed! "Paſs not the Iberus." What next? "Touch not the Saguntines. Sagun-"tum is upon the Iberus, move not "a ſtep towards that city." Is it a ſmall matter then that you have deprived us of our ancient poſſeſſions, Sicily and Sardinia? you would have Spain too. Well, we ſhall yield Spain, and then—you will paſs into Africa. Will paſs, did I ſay?—this very year they ordered one of their conſuls into Africa, the other into Spain. No, ſoldiers; there is nothing left for us, but what we can vindicate with our ſwords. Come on, then. Be men. The Romans may, with more ſafety, be cowards: they have their own country behind them, have places of refuge to fly to, and are ſecure from danger in the roads thither; but for you, there is no middle fortune between death and victory. Let this be but well fixed in your minds; and once again, I ſay, you are conquerors. *Hooke.*

§ 22. *To Art.*

O Art! thou diſtinguiſhing attribute and honour of human kind! who art not only able to imitate Nature in her graces, but even to adorn her with graces of thine own! Poſſeſſed of thee, the meaneſt genius grows deſerving, and has a juſt demand for a portion of our eſteem: devoid of thee, the brighteſt of our kind lie loſt and uſeleſs, and are but poorly diſtinguiſhed from the moſt deſpicable and baſe. When we inhabited foreſts in common with brutes, nor otherwiſe known from them, than by the figure of our ſpecies, thou taughteſt us to aſſert the ſovereignty of our nature, and to aſſume that empire, for which Providence intended us. Thouſands of utilities owe their birth to thee; thouſands of elegancies, pleaſures, and joys, without which life itſelf would be but an inſipid poſſeſſion.

Wide and extenſive is the reach of thy dominion. No element is there, either ſo violent or ſo ſubtile, ſo yielding or ſo ſluggiſh, as, by the powers of its nature, to be ſuperior to thy direction. Thou dreadeſt not the fierce impetuoſity of fire, but compelleſt its violence to be both obedient and uſeful: by it thou ſofteneſt the ſtubborn tribe of minerals, ſo as to be formed and moulded into ſhapes innumerable. Hence weapons, armour, coin; and, previous to theſe and other thy works and energies, hence all thoſe various tools and inſtruments, which impower thee to proceed to farther ends more excellent. Nor is the ſubtile air leſs obedient to thy power; whether thou willeſt it to be a miniſter to our pleaſure or utility. At thy command, it giveth birth to ſounds, which charm the ſoul with all the powers of harmony: under thy inſtruction, it moves the ſhips over the ſeas; while that yielding element, where otherwiſe we ſink, even water itſelf, is by thee taught to bear us; the vaſt ocean, to promote that intercourſe of nations, which ignorance would imagine it was deſtined to intercept. To ſay how thy influence is ſeen on earth, would be to teach the meaneſt what he knows already. Suffice it but to mention fields of arable and paſture; lawns, and groves, and gardens, and plantations; cottages, villages, caſtles, towns; palaces, temples, and ſpacious cities.

Nor does thy empire end in ſubjects thus inanimate: its power alſo extends through the various race of animals; who either patiently ſubmit to become thy ſlaves, or are ſure to find thee an irreſiſtible foe. The faithful dog, the patient ox, the generous horſe, and the mighty elephant, are content all to receive their inſtructions from thee, and readily to lend their natural inſtincts of ſtrength to perform thoſe offices which thy occaſions call for. If there be found any ſpecies which are ſerviceable when dead, thou ſuggeſteſt the means to inveſtigate and take them: if any be ſo ſavage as to refuſe being tamed, or of natures fierce enough to venture an attack, thou teacheſt us to ſcorn their brutal rage, to meet, repel, purſue, and conquer.

Such, O Art! is thy amazing influence, when thou art employed only on theſe inferior ſubjects, on natures inanimate, or at beſt irrational: but whenever thou chuſeſt a ſubject more noble, and employeſt thyſelf in cultivating the mind itſelf, then it is thou becomeſt truly amiable and divine; the ever-

flowing

flowing ſource of thoſe ſublimer beauties, of which no ſubject but mind alone is capable. Then it is thou art enabled to exhibit to mankind the admired tribe of poets and orators; the ſacred train of patriots and heroes; the godlike liſt of philoſophers and legiſlators; the forms of virtuous and equal polities, where private welfare is made the ſame with public, where crowds themſelves prove diſintereſted, and virtue is made a national and popular characteriſtic.

Hail! ſacred ſource of all theſe wonders! thyſelf inſtruct me to praiſe thee worthily; through whom, whatever we do is done with elegance and beauty; without whom, what we do is graceleſs and deformed.—Venerable power! by what name ſhall I addreſs thee? ſhall I call thee ornament of mind, or art thou more truly mind itſelf? it is mind thou art, moſt perfect mind; not rude, untaught, but fair and poliſhed: in ſuch thou dwelleſt; of ſuch thou art the form; nor is it a thing more poſſible to ſeparate thee from ſuch, than it would be to ſeparate thee from thy own exiſtence. *Harris.*

§ 23. *The Character of* HANNIBAL.

Hannibal being ſent to Spain, on his arrival there attracted the eyes of the whole army. The veterans believed Hamilcar was revived and reſtored to them: they ſaw the ſame vigorous countenance, the ſame piercing eye, the ſame complexion and features. But in a ſhort time his behaviour occaſioned this reſemblance of his father to contribute the leaſt towards his gaining their favour. And, in truth, never was there a genius more happily formed for two things, moſt manifeſtly contrary to each other—to obey and to command. This made it difficult to determine, whether the general or ſoldiers loved him moſt. Where any enterprize required vigour and valour in the performance, Aſdrubal always choſe him to command at the executing it; nor were the troops ever more confident of ſucceſs, or more intrepid, than when he was at their head. None ever ſhewed greater bravery in undertaking hazardous attempts, or more preſence of mind and conduct in the execution of them. No hardſhip could fatigue his body, or daunt his courage: he could equally bear cold and heat. The neceſſary refection of nature, not the pleaſure of his palate, he ſolely regarded in his meals. He made no diſtinction of day and night in his watching, or taking reſt; and appropriated no time to ſleep, but what remained after he had completed his duty: he never ſought for a ſoft, or a retired place of repoſe; but was often ſeen lying on the bare ground, wrapt in a ſoldier's cloak, amongſt the centinels and guards. He did not diſtinguiſh himſelf from his companions by the magnificence of his dreſs, but by the quality of his horſe and arms. At the ſame time, he was by far the beſt foot and horſe ſoldier in the army; ever the foremoſt in a charge, and the laſt who left the field after the battle was begun. Theſe ſhining qualities were however balanced by great vices; inhuman cruelty; more than Carthaginian treachery; no reſpect for truth or honour, no fear of the gods, no regard for the ſanctity of oaths, no ſenſe of religion. With a diſpoſition thus chequered with virtues and vices, he ſerved three years under Aſdrubal, without neglecting to pry into, or perform any thing, that could contribute to make him hereafter a complete general. *Livy.*

§ 24. *The* SCYTHIAN *Ambaſſadors to* ALEXANDER, *on his making Preparations to attack their Country.*

If your perſon were as gigantic as your deſires, the world would not contain you. Your right hand would touch the eaſt, and your left the weſt at the ſame time: you graſp at more than you are equal to. From Europe you reach Aſia; from Aſia you lay hold on Europe. And if you ſhould conquer all mankind, you ſeem diſpoſed to wage war with woods and ſnows, with rivers and wild beaſts, and to attempt to ſubdue nature. But, have you conſidered the uſual courſe of things? have you reflected, that great trees are many years in growing to their height, and are cut down in an hour? It is fooliſh to think of the fruit only, without conſidering the height you have to climb to come at it. Take care leſt, while you ſtrive to reach

reach the top, you fall to the ground with the branches you have laid hold on.

Beſides, what have you to do with the Scythians, or the Scythians with you? We have never invaded Macedon: why ſhould you attack Scythia? You pretend to be the puniſher of robbers; and are yourſelf the general robber of mankind. You have taken Lydia; you have ſeized Syria; you are maſter of Perſia; you have ſubdued the Bactrians, and attacked India: all this will not ſatisfy you, unleſs you lay your greedy and inſatiable hands upon our flocks and our herds. How imprudent is your conduct! you graſp at riches, the poſſeſſion of which only increaſes your avarice. You increaſe your hunger, by what ſhould produce ſatiety; ſo that the more you have, the more you deſire. But have you forgot how long the conqueſt of the Bactrians detained you? while you were ſubduing them the Sogdians revolted. Your victories ſerve to no other purpoſe than to find you employment by producing new wars; for the buſineſs of every conqueſt is twofold, to win, and to preſerve: and though you may be the greateſt of warriors, you muſt expect that the nations you conquer will endeavour to ſhake off the yoke as faſt as poſſible: for what people chuſe to be under foreign dominion?

If you will croſs the Tanais, you may travel over Scythia, and obſerve how extenſive a territory we inhabit. But to conquer us is quite another buſineſs: you will find us, at one time, too nimble for your purſuit; and at another time, when you think we are fled far enough from you, you will have us ſurpriſe you in your camp: for the Scythians attack with no leſs vigour than they fly. It will therefore be your wiſdom to keep with ſtrict attention what you have gained: catching at more, you may loſe what you have. We have a proverbial ſaying in Scythia, That Fortune has no feet, and is furniſhed only with hands to diſtribute her capricious favours, and with fins to elude the graſp of thoſe to whom ſhe has been bountiful.—You give yourſelf out to be a god, the ſon of Jupiter Ammon: it ſuits the character of a god to beſtow favours on mortals, not to deprive them of what they have. But if you are no god, reflect on the precarious condition of humanity. You will thus ſhew more wiſdom, than by dwelling on thoſe ſubjects which have puffed up your pride, and made you forget yourſelf.

You ſee how little you are likely to gain by attempting the conqueſt of Scythia. On the other hand, you may, if you pleaſe, have in us a valuable alliance. We command the borders of both Europe and Aſia. There is nothing between us and Bactria but the river Tanais; and our territory extends to Thrace, which, as we have heard, borders on Macedon. If you decline attacking us in a hoſtile manner, you may have our friendſhip. Nations which have never been at war are on an equal footing; but it is in vain that confidence is repoſed in a conquered people: there can be no ſincere friendſhip between the oppreſſors and the oppreſſed; even in peace, the latter think themſelves entitled to the rights of war againſt the former. We will, if you think good, enter into a treaty with you, according to our manner, which is not by ſigning, ſealing, and taking the gods to witneſs, as is the Grecian cuſtom; but by doing actual ſervices. The Scythians are not uſed to promiſe, but perform without promiſing. And they think an appeal to the gods ſuperfluous; for that thoſe who have no regard for the eſteem of men will not heſitate to offend the gods by perjury.—You may therefore conſider with yourſelf, whether you had better have a people of ſuch a character, and ſo ſituated as to have it in their power either to ſerve you or to annoy you, according as you treat them, for allies or for enemies.

Q. Curtius.

§ 25. JUNIUS BRUTUS *over the dead Body of* LUCRETIA, *who had ſtabbed herſelf in conſequence of the Rape of* TARQUIN.

Yes, noble lady, I ſwear by this blood which was once ſo pure, and which nothing but royal villany could have polluted, that I will purſue Lucius Tarquinius the Proud, his wicked wife, and their children, with fire and ſword: nor will I ſuffer any of that family, or of any

any other whatſoever, to be king in Rome.—Ye gods, I call you to witneſs this my oath!

There, Romans, turn your eyes to that ſad ſpectacle!—the daughter of Lucretius, Collatinus's wife—ſhe died by her own hand! See there a noble lady, whom the luſt of a Tarquin reduced to the neceſſity of being her own executioner, to atteſt her innocence. Hoſpitably entertained by her as a kinſman of her huſband, Sextus, the perfidious gueſt, became her brutal raviſher. The chaſte, the generous Lucretia could not ſurvive the inſult. Glorious woman! but once only treated as a ſlave, ſhe thought life no longer to be endured. Lucretia, a woman, diſdained a life that depended on a tyrant's will; and ſhall we, ſhall men, with ſuch an example before our eyes, and after five-and-twenty years of ignominious ſervitude, ſhall we, through a fear of dying, defer one ſingle inſtant to aſſert our liberty? No, Romans; now is the time; the favourable moment we have ſo long waited for is come. Tarquin is not at Rome: the Patricians are at the head of the enterprize: the city is abundantly provided with men, arms, and all things neceſſary. There is nothing wanting to ſecure the ſucceſs, if our own courage does not fail us. And ſhall thoſe warriors, who have ever been ſo brave when foreign enemies were to be ſubdued, or when conqueſts were to be made to gratify the ambition and avarice of Tarquin, be then only cowards, when they are to deliver themſelves from ſlavery?

Some of you are perhaps intimidated by the army which Tarquin now commands: the ſoldiers, you imagine, will take the part of their general. Baniſh ſuch a groundleſs fear: the love of liberty is natural to all men. Your fellow-citizens in the camp feel the weight of oppreſſion with as quick a ſenſe as you that are in Rome; they will as eagerly ſeize the occaſion of throwing off the yoke. But let us grant there may be ſome among them who, through baſeneſs of ſpirit, or a bad education, will be diſpoſed to favour the tyrant: the number of theſe can be but ſmall, and we have means ſufficient in our hands to reduce them to reaſon. They have left us hoſtages more dear to them than life; their wives, their children, their fathers, their mothers, are here in the city. Courage, Romans, the gods are for us; thoſe gods, whoſe temples and altars the impious Tarquin has profaned by ſacrifices and libations made with polluted hands, polluted with blood, and with numberleſs unexpiated crimes committed againſt his ſubjects.

Ye gods, who protected our forefathers! ye genii, who watch for the preſervation and glory of Rome! do you inſpire us with courage and unanimity in this glorious cauſe, and we will to our laſt breath defend your worſhip from all profanation. *Livy.*

§ 26. *Speech of* ADHERBAL *to the* ROMAN SENATE, *imploring their Aſſiſtance againſt* JUGURTHA.

Fathers!

It is known to you that king Micipſa, my father, on his death-bed, left in charge to Jugurtha, his adopted ſon, conjunctly with my unfortunate brother Hiempſal and myſelf, the children of his own body, the adminiſtration of the kingdom of Numidia, directing us to conſider the ſenate and people of Rome as proprietors of it. He charged us to uſe our beſt endeavours to be ſerviceable to the Roman commonwealth, in peace and war; aſſuring us, that your protection would prove to us a defence againſt all enemies, and would be inſtead of armies, fortifications, and treaſures.

While my brother and I were thinking of nothing but how to regulate ourſelves according to the directions of our deceaſed father, Jugurtha—the moſt infamous of mankind! breaking through all ties of gratitude and of common humanity, and trampling on the authority of the Roman commonwealth—procured the murder of my unfortunate brother, and has driven me from my throne and native country, though he knows I inherit, from my grandfather Maſſiniſſa, and my father Micipſa, the friendſhip and alliance of the Romans.

For a prince to be reduced, by villany, to my diſtreſsful circumſtances, is calamity enough; but my misfortunes are heightened by the conſideration, that I find

find myſelf obliged to ſolicit your aſſiſtance, Fathers, for the ſervices done you by my anceſtors, not for any I have been able to render you in my own perſon. Jugurtha has put it out of my power to deſerve any thing at your hands, and has forced me to be burdenſome before I could be uſeful to you. And yet, if I had no plea but my undeſerved miſery, who, from a powerful prince, the deſcendant of a race of illuſtrious monarchs, find myſelf, without any fault of my own, deſtitute of every ſupport, and reduced to the neceſſity of begging foreign aſſiſtance againſt an enemy who has ſeized my throne and kingdom; if my unequalled diſtreſſes were all I had to plead, it would become the greatneſs of the Roman commonwealth, the arbitreſs of the world, to protect the injured, and to check the triumph of daring wickedneſs over helpleſs innocence. But, to provoke your vengeance to the utmoſt, Jugurtha has driven me from the very dominions which the Senate and people of Rome gave to my anceſtors, and from which my grandfather and my father, under your umbrage, expelled Syphax and the Carthaginians. Thus, Fathers, your kindneſs to our family is defeated; and Jugurtha, in injuring me, throws contempt on you.

O wretched prince! O cruel reverſe of fortune! O father Micipſa! is this the conſequence of your generoſity, that he whom your goodneſs raiſed to an equality with your own children, ſhould be the murderer of your children? Muſt then the royal houſe of Numidia always be a ſcene of havock and blood? While Carthage remained, we ſuffered, as was to be expected, all ſorts of hardſhips from their hoſtile attacks; our enemy near; our only powerful ally, the Roman commonwealth, at a diſtance; while we were ſo circumſtanced we were always in arms, and in action. When that ſcourge of Africa was no more, we congratulated ourſelves on the proſpect of eſtabliſhed peace. But inſtead of peace, behold the kingdom of Numidia drenched with royal blood, and the only ſurviving ſon of its late king flying from an adopted murderer, and ſeeking that ſafety in foreign parts, which he cannot command in his own kingdom.

Whither—O whither ſhall I fly? If I return to the royal palace of my anceſtors, my father's throne is ſeized by the murderer of my brother. What can I there expect, but that Jugurtha ſhould haſten to imbrue in my blood thoſe hands which are now reeking with my brother's? If I were to fly for refuge or for aſſiſtance to any other courts, from what prince can I hope for protection, if the Roman commonwealth gives me up? from my own family or friends I have no expectations. My royal father is no more: he is beyond the reach of violence, and out of hearing of the complaints of his unhappy ſon. Were my brother alive, our mutual ſympathy would be ſome alleviation: but he is hurried out of life in his early youth, by the very hand which ſhould have been the laſt to injure any of the royal family of Numidia. The bloody Jugurtha has butchered all whom he ſuſpected to be in my intereſt. Some have been deſtroyed by the lingering torment of the croſs; others have been given a prey to wild beaſts, and their anguiſh made the ſport of men more cruel than wild beaſts. If there be any yet alive, they are ſhut up in dungeons, there to drag out a life more intolerable than death itſelf.

Look down, illuſtrious ſenators of Rome! from that height of power to which you are raiſed, on the unexampled diſtreſſes of a prince, who is, by the cruelty of a wicked intruder, become an outcaſt from all mankind. Let not the crafty inſinuations of him who returns murder for adoption, prejudice your judgment. Do not liſten to the wretch who has butchered the ſon and relations of a king, who gave him power to ſit on the ſame throne with his own ſons.—I have been informed that he labours by his emiſſaries to prevent your determining any thing againſt him in his abſence, pretending that I magnify my diſtreſs, and might for him have ſtaid in peace in my own kingdom. But, if ever the time comes when the due vengeance from above ſhall overtake him, he will then diſſemble as I do. Then he who now, hardened in wickedneſs, triumphs over thoſe whom his violence has laid low, will in his turn feel diſtreſs, and ſuffer for his im-

pious ingratitude to my father, and his blood-thirſty cruelty to my brother.

O murdered, butchered brother! O deareſt to my heart—now gone for ever from my ſight!—But why ſhould I lament his death? He is indeed deprived of the bleſſed light of heaven, of life, and kingdom, at once, by the very perſon who ought to have been the firſt to hazard his own life in defence of any one of Micipſa's family; but as things are, my brother is not ſo much deprived of theſe comforts, as delivered from terror, from flight, from exile, and the endleſs train of miſeries which render life to me a burden. He lies full low, gored with wounds, and feſtering in his own blood; but he lies in peace: he feels none of the miſeries which rend my ſoul with agony and diſtraction, whilſt I am ſet up a ſpectacle to all mankind of the uncertainty of human affairs. So far from having it in my power to revenge his death, I am not maſter of the means of ſecuring my own life: ſo far from being in a condition to defend my kingdom from the violence of the uſurper, I am obliged to apply for foreign protection for my own perſon.

Fathers! Senators of Rome! the arbiters of the world!—to you I fly for refuge from the murderous fury of Jugurtha.—By your affection for your children, by your love for your country, by your own virtues, by the majeſty of the Roman commonwealth, by all that is ſacred, and all that is dear to you—deliver a wretched prince from undeſerved, unprovoked injury; and ſave the kingdom of Numidia, which is your own property, from being the prey of violence, uſurpation, and cruelty. *Salluſt.*

§ 27. *Speech of* CANULEIUS, *a Roman Tribune, to the Conſuls; in which he demands that the Plebeians may be admitted into the Conſulſhip, and that the Law prohibiting Patricians and Plebeians from intermarrying may be repealed.*

What an inſult upon us is this! If we are not ſo rich as the patricians, are we not citizens of Rome as well as they? inhabitants of the ſame country? members of the ſame community? The nations bordering upon Rome, and even ſtrangers more remote, are admitted not only to marriages with us, but to what is of much greater importance, the freedom of the city. Are we, becauſe we are commoners, to be worſe treated than ſtrangers?—And, when we demand that the people may be free to beſtow their offices and dignities on whom they pleaſe, do we aſk any thing unreaſonable or new? do we claim more than their original inherent right? What occaſion, then, for all this uproar, as if the univerſe were falling to ruin?—They were juſt going to lay violent hands upon me in the ſenate-houſe.

What! muſt this empire then be unavoidably overturned? muſt Rome of neceſſity ſink at once, if a plebeian, worthy of the office, ſhould be raiſed to the conſulſhip? The patricians, I am perſuaded, if they could, would deprive you of the common light. It certainly offends them that you breathe, that you ſpeak, that you have the ſhapes of men. Nay, but to make a commoner a conſul, would be, ſay they, a moſt enormous thing. Numa Pompilius, however, without being ſo much as a Roman citizen, was made king of Rome: the elder Tarquin, by birth not even an Italian, was nevertheleſs placed upon the throne: Servius Tullius, the ſon of a captive woman (nobody knows who his father was) obtained the kingdom as the reward of his wiſdom and virtue. In thoſe days no man in whom virtue ſhone conſpicuous was rejected, or deſpiſed on account of his race and deſcent. And did the ſtate proſper leſs for that? were not theſe ſtrangers the very beſt of all our kings? And, ſuppoſing now that a plebeian ſhould have their talents and merit, muſt not he be ſuffered to govern us?

But, "we find that, upon the aboli-"tion of the regal power, no commoner "was choſen to the conſulate." And what of that? before Numa's time there were no pontiffs in Rome. Before Servius Tullius's days there was no Cenſus, no diviſion of the people into claſſes and centuries. Who ever heard of conſuls before the expulſion of Tarquin the Proud? Dictators, we all know

know, are of modern invention; and ſo are the offices of tribunes, ædiles, quæſtors. Within theſe ten years we have made decemvirs, and we have unmade them. Is nothing to be done but what has been done before? That very law forbidding marriages of patricians with plebeians, is not that a new thing? was there any ſuch law before the decemvirs enacted it? and a moſt ſhameful one it is in a free eſtate. Such marriages, it ſeems, will taint the pure blood of the nobility! why, if they think ſo, let them take care to match their ſiſters and daughters with men of their own ſort. No plebeian will do violence to the daughter of a patrician; thoſe are exploits for our prime nobles. There is no need to fear, that we ſhall force any body into a contract of marriage. But, to make an expreſs law to prohibit marriages of patricians with plebeians, what is this but to ſhew the utmoſt contempt of us, and to declare one part of the communityto be impure and unclean?

They talk to us of the confuſion there will be in families, if this ſtatute ſhould be repealed. I wonder they do not make a law againſt a commoner's living near a nobleman, or going the ſame road that he is going, or being preſent at the ſame feaſt, or appearing in the ſame market-place: they might as well pretend that theſe things make confuſion in families, as that intermarriages will do it. Does not every one know, that the child will be ranked according to the quality of his father, let him be a patrician or a plebeian? In ſhort, it is manifeſt enough, that we have nothing in view but to be treated as men and citizens; nor can they who oppoſe our demand have any motive to do it, but the love of domineering. I would fain know of you, conſuls and patricians, is the ſovereign power in the people of Rome, or in you? I hope you will allow that the people can, at their pleaſure, either make a law or repeal one. And will you then, as ſoon as any law is propoſed to them, pretend to lift them immediately for the war, and hinder them from giving their ſuffrages, by leading them into the field?

Hear me, conſuls:—whether the news of the war you talk of be true, or whether it be only a falſe rumour, ſpread abroad for nothing but a colour to ſend the people out of the city, I declare, as tribune, that this people, who have already ſo often ſpilt their blood in our country's cauſe, are again ready to arm for its defence and its glory, if they may be reſtored to their natural rights, and you will no longer treat us like ſtrangers in our own country: but, if you account us unworthy of your alliance by intermarriages; if you will not ſuffer the entrance to the chief offices in the ſtate to be open to all perſons of merit indifferently, but will confine your choice of magiſtrates to the ſenate alone —talk of wars as much as ever you pleaſe; paint, in your ordinary diſcourſes, the league and power of our enemies ten times more dreadful than you do now—I declare that this people, whom you ſo much deſpiſe, and to whom you are nevertheleſs indebted for all your victories, ſhall never more inliſt themſelves; not a man of them ſhall take arms; not a man of them ſhall expoſe his life for imperious lords, with whom he can neither ſhare the dignities of the ſtate, nor in private life have any alliance by marriage. *Hooke.*

§ 28. *Speech of* DEMOSTHENES *to the* ATHENIANS, *exciting them to proſecute the War againſt* PHILIP *with Vigour.*

Athenians!

Had this aſſembly been called together on an unuſual occaſion, I ſhould have waited to hear the opinions of others before I had offered my own; and if what they propoſed had ſeemed to me judicious, I ſhould have been ſilent; if otherwiſe, I ſhould have given my reaſons for differing from thoſe who had ſpoken before me. But as the ſubject of our preſent deliberations has been often treated by others, I hope I ſhall be excuſed, though I riſe up firſt to offer my opinion. Had the ſchemes formerly propoſed been ſucceſsful, there had been no occaſion for the preſent conſultation.

Firſt then, my countrymen, let me intreat you not to look upon the ſtate of our

affairs as deſperate, though it be unpromiſing: for, as on one hand, to compare the preſent with times paſt, matters have indeed a very gloomy aſpect; ſo, on the other, if we extend our views to future times, I have good hopes that the diſtreſſes we are now under will prove of greater advantage to us than if we had never fallen into them. If it be aſked, what probability there is of this? I anſwer, I hope it will appear that it is our egregious miſbehaviour alone that has brought us into theſe diſadvantageous circumſtances; from which follows the neceſſity of altering our conduct, and the proſpect of bettering our circumſtances by doing ſo.

If we had nothing to accuſe ourſelves of, and yet found our affairs in their preſent diſorderly condition, we ſhould not have room left even for the hope of recovering ourſelves. But, my countrymen, it is known to you, partly by your own remembrance, and partly by information from others, how glorioufly the Lacedæmonian war was ſuſtained, in which we engaged in defence of our own rights, againſt an enemy powerful and formidable; in the whole conduct of which war nothing happened unworthy the dignity of the Athenian ſtate; and this within theſe few years paſt. My intention, in recalling to your memory this part of our hiſtory, is—to ſhew you that you have no reaſon to fear any enemy, if your operations be wiſely planned, and vigorouſly executed.

The enemy has indeed gained conſiderable advantages, by treaty as well as by conqueſt; for it is to be expected, that princes and ſtates will court the alliance of thoſe who ſeem powerful enough to protect both themſelves and their confederates. But, my countrymen, though you have of late been too ſupinely negligent of what concerned you ſo nearly, if you will, even now, reſolve to exert yourſelves unanimouſly, each according to his reſpective abilities and circumſtances, the rich by contributing liberally towards the expence of the war, and the reſt by preſenting themſelves to be inrolled to make up the deficiencies of the army and navy; if, in ſhort, you will at laſt reſume your own character, and act like yourſelves—it is not yet too late, with the help of Heaven, to recover what you have loſt, and to inflict the juſt vengeance on your inſolent enemy.

But when will you, my countrymen, when will you rouze from your indolence, and bethink yourſelves of what is to be done? When you are forced to it by ſome fatal diſaſter? when irreſiſtible neceſſity drives you?—What think ye of the diſgraces which are already come upon you? is not the paſt ſufficient to ſtimulate your activity? or do ye wait for ſomewhat yet to come, more forcible and urgent?—How long will you amuſe yourſelves with enquiring of one another after news as you ramble idly about the ſtreets? what news ſo ſtrange ever came to Athens, as that a Macedonian ſhould ſubdue this ſtate, and lord it over Greece? Again, you aſk one another "What, is Philip "dead?"—"No," it is anſwered; "but he is very ill." How fooliſh this curioſity! What is it to you whether Philip is ſick or well? ſuppoſe he were dead, your inactivity would ſoon raiſe up againſt yourſelves another Philip in his ſtead; for it is not his ſtrength that has made him what he is, but your indolence, which has of late been ſuch, that you ſeem neither in a condition to take any advantage of the enemy, nor to keep it, if it were gained by others for you.

Wiſdom directs, that the conductors of a war always anticipate the operations of the enemy, inſtead of waiting to ſee what ſteps he ſhall take; whereas you, Athenians, though you be maſters of all that is neceſſary for war, as ſhipping, cavalry, infantry, and funds, have not the ſpirit to make the proper uſe of your advantages, but ſuffer the enemy to dictate to you every motion you are to make. If you hear that Philip is in the Cherſoneſus, you order troops to be ſent thither; if at Pylæ, forces are to be detached to ſecure that poſt. Whereever he makes an attack, there you ſtand upon your defence; you attend him in all his motions, as ſoldiers do their general: but you never think of ſtriking out of yourſelves any bold and effectual ſcheme for bringing him to reaſon,

reaſon, by being before-hand with him. A pitiful manner of carrying on war at any time; but, in the critical circumſtances you are now in, utterly ruinous.

O ſhame to the Athenian name! We undertook this war againſt Philip in order to obtain redreſs of grievances, and to force him to indemnify us for the injuries he had done us; and we have conducted it ſo ſucceſsfully, that we ſhall by and by think ourſelves happy if we eſcape being defeated and ruined. For, who can think that a prince of his reſtleſs and ambitious temper will not improve the opportunities and advantages which our indolence and timidity preſent him? will he give over his deſigns againſt us, without being obliged to it? and who will oblige him? who will reſtrain his fury? ſhall we wait for aſſiſtance from ſome unknown country?—In the name of all that is ſacred, and all that is dear to us, let us make an attempt with what forces we can raiſe, if we ſhould not be able to raiſe as many as we would wiſh: let us do ſomewhat to curb this inſolent tyrant of his purſuits. Let us not triſle away the time in hearing the ineffectual wranglings of orators, while the enemy is ſtrengthening himſelf and we are declining, and our allies growing more and more cold to our intereſt, and more apprehenſive of the conſequences of continuing on our ſide.

Demoſt. Orat.

§ 29. *The Character of* MARTIN LUTHER.

While appearances of danger daily increaſed, and the tempeſt which had been ſo long a gathering was ready to break forth in all its violence againſt the proteſtant church, Luther was ſaved by a ſeaſonable death from feeling or beholding its deſtructive rage. Having gone, though in a declining ſtate of health, and during a rigorous ſeaſon, to his native city of Eiſleben, in order to compoſe, by his authority, a diſſenſion among the counts of Mansfield, he was ſeized with a violent inflammation in his ſtomach, which in a few days put an end to his life, in the ſixty-third year of his age.——As he was raiſed up by Providence to be the author of one of the greateſt and moſt intereſting revolutions recorded in hiſtory, there is not any perſon, perhaps, whoſe character has been drawn with ſuch oppoſite colours. In his own age, one party, ſtruck with horror and inflamed with rage, when they ſaw with what a daring hand he overturned every thing which they held to be ſacred, or valued as beneficial, imputed to him not only all the defects and vices of a man, but the qualities of a dæmon. The other, warmed with admiration and gratitude, which they thought he merited, as the reſtorer of light and liberty to the Chriſtian church, aſcribed to him perfections above the condition of humanity, and viewed all his actions with a veneration bordering on that which ſhould be paid only to thoſe who are guided by the immediate inſpiration of Heaven. It is his own conduct, not the undiſtinguiſhing cenſure, nor the exaggerated praiſe of his contemporaries, which ought to regulate the opinions of the preſent age concerning him. Zeal for what he regarded as truth, undaunted intrepidity to maintain it, abilities both natural and acquired to defend it, and unwearied induſtry to propagate it, are virtues which ſhine ſo conſpicuouſly in every part of his behaviour, that even his enemies muſt allow him to have poſſeſſed them in an eminent degree. To theſe may be added, with equal juſtice, ſuch purity, and even auſterity of manners, as became one who aſſumed the character of a reformer; ſuch ſanctity of life as ſuited the doctrine which he delivered; and ſuch perfect diſintereſtedneſs as affords no ſlight preſumption of his ſincerity. Superior to all ſelfiſh conſiderations, a ſtranger to the elegancies of life, and deſpiſing its pleaſures, he left the honours and emoluments of the church to his diſciples; remaining ſatisfied himſelf in his original ſtate of profeſſor in the univerſity, and paſtor to the town of Wittemberg, with the moderate appointments annexed to theſe offices. His extraordinary qualities were alloyed with no inconſiderable mixture of human frailty, and human paſſions. Theſe, however, were of ſuch a nature, that they cannot be imputed to malevolence or corruption of heart, but ſeem to have taken their riſe from the

the ſame ſource with many of his virtues. His mind, forcible and vehement in all its operations, rouſed by great objects, or agitated by violent paſſions, broke out, on many occaſions, with an impetuoſity which aſtoniſhes men of feebler ſpirits, or ſuch as are placed in a more tranquil ſituation. By carrying ſome praiſe-worthy diſpoſitions to exceſs, he bordered ſometimes on what was culpable, and was often betrayed into actions which expoſed him to cenſure. His confidence that his own opinions were well founded, approached to arrogance; his courage in aſſerting them, to raſhneſs; his firmneſs in adhering to them, to obſtinacy; and his zeal in confuting his adverſaries, to rage and ſcurrility. Accuſtomed himſelf to conſider every thing as ſubordinate to truth, he expected the ſame deference for it from other men; and, without making any allowances for their timidity or prejudices, he poured forth, againſt thoſe who diſappointed him in this particular, a torrent of invective mingled with contempt. Regardleſs of any diſtinction of rank or character, when his doctrines were attacked, he chaſtiſed all his adverſaries, indiſcriminately, with the ſame rough hand; neither the royal dignity of Henry VIII. nor the eminent learning and ability of Eraſmus, ſcreened them from the ſame abuſe with which he treated Tetzel or Eccius.

But theſe indecencies of which Luther was guilty, muſt not be imputed wholly to the violence of his temper. They ought to be charged, in part, on the manners of the age. Among a rude people, unacquainted with thoſe maxims, which, by putting continual reſtraint on the paſſions of individuals, have poliſhed ſociety, and rendered it agreeable, diſputes of every kind were managed with heat, and ſtrong emotions were uttered in their natural language, without reſerve or delicacy. At the ſame time, the works of learned men were all compoſed in Latin; and they were not only authorized, by the example of eminent writers in that language, to uſe their antagoniſts with the moſt illiberal ſcurrility; but, in a dead tongue, indecencies of every kind appear leſs ſhocking than in a living language, whoſe idioms and phraſes ſeem groſs, becauſe they are familiar.

In paſſing judgment upon the characters of men, we ought to try them by the principles and maxims of their own age, not by thoſe of another. For although virtue and vice are at all times the ſame, manners and cuſtoms vary continually. Some parts of Luther's behaviour, which to us appear moſt culpable, gave no diſguſt to his contemporaries. It was even by ſome of thoſe qualities which we are now apt to blame, that he was fitted for accompliſhing the great work which he undertook. To rouſe mankind, when ſunk in ignorance or ſuperſtition, and to encounter the rage of bigotry, armed with power, required the utmoſt vehemence of zeal, and a temper daring to exceſs. A gentle call would neither have reached, nor have excited thoſe to whom it was addreſſed. A ſpirit, more amiable, but leſs vigorous than Luther's, would have ſhrunk back from the dangers which he braved and ſurmounted. Towards the cloſe of Luther's life, though without any perceptible declenſion of his zeal or abilities, the infirmities of his temper increaſed upon him, ſo that he grew daily more peeviſh, more iraſcible, and more impatient of contradiction. Having lived to be witneſs of his own amazing ſucceſs; to ſee a great part of Europe embrace his doctrines; and to ſhake the foundation of the Papal throne, before which the mightieſt monarchs had trembled, he diſcovered, on ſome occaſions, ſymptoms of vanity and ſelf-applauſe. He muſt have been indeed more than man, if, upon contemplating all that he actually accompliſhed, he had never felt any ſentiment of this kind riſing in his breaſt.

Some time before his death, he felt his ſtrength declining, his conſtitution being worn out by a prodigious multiplicity of buſineſs, added to the labour of diſcharging his miniſterial function with unremitting diligence, to the fatigue of conſtant ſtudy, beſides the compoſition of works as voluminous as if he had enjoyed uninterrupted leiſure and retirement. His natural intrepidity did not forſake him at the approach of death; his laſt converſation with his friends

friends was concerning the happineſs reſerved for good men in a future world, of which he ſpoke with the fervour and delight natural to one who expected and wiſhed to enter ſoon upon the enjoyment of it. The account of his death filled the Roman Catholic party with exceſſive as well as indecent joy, and damped the ſpirits of all his followers; neither party ſufficiently conſidering that his doctrines were now ſo firmly rooted, as to be in a condition to flouriſh, independent of the hand which firſt had planted them. His funeral was celebrated, by order of the Elector of Saxony, with extraordinary pomp. He left ſeveral children by his wife, Catharine Bore, who ſurvived him: towards the end of the laſt century, there were in Saxony ſome of his deſcendants in decent and honourable ſtations. *Robertſon.*

§ 30. *Part of* CICERO's *Oration againſt* VERRES.

The time is come, Fathers, when that which has long been wiſhed for, towards allaying the envy your order has been ſubject to, and removing the imputations againſt trials, is (not by human contrivance but ſuperior direction) effectually put in our power. An opinion has long prevailed, not only here at home, but likewiſe in foreign countries, both dangerous to you and pernicious to the ſtate, viz. that in proſecutions, men of wealth are always ſafe, however clearly convicted. There is now to be brought upon his trial before you, to the confuſion, I hope, of the propagators of this ſlanderous imputation, one whoſe life and actions condemn him in the opinion of all impartial perſons, but who, according to his own reckoning, and declared dependence upon his riches, is already acquitted; I mean Caius Verres. If that ſentence is paſſed upon him which his crimes deſerve, your authority, Fathers, will be venerable and ſacred in the eyes of the public: but if his great riches ſhould bias you in his favour, I ſhall ſtill gain one point, viz. to make it apparent to all the world, that what was wanting in this caſe was not a criminal nor a proſecutor, but juſtice and adequate puniſhment.

To paſs over the ſhameful irregularities of his youth, what does his quæſtorſhip, the firſt public employment he held, what does it exhibit, but one continued ſcene of villanies? Cneius Carbo plundered of the public money by his own treaſurer, a conſul ſtripped and betrayed, an army deſerted and reduced to want, a province robbed, the civil and religious rights of a people violated. The employment he held in Aſia Minor and Pamphylia, what did it produce, but the ruin of thoſe countries? in which houſes, cities, and temples, were robbed by him. What was his conduct in his prætorſhip here at home? Let the plundered temples, and public works neglected, that he might embezzle the money intended for carrying them on, bear witneſs. But his prætorſhip in Sicily crowns all his works of wickedneſs, and finiſhes a laſting monument to his infamy. The miſchiefs done by him in that country during the three years of his iniquitous adminiſtration, are ſuch, that many years, under the wiſeſt and beſt of prætors, will not be ſufficient to reſtore things to the condition in which he found them. For it is notorious, that, during the time of his tyranny, the Sicilians neither enjoyed the protection of their own original laws, of the regulations made for their benefit by the Roman ſenate upon their coming under the protection of the commonwealth, nor of the natural and unalienable rights of men. His nod has decided all cauſes in Sicily for theſe three years; and his deciſions have broke all law, all precedent, all right. The ſums he has, by arbitrary taxes and unheard-of impoſitions, extorted from the induſtrious poor, are not to be computed. The moſt faithful allies of the commonwealth have been treated as enemies. Roman citizens have, like ſlaves, been put to death with tortures. The moſt atrocious criminals, for money, have been exempted from the deſerved puniſhments; and men of the moſt unexceptionable characters condemned, and baniſhed, unheard. The harbours, though ſufficiently fortified, and the gates of ſtrong towns, opened to pirates and ravagers: the ſoldiery and ſailors belonging to a province under the pro-

tection of the commonwealth, ſtarved to death: whole fleets, to the great detriment of the province, ſuffered to periſh: the ancient monuments of either Sicilian or Roman greatneſs, the ſtatues of heroes and princes, carried off; and the temples ſtripped of the images. The infamy of his lewdneſs has been ſuch as decency forbids to deſcribe; nor will I, by mentioning particulars, put thoſe unfortunate perſons to freſh pain, who have not been able to ſave their wives and daughters from his impurity. And theſe his atrocious crimes have been committed in ſo public a manner, that there is no one who has heard of his name, but could reckon up his actions. —Having, by his iniquitous ſentences, filled the priſons with the moſt induſtrious and deſerving of the people, he then proceeded to order numbers of Roman citizens to be ſtrangled in the gaols; ſo that the exclamation, "I am a citizen of Rome!" which has often, in the moſt diſtant regions, and among the moſt barbarous people, been a protection, was of no ſervice to them, but, on the contrary, brought a ſpeedier and more ſevere puniſhment upon them.

I aſk now, Verres, what you have to advance againſt this charge? Will you pretend to deny it? Will you pretend, that any thing falſe, that even any thing aggravated, is alledged againſt you? Had any prince or any ſtate committed the ſame outrage againſt the privilege of Roman citizens, ſhould we not think we had ſufficient ground for declaring immediate war againſt them? What puniſhment ought, then, to be inflicted upon a tyrannical and wicked prætor, who dared, at no greater diſtance than Sicily, within ſight of the Italian coaſt, to put to the infamous death of crucifixion that unfortunate and innocent citizen, Publius Gavius Coſanus, only for his having aſſerted his privilege of citizenſhip, and declared his intention of appealing to the juſtice of his country againſt a cruel oppreſſor, who had unjuſtly confined him in priſon at Syracuſe, from whence he had juſt made his eſcape? The unhappy man, arreſted as he was going to embark for his native country, is brought before the wicked prætor. With eyes darting fury, and a countenance diſtorted with cruelty, he orders the helpleſs victim of his rage to be ſtripped, and rods to be brought; accuſing him, but without the leaſt ſhadow of evidence, or even of ſuſpicion, of having come to Sicily as a ſpy. It was in vain that the unhappy man cried out, "I am a Roman citizen; I have ſerved under "Lucius Pretius, who is now at Panormus, and will atteſt my innocence." The blood-thirſty prætor, deaf to all he could urge in his own defence, ordered the infamous puniſhment to be inflicted. Thus, Fathers, was an innocent Roman citizen publicly mangled with ſcourging; whilſt the only words he uttered amidſt his cruel ſufferings, were, "I am a Roman citizen!" With theſe he hoped to defend himſelf from violence and infamy: but of ſo little ſervice was this privilege to him, that while he was thus aſſerting his citizenſhip, the order was given for his execution—for his execution upon the croſs!

O liberty!—O ſound once delightful to every Roman ear!—O ſacred privilege of Roman citizenſhip!—once ſacred!—now trampled upon!——But what then! Is it come to this? Shall an inferior magiſtrate, a governor who holds his whole power of the Roman people, in a Roman province, within ſight of Italy, bind, ſcourge, torture with fire and red-hot plates of iron, and at the laſt put to the infamous death of the croſs, a Roman citizen? Shall neither the cries of innocence expiring in agony, nor the tears of pitying ſpectators, nor the majeſty of the Roman commonwealth, nor the fear of the juſtice of his country, reſtrain the licentious and wanton cruelty of a monſter, who, in confidence of his riches, ſtrikes at the root of liberty, and ſets mankind at defiance?

I conclude with expreſſing my hopes, that your wiſdom and juſtice, Fathers, will not, by ſuffering the atrocious and unexampled inſolence of Caius Verres to eſcape the due puniſhment, leave room to apprehend the danger of a total ſubverſion of authority, and introduction

duction of general anarchy and confuſion. *Cicero's Orations.*

§ 31. *Character of* ALFRED, *King of England.*

The merit of this prince, both in private and public life, may with advantage be ſet in oppoſition to that of any monarch or citizen which the annals of any age or any nation can preſent to us. He ſeems, indeed, to be the complete model of that perfect character, which, under the denomination of a ſage or wiſe man, the philoſophers have been fond of delineating, rather as a fiction of their imagination, than in hopes of ever ſeeing it reduced to practice: ſo happily were all his virtues tempered together, ſo juſtly were they blended, and ſo powerfully did each prevent the other from exceeding its proper bounds. He knew how to conciliate the moſt enterpriſing ſpirit with the cooleſt moderation; the moſt obſtinate perſeverance with the eaſieſt flexibity; the moſt ſevere juſtice with the greateſt lenity; the greateſt vigour in command with the greateſt affability of deportment; the higheſt capacity and inclination for ſcience, with the moſt ſhining talents for action. His civil and his military virtues are almoſt equally the objects of our admiration, excepting only, that the former, being more rare among princes, as well as more uſeful, ſeem chiefly to challenge our applauſe. Nature alſo, as if deſirous that ſo bright a production of her ſkill ſhould be ſet in the faireſt light, had beſtowed on him all bodily accompliſhments, vigour of limbs, dignity of ſhape and air, and a pleaſant, engaging, and open countenance. Fortune alone, by throwing him into that barbarous age, deprived him of hiſtorians worthy to tranſmit his fame to poſterity; and we wiſh to ſee him delineated in more lively colours, and with more particular ſtrokes, that we may at leaſt perceive ſome of thoſe ſmall ſpecks and blemiſhes, from which, as a man, it is impoſſible he could be entirely exempted. *Hume.*

§ 32. *Another Character of* ALFRED.

Alfred, that he might be the better able to extend his charity and munificence, regulated his finances with the moſt perfect œconomy, and divided his revenues into a certain number of parts, which he appropriated to the different expences of the ſtate, and the exerciſe of his own private liberality and devotion; nor was he a leſs œconomiſt in the diſtribution of his time, which he divided into three equal portions, allotting one to ſleep, meals, and exerciſe; and devoting the other two to writing, reading, buſineſs, and prayer. That this diviſion might not be encroached upon inadvertently, he meaſured them by tapers of an equal ſize, which he kept continually burning before the ſhrines of relics. Alfred ſeemed to be a genius ſelf-taught, which contrived and comprehended every thing that could contribute to the ſecurity of his kingdom. He was author of that ineſtimable privilege, peculiar to the ſubjects of this nation, which conſiſts in their being tried by their peers; for he firſt inſtituted juries, or at leaſt improved upon an old inſtitution, by ſpecifying the number and qualifications of jurymen, and extending their power to trials of property as well as criminal indictments: but no regulation redounded more to his honour and the advantage of his kingdom, than the meaſures he took to prevent rapine, murder, and other outrages, which had ſo long been committed with impunity. His attention ſtooped even to the meaneſt circumſtance of his people's conveniency. He introduced the art of brick-making, and built his own houſes of thoſe materials; which being much more durable and ſecure from accidents than timber, his example was followed by his ſubjects in general. He was, doubtleſs, an object of moſt perfect eſteem and admiration; for, excluſive of the qualities which diſtinguiſhed him as a warrior and legiſlator, his perſonal character was amiable in every reſpect. Died 897, aged 52. *Smollett.*

§ 33. *Character of* WILLIAM *the Conqueror.*

Few princes have been more fortunate than this great monarch, or were better entitled to proſperity and grandeur for the abilities and vigour of

mind which he diſplayed in all his conduct. His ſpirit was bold and enterpriſing, yet guided by prudence. His ambition, which was exorbitant, and lay little under the reſtraints of juſtice, and ſtill leſs under thoſe of humanity, ever ſubmitted to the dictates of reaſon and ſound policy. Born in an age when the minds of men were intractable and unacquainted with ſubmiſſion, he was yet able to direct them to his purpoſes; and, partly from the aſcendant of his vehement diſpoſition, partly from art and diſſimulation, to eſtabliſh an unlimited monarchy. Though not inſenſible to generoſity, he was hardened againſt compaſſion, and ſeemed equally oſtentatious and ambitious of eclat in his clemency and his ſeverity. The maxims of his adminſtration were ſevere; but might have been uſeful, had they been ſolely employed in preſerving order in an eſtabliſhed government: they were ill calculated for ſoftening the rigours which under the moſt gentle management are inſeparable from conqueſt. His attempt againſt England was the laſt enterprize of the kind, which, during the courſe of ſeven hundred years, has fully ſucceeded in Europe; and the greatneſs of his genius broke through thoſe limits, which firſt the feudal inſtitutions, then the refined policy of princes, have fixed on the ſeveral ſtates of Chriſtendom. Though he rendered himſelf infinitely odious to his Engliſh ſubjects, he tranſmitted his power to his poſterity, and the throne is ſtill filled by his deſcendants; a proof that the foundation which he laid was firm and ſolid, and that amongſt all his violences, while he ſeemed only to gratify the preſent paſſion, he had ſtill an eye towards futurity. Died September 9, 1087, aged 63 *. *Hume.*

§ 34. *Another Character of* WILLIAM *the Conqueror.*

From the tranſactions of William's reign, he appears to have been a prince of great courage, capacity, and ambition; politic, cruel, vindictive, and rapacious; ſtern and haughty in his deportment, reſerved and jealous in his diſpoſition. He was fond of glory, and, though parſimonious in his houſehold, delighted much in oſtentation. Though ſudden and impetuous in his enterprizes, he was cool, deliberate, and indefatigable, in times of danger and difficulty. His aſpect was nobly ſevere and imperious, his ſtature tall and portly; his conſtitution robuſt, and the compoſition of his bones and muſcles ſtrong; there was hardly a man of that age, who could bend his bow, or handle his arms. *Smollett.*

§ 35. *Another Character of* WILLIAM *the Conqueror.*

The character of this prince has ſeldom been ſet in its true light; ſome eminent writers having been dazzled ſo much by the more ſhining parts of it, that they have hardly ſeen his faults; while others, out of a ſtrong deteſtation of tyranny, have been unwilling to allow him the praiſe he deſerves.

He may with juſtice be ranked among the greateſt generals any age has produced. There was united in him activity, vigilance, intrepidity, caution, great force of judgment, and never-failing preſence of mind. He was ſtrict in his diſcipline, and kept his ſoldiers in perfect obedience; yet preſerved their affection. Having been from his very childhood continually in war, and at the head of armies, he joined to all the capacity that genius could give, all the knowledge and ſkill that experience could teach, and was a perfect maſter of the military art, as it was practiſed in the times wherein he lived. His conſtitution enabled him to endure any hardſhips, and very few were equal to him in perſonal ſtrength, which was an excellence of more importance than it is now, from the manner of fighting then in uſe. It is ſaid of him, that none except himſelf could bend his bow. His courage was heroic, and he poſſeſſed it not only in the field, but (which is more uncommon) in the cabinet, attempting great things with means that to other men appeared totally unequal to ſuch undertakings, and ſteadily proſecuting what he had boldly reſolved; being never diſturbed or diſheartened by difficulties, in the courſe of his enterprizes; but

* Smollett ſays, 61.

but having that noble vigour of mind, which, inſtead of bending to oppoſition, riſes againſt it, and ſeems to have a power of controlling and commanding Fortune herſelf.

Nor was he leſs ſuperior to pleaſure than to fear: no luxury ſoftened him, no riot diſordered, no ſloth relaxed. It helped not a little to maintain the high reſpect his ſubjects had for him, that the majeſty of his character was never let down by any incontinence or indecent exceſs. His temperance and his chaſtity were conſtant guards, that ſecured his mind from all weakneſs, ſupported its dignity, and kept it always as it were on the throne. Through his whole life he had no partner of his bed but his queen; a moſt extraordinary virtue in one who had lived, even from his earlieſt youth, amidſt all the licence of camps, the allurements of a court, and the ſeductions of ſovereign power! Had he kept his oaths to his people as well as he did his marriage vow, he would have been the beſt of kings; but he indulged other paſſions of a worſe nature, and infinitely more detrimental to the public than thoſe he reſtrained. A luſt of power, which no regard to juſtice could limit, the moſt unrelenting cruelty, and the moſt inſatiable avarice, poſſeſſed his ſoul. It is true, indeed, that among many acts of extreme inhumanity, ſome ſhining inſtances of great clemency may be produced, that were either effects of his policy, which taught him this method of acquiring friends, or of his magnanimity, which made him ſlight a weak and ſubdued enemy, ſuch as was Edgar Atheling, in whom he found neither ſpirit nor talents able to contend with him for the crown. But where he had no advantage nor pride in forgiving, his nature diſcovered itſelf to be utterly void of all ſenſe of compaſſion; and ſome barbarities which he committed exceeded the bounds that even tyrants and conquerors preſcribe to themſelves.

Moſt of our ancient hiſtorians give him the character of a very religious prince; but his religion was after the faſhion of thoſe times, belief without examination, and devotion without piety. It was a religion that prompted him to endow monaſteries, and at the ſame time allowed him to pillage kingdoms; that threw him on his knees before a relic or croſs, but ſuffered him unreſtrained to trample upon the liberties and rights of mankind.

As to his wiſdom in government, of which ſome modern writers have ſpoken very highly, he was indeed ſo far wiſe that, through a long unquiet reign, he knew how to ſupport oppreſſion by terror, and employ the propereſt means for the carrying on a very iniquitous and violent adminiſtration. But that which alone deſerves the name of wiſdom in the character of a king, the maintaining of authority by the exerciſe of thoſe virtues which make the happineſs of his people, was what, with all his abilities, he does not appear to have poſſeſſed. Nor did he excel in thoſe ſoothing and popular arts, which ſometimes change the complexion of a tyranny, and give it a fallacious appearance of freedom. His government was harſh and deſpotic, violating even the principles of that conſtitution which he himſelf had eſtabliſhed. Yet ſo far he performed the duty of a ſovereign, that he took care to maintain a good police in his realm; curbing licentiouſneſs with a ſtrong hand, which, in the tumultuous ſtate of his government, was a great and difficult work. How well he performed it we may learn even from the teſtimony of a contemporary Saxon hiſtorian, who ſays, that during his reign, a man might have travelled in perfect ſecurity all over the kingdom with his boſom full of gold, nor durſt any kill another in revenge of the greateſt offences, nor offer violence to the chaſtity of a woman. But it was a poor compenſation, that the highways were ſafe, when the courts of juſtice were dens of thieves, and when almoſt every man in authority, or in office, uſed his power to oppreſs and pillage the people. The king himſelf did not only tolerate, but encourage, ſupport, and even ſhare theſe extortions. Though the greatneſs of the ancient landed eſtate of the crown, and the feudal profits to which he legally was entitled, rendered him one of the richeſt monarchs in Europe, he was not content with all that

opulence, but by authorizing the ſheriffs, who collected his revenues in the ſeveral counties, to practiſe the moſt grievous vexations and abuſes, for the raiſing of them higher, by a perpetual auction of the crown lands, ſo that none of his tenants could be ſecure of poſſeſſion, if any other would come and offer more; by various iniquities in the court of exchequer, which was entirely Norman; by forfeitures wrongfully taken; and, laſtly, by arbitrary and illegal taxations, he drew into his treaſury much too great a proportion of the wealth of his kingdom.

It muſt however be owned, that if his avarice was inſatiably and unjuſtly rapacious, it was not meanly parſimonious, nor of that ſordid kind which brings on a prince diſhonour and contempt. He ſupported the dignity of his crown with a decent magnificence, and though he never was laviſh, he ſometimes was liberal, more eſpecially to his ſoldiers and to the church. But looking on money as a neceſſary means of maintaining and increaſing power, he deſired to accumulate as much as he could, rather, perhaps, from an ambitious than a covetous nature; at leaſt his avarice was ſubſervient to his ambition, and he laid up wealth in his coffers, as he did arms in his magazines, to be drawn out, when any proper occaſion required it, for the defence and enlargement of his dominions.

Upon the whole, he had many great qualities, but few virtues; and if thoſe actions that moſt particularly diſtinguiſh the man or the king are impartially conſidered, we ſhall find that in his character there is much to admire, but ſtill more to abhor. *Lyttelton.*

§ 36. *The Character of* WILLIAM RUFUS.

The memory of this monarch is tranſmitted to us with little advantage by the churchmen, whom he had offended; and though we may ſuſpect in general that their account of his vices is ſomewhat exaggerated, his conduct affords little reaſon for contradicting the character which they have aſſigned him, or for attributing to him any very eſtimable qualities; he ſeems to have been a violent and tyrannical prince; a perfidious, encroaching, and dangerous neighbour; an unkind and ungenerous relation. He was equally prodigal and rapacious in the management of the treaſury; and, if he poſſeſſed abilities, he lay ſo much under the government of impetuous paſſions, that he made little uſe of them in his adminiſtration; and he indulged entirely the domineering policy which ſuited his temper, and which, if ſupported, as it was in him, with courage and vigour, proves often more ſucceſsful in diſorderly times, than the deepeſt foreſight and moſt refined artifice. The monuments which remain of this prince in England are, the Tower, Weſtminſter Hall, and London Bridge, which he built. Died Auguſt 2, 1100, aged 40. *Hume.*

§ 37. *Another Character of* WILLIAM RUFUS.

Thus fell William *, ſurnamed Rufus, from his red hair and florid complexion, after he had lived four and forty years, and reigned near thirteen; during which time he oppreſſed his people in every form of tyranny and inſult. He was equally void of learning, principle, and honour; haughty, paſſionate, and ungrateful; a ſcoffer at religion, a ſcourge to the clergy; vainglorious, talkative, rapacious, laviſh, and diſſolute; and an inveterate enemy to the Engliſh, though he owed his crown to their valour and fidelity, when the Norman lords intended to expel him from the throne. In return for this inſtance of their loyalty, he took *all* opportunities to fleece and enſlave them; and at one time impriſoned fifty of the beſt families in the kingdom, on pretence of killing his deer; ſo that they were compelled to purchaſe their liberty at the expence of their wealth, though not before they had undergone the *fiery ordeal*. He lived in a ſcandalous com-

* By the hand of Tyrrel, a French gentleman, remarkable for his addreſs in archery, attending him in the recreation of hunting, as William had diſmounted after a chace. Tyrrel, impatient to ſhew his dexterity, let fly at a ſtag which ſuddenly ſtarted before him; the arrow glancing from a tree ſtruck the king in his breaſt, and inſtantly ſlew him.

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merce with proſtitutes, profeſſing his contempt for marriage; and, having no legitimate iſſue, the crown devolved to his brother Henry, who was ſo intent upon the ſucceſſion, that he paid very little regard to the funeral of the deceaſed king. *Smollett.*

§ 38. *Character of* HENRY I.

This prince was one of the moſt accompliſhed that has filled the Engliſh throne; and poſſeſſed all the qualities both of body and mind, natural and acquired, which could fit him for the high ſtation to which he attained: his perſon was manly; his countenance engaging; his eyes clear, ſerene, and penetrating. The affability of his addreſs encouraged thoſe who might be overawed by the ſenſe of his dignity or his wiſdom; and though he often indulged his facetious humour, he knew how to temper it with diſcretion, and ever kept at a diſtance from all indecent familiarities with his courtiers. His ſuperior eloquence and judgment would have given him an aſcendant, even if he had been born in a private ſtation; and his perſonal bravery would have procured him reſpect, even though it had been leſs ſupported by art and policy. By his great progreſs in literature, he acquired the name of *Beau Clerc*, or the Scholar; but his application to ſedentary purſuits abated nothing of the activity and vigilance of his government: and though the learning of that age was better fitted to corrupt than improve the underſtanding; his natural good ſenſe preſerved itſelf untainted both from the pedantry and ſuperſtition which were then ſo prevalent among men of letters. His temper was very ſuſceptible of the ſentiments as well of friendſhip as reſentment; and his ambition, though high, might be eſteemed moderate, had not his conduct towards his brother ſhewed, that he was too much diſpoſed to ſacrifice to it all the maxims of juſtice and equity. Died December 1, 1135, aged 67, having reigned 35 years. *Hume.*

§ 39. *Another Character of* HENRY I.

Henry was of a middle ſtature and robuſt make, with dark brown hair, and blue ſerene eyes. He was facetious, fluent, and affable to his favourites. His capacity, naturally good, was improved and cultivated in ſuch a manner, that he acquired the name of *Beau Clerc* by his learning. He was cool, cautious, politic, and penetrating; his courage was unqueſtioned, and his fortitude invincible. He was vindictive, cruel, and implacable, inexorable to offenders, rigid and ſevere in the execution of juſtice; and, though temperate in his diet, a voluptuary in his amours, which produced a numerous family of illegitimate iſſue. His Norman deſcent and connections with the continent inſpired him with a contempt for the Engliſh, whom he oppreſſed in the moſt tyrannical manner. *Smollett.*

§ 40. *Character of* STEPHEN.

England ſuffered great miſeries during the reign of this prince: but his perſonal character, allowing for the temerity and injuſtice of his uſurpation, appears not liable to any great exception; and he ſeems to have been well qualified, had he ſucceeded by a juſt title, to have promoted the happineſs and proſperity of his ſubjects. He was poſſeſſed of induſtry, activity, and courage, to a great degree; was not deficient in ability, had the talent of gaining mens affections; and, notwithſtanding his precarious ſituation, never indulged himſelf in the exerciſe of any cruelty or revenge. His advancement to the throne procured him neither tranquillity nor happineſs. Died 1154. *Hume.*

§ 41. *Another Character of* STEPHEN.

Stephen was a prince of great courage, fortitude, and activity, and might have reigned with the approbation of his people, had he not been harraſſed by the efforts of a powerful competitor, which obliged him to take ſuch meaſures for his ſafety as were inconſiſtent with the dictates of honour, which indeed his ambition prompted him to forego, in his firſt endeavours to aſcend the throne. His neceſſities afterwards compelled him to infringe the charter of privileges he granted at his acceſſion; and he was inſtigated by his jealouſy

louſy and reſentment to commit the moſt flagrant outrages againſt gratitude and ſound policy. His vices, as a king, ſeem to have been the effect of troubles in which he was involved; for, as a man, he was brave, open, and liberal; and, during the ſhort calm that ſucceeded the tempeſt of his reign, he made a progreſs through his kingdom, publiſhed an edict to reſtrain all rapine and violence, and diſbanded the foreign mercenaries who had preyed ſo long on his people. *Smollett.*

§ 42. *Character of* HENRY II.

Thus died, in the 58th year of his age, and thirty-fifth of his reign, the greateſt prince of his time for wiſdom, virtue, and ability, and the moſt powerful in extent of dominion, of all thoſe that had ever filled the throne of England. His character, both in public and private life, is almoſt without a blemiſh; and he ſeems to have poſſeſſed every accompliſhment, both of body and mind, which makes a man eſtimable or amiable. He was of a middle ſtature, ſtrong, and well proportioned; his countenance was lively and engaging; his converſation affable and entertaining; his elocution eaſy, perſuaſive, and ever at command. He loved peace, but poſſeſſed both conduct and bravery in war; was provident without timidity; ſevere in the execution of juſtice without rigour; and temperate without auſterity. He preſerved health, and kept himſelf from corpulency, to which he was ſomewhat inclined, by an abſtemious diet, and by frequent exerciſe, particularly by hunting. When he could enjoy leiſure, he recreated himſelf in learned converſation, or in reading; and he cultivated his natural talents by ſtudy, above any prince of his time. His affections, as well as his enmities, were warm and durable; and his long experience of ingratitude and infidelity of men never deſtroyed the natural ſenſibility of his temper, which diſpoſed him to friendſhip and ſociety. His character has been tranſmitted to us by many writers who were his contemporaries; and it reſembles extremely, in its moſt remarkable ſtrokes, that of his maternal grandfather, Henry I. excepting only that ambition, which was a ruling paſſion in both, found not in the firſt Henry ſuch unexceptionable means of exerting itſelf, and puſhed that prince into meaſures which were both criminal in themſelves, and were the cauſe of further crimes, from which his grandſon's conduct was happily exempted. Died 1189. *Hume.*

§ 43. *Another Character of* HENRY II.

Thus died Henry in the fifty-ſeventh year of his age (Hume ſays 58), and thirty-fifth of his reign, in the courſe of which he had, on ſundry occaſions, diſplayed all the abilities of a politician, all the ſagacity of a legiſlator, and all the magnanimity of a hero. He lived revered above all the princes of his time; and his death was deeply lamented by his ſubjects, whoſe happineſs ſeems to have been the chief aim of all his endeavours. He not only enacted wholeſome laws, but ſaw them executed with great punctuality. He was generous, even to admiration, with regard to thoſe who committed offences againſt his own perſon; but he never forgave the injuries that were offered to his people, for atrocious crimes were puniſhed ſeverely without reſpect of perſons. He was of a middle ſtature, and the moſt exact proportion; his countenance was round, fair and ruddy; his blue eyes were mild and engaging, except in a tranſport of paſſion, when they ſparkled like lightning, to the terror of the beholders. He was broad-cheſted, ſtrong, muſcular, and inclined to be corpulent, though he prevented the bad effects of this diſpoſition by hard exerciſe and continual fatigue; he was temperate in his meals, even to a degree of abſtinence, and ſeldom or ever ſat down, except at ſupper: he was eloquent, agreeable, and facetious; remarkably courteous and polite; compaſſionate to all in diſtreſs; ſo charitable, that he conſtantly allotted one tenth of his houſhold proviſions to the poor, and in time of dearth he maintained ten thouſand indigent perſons, from the beginning of ſpring till the end of autumn. His talents, naturally good, he had cultivated with great aſſiduity, and delighted in the converſation of learned men,

men, to whom he was a generous benefactor. His memory was ſo ſuprizingly tenacious, that he never forgot a face nor a circumſtance that was worth remembering. Though ſuperior to his contemporaries in ſtrength, riches, true courage, and military ſkill; he never engaged in war without reluctance, and was ſo averſe to bloodſhed, that he expreſſed an uncommon grief at the loſs of every private ſoldier: yet he was not exempt from human frailties; his paſſions, naturally violent, often hurried him to exceſs; he was prone to anger, tranſported with the luſt of power, and particularly accuſed of incontinence, not only in the affair of Roſamond, whom he is ſaid to have concealed in a labyrinth at Woodſtock, from the jealous enquiry of his wife, but alſo in a ſuppoſed commerce with the French princeſs Adalais, who was bred in England as the future wife of his ſon Richard. This infamous breach of honour and hoſpitality, if he was actually guilty, is the foulеſt ſtain upon his character; though the fact is doubtful, and we hope the charge untrue. *Smollett.*

§ 44. *Character of* RICHARD I.

The moſt ſhining part of this prince's character was his military talents; no man ever in that romantic age carried courage and intrepidity to a greater height; and this quality gained him the appellation of the *lion-hearted, cœur de lion.* He paſſionately loved glory; and as his conduct in the field was not inferior to his valour, he ſeems to have poſſeſſed every talent neceſſary for acquiring it: his reſentments alſo were high, his pride unconquerable, and his ſubjects, as well as his neighbours, had therefore reaſon to apprehend, from the continuance of his reign, a perpetual ſcene of blood and violence. Of an impetuous and vehement ſpirit, he was diſtinguiſhed by all the good as well as the bad qualities which are incident to that character. He was open, frank, generous, ſincere, and brave; he was revengeful, domineering, ambitious, haughty, and cruel, and was thus better calculated to dazzle men by the ſplendour of his enterprizes, than either to promote their happineſs or his own grandeur by a ſound and well-regulated policy. As military talents make great impreſſion on the people, he ſeems to have been much beloved by his Engliſh ſubjects; and he is remarked to have been the firſt prince of the Norman line who bore a ſincere affection and regard for them. He paſſed, however, only four months of his reign in that kingdom: the cruſade employed him near three years: he was detained about four months in captivity; the reſt of his reign was ſpent either in war, or preparations for war againſt France: and he was ſo pleaſed with the ſame which he had acquired in the Eaſt, that he ſeemed determined, notwithſtanding all his paſt misfortunes, to have further exhauſted his kingdom, and to have expoſed himſelf to new hazards by conducting another expedition againſt the infidels. Died April 6, 1199, aged 42. Reigned ten years. *Hume.*

§ 45. *Another Character of* RICHARD I.

This renowned prince was tall, ſtrong, ſtraight, and well-proportioned. His arms were remarkably long, his eyes blue, and full of vivacity; his hair was of a yellowiſh colour; his countenance fair and comely, and his air majeſtic. He was endowed with good natural underſtanding; his penetration was uncommon; he poſſeſſed a fund of manly eloquence; his converſation was ſpirited, and he was admired for his talents of repartee; as for his courage and ability in war, both Europe and Aſia reſound with his praiſe. The Saracens ſtilled their children with the terror of his name; and Saladine, who was an accompliſhed prince, admired his valour to ſuch a degree of enthuſiaſm, that immediately after Richard had defeated him on the plains of Joppa, he ſent him a couple of fine Arabian horſes, in token of his eſteem; a polite compliment, which Richard returned with magnificent preſents. Theſe are the ſhining parts of his character, which, however, cannot dazzle the judicious obſerver ſo much, but that he may perceive a number of blemiſhes, which no hiſtorian has been able to efface from the memory of this celebrated monarch. His ingratitude and want of filial af-

ſection are unpardonable. He was proud, haughty, ambitious, choleric, cruel, vindictive, and debauched; nothing could equal his rapaciouſneſs but his profuſion, and, indeed, the one was the effect of the other; he was a tyrant to his wife, as well as to his people, who groaned under his taxations to ſuch a degree, that even the glory of his victories did not exempt him from their execrations; in a word, he has been aptly compared to a lion, a ſpecies of animals which he reſembled not only in courage, but likewiſe in ferocity.

Smollett.

§ 46. *Character of* JOHN.

The character of this prince is nothing but a complication of vices, equally mean and odious, ruinous to himſelf, and deſtructive to his people: cowardice, inactivity, folly, levity, licentiouſneſs, ingratitude, treachery, tyranny, and cruelty; all theſe qualities too evidently appear in the ſeveral incidents of his life, to give us room to ſuſpect, that the diſagreeable picture has been anywiſe overcharged by the prejudice of the ancient hiſtorians. It is hard to ſay whether his conduct to his father, his brother, his nephew, or his ſubjects, was moſt culpable; or whether his crimes in theſe reſpects were not even exceeded by the baſeneſs which appeared in his tranſactions with the king of France, the pope, and the barons. His dominions, when they devolved to him by the death of his brother, were more extenſive than have ever ſince his time been ruled by any Engliſh monarch. But he firſt loſt, by his miſconduct, the flouriſhing provinces in France; the ancient patrimony of his family. He ſubjected his kingdom to a ſhameful vaſſalage under the ſee of Rome; he ſaw the prerogatives of his crown diminiſhed by law, and ſtill more reduced by faction; and he died at laſt when in danger of being totally expelled by a foreign power, and of either ending his life miſerably in a priſon, or ſeeking ſhelter as a fugitive from the purſuit of his enemies.

The prejudices againſt this prince were ſo violent, that he was believed to have ſent an embaſſy to the emperor of Morocco, and to have offered to change his religion and become Mahometan, in order to purchaſe the protection of that monarch; but, though that ſtory is told us on plauſible authority, it is in itſelf utterly improbable, except that there is nothing ſo incredible as may not become likely from the folly and wickedneſs of John. Died 1216.

Hume.

§ 47. *Another Character of* JOHN.

John was in his perſon taller than the middle ſize, of a good ſhape and agreeable countenance; with reſpect to his diſpoſition, it is ſtrongly delineated in the tranſactions of his reign. If his underſtanding was contemptible, his heart was the object of deteſtation; we find him ſlothful, ſhallow, proud, imperious, cowardly, libidinous, and inconſtant, abject in adverſity, and overbearing in ſucceſs; contemned and hated by his ſubjects, over whom he tyrannized to the utmoſt of his power; abhorred by the clergy, whom he oppreſſed with exactions; and deſpiſed by all the neighbouring princes of Europe: though he might have paſſed through life without incurring ſuch a load of odium and contempt, had not his reign been perplexed by the turbulence of his barons, the rapaciouſneſs of the pope, and the ambition of ſuch a monarch as Philip Auguſtus; his character could never have afforded one quality that would have exempted him from the diſguſt and ſcorn of his people: nevertheleſs, it muſt be owned, that his reign is not altogether barren of laudable tranſactions. He regulated the form of the government in the city of London, and ſeveral other places in the kingdom. He was the firſt who coined ſterling money. *Smollett.*

§ 48. *Character of* HENRY III.

The moſt obvious circumſtance of Henry the Third's character, is his incapacity for government, which rendered him as much a priſoner in the hands of his own miniſters and favourites, and as little at his own diſpoſal, as when detained a captive in the hands of his enemies. From this ſource, rather than from inſincerity and treachery,

chery, aroſe his negligence in obſerving his promiſes; and he was too eaſily induced, for the ſake of preſent convenience, to ſacrifice the laſting advantages ariſing from the truſt and confidence of his people. Hence were derived his profuſion to favourites, his attachment to ſtrangers, the variableneſs of his conduct, his haſty reſentments, and his ſudden forgiveneſs and return of affection. Inſtead of reducing the dangerous power of his nobles, by obliging them to obſerve the laws towards their inferiors, and ſetting them the ſalutary example in his own government, he was ſeduced to imitate their conduct, and to make his arbitrary will, or rather that of his miniſters, the rule of his actions.

Inſtead of accommodating himſelf, by a ſtrict frugality, to the embarraſſed ſituation in which his revenue had been left, by the military expedition of his uncle, the diſſipations of his father, and the uſurpations of the barons; he was tempted to levy money by irregular exactions, which, without enriching himſelf, impoveriſhed, or at leaſt diſguſted, his people. Of all men, nature ſeemed leaſt to have fitted him for being a tyrant; yet are there inſtances of oppreſſion in his reign, which, though derived from the precedents left him by his predeceſſors, had been carefully guarded againſt by the great charter; and are inconſiſtent with all rules of good government: and, on the whole, we may ſay, that greater abilities, with his good diſpoſitions, would have prevented him from falling into his faults; or, with worſe diſpoſitions, would have enabled him to maintain and defend them. Died November 16, 1272, aged 64. Reigned 56 years. *Hume.*

§ 49. *Another Character of* HENRY III.

Henry was of a middle ſize and robuſt make, and his countenance had a peculiar caſt from his left eye-lid, which hung down ſo far as to cover part of his eye. The particulars of his character may be gathered from the detail of his conduct. He was certainly a prince of very mean talents; irreſolute, inconſtant, and capricious; proud, inſolent, and arbitrary; arrogant in proſperity, and abject in adverſity; profuſe, rapacious, and choleric, though deſtitute of liberality, œconomy, and courage; yet his continence was praiſeworthy, as well as his averſion to cruelty; for he contented himſelf with puniſhing the rebels in their effects, when he might have glutted his revenge with their blood. He was prodigal even to exceſs, and therefore always in neceſſity. Notwithſtanding the great ſums he levied from his ſubjects, and though his occaſions were never ſo preſſing, he could not help ſquandering away his money upon worthleſs favourites, without conſidering the difficulty he always found in obtaining ſupplies from parliament. *Smollett.*

§ 50. *Character of* EDWARD I.

The enterprizes finiſhed by this prince, and the projects which he formed, and brought very near to a concluſion, were more prudent and more regularly conducted, and more advantageous to the ſolid intereſts of this kingdom, than thoſe which were undertaken in any reign either of his anceſtors or ſucceſſors. He reſtored authority to the government, diſordered by the weakneſs of his father; he maintained the laws againſt all the efforts of his turbulent barons; he fully annexed to the crown the principality of Wales; he took the wiſeſt and moſt effectual meaſures for reducing Scotland to a like condition; and though the equity of this latter enterprize may reaſonably be queſtioned, the circumſtances of the two kingdoms promiſed ſuch ſucceſs, and the advantage was ſo viſible, of uniting the whole iſland under one head, that thoſe who give great indulgence to reaſons of ſtate in the meaſures of princes, will not be apt to regard this part of his conduct with much ſeverity.

But Edward, however exceptionable his character may appear on the head of juſtice, is the model of a politic and warlike king. He poſſeſſed induſtry, penetration, courage, vigour, and enterprize. He was frugal in all expences that were not neceſſary; he knew how to open the public treaſures on proper occaſions; he puniſhed criminals with ſeverity; he was gracious and affable to his

his ſervants and courtiers; and being of a majeſtic figure, expert at all bodily exerciſe, and in the main well proportioned in his limbs, notwithſtanding the great length of his legs, he was as well qualified to captivate the populace by his exterior appearance, as to gain the approbation of men of ſenſe by his more ſolid virtues. Died July 7, 1307, aged 69. Reigned 35 years.

Hume.

§ 51. *Another Character of* EDWARD I.

He was a prince of very dignified appearance, tall in ſtature; regular and comely in his features; with keen piercing eyes, and of an aſpect that commanded reverence and eſteem. His conſtitution was robuſt; his ſtrength and dexterity perhaps unequalled in his kingdom; and his ſhape was unblemiſhed in all other reſpects, but that of his legs, which are ſaid to have been too long in proportion to his body; whence he derived the epithet of *Long Shanks*. In the qualities of his head, he equalled the greateſt monarchs who have ſat on the Engliſh throne. He was cool, penetrating, ſagacious, and circumſpect. The remoteſt corners of the earth ſounded with the fame of his courage; and all over Europe he was conſidered as the flower of chivalry. Nor was he leſs conſummate in his legiſlative capacity, than eminent for his proweſs. He may be ſtyled the Engliſh Juſtinian: for, beſides the excellent ſtatutes that were enacted in his reign, he new-modelled the adminiſtration of juſtice, ſo as to render it more ſure and ſummary; he fixed proper bounds to the courts of juriſdiction; ſettled a new and eaſy method of collecting the revenue, and eſtabliſhed wiſe and effectual methods of preſerving peace and order among his ſubject. Yet, with all theſe good qualities, he cheriſhed a dangerous ambition, to which he did not ſcruple to ſacrifice the good of his country; witneſs his ruinous war with Scotland, which drained the kingdom of men and money, and gave riſe to that rancorous enmity which proved ſo prejudicial to both nations. Though he is celebrated for his chaſtity and regular deportment, there is not, in the whole courſe of his reign, one inſtance of his liberality and munificence. He had great abilities, but no genius; and was an accompliſhed warrior, without the leaſt ſpark of heroiſm.

Smollett.

§ 52. *Character of* EDWARD II.

It is not eaſy to imagine a man more innocent or inoffenſive than this unhappy king; nor a prince leſs fitted for governing that fierce and turbulent people ſubjected to his authority. He was obliged to devolve on others the weight of government which he had neither ability nor inclination to bear: the ſame indolence and want of penetration led him to make choice of miniſters and favourites, which were not always beſt qualified for the truſt committed to them. The ſeditious grandees, pleaſed with his weakneſs, and complaining of it, under pretence of attaching his miniſters, inſulted his perſon, and invaded his authority; and the impatient populace, ignorant of the ſource of their grievances, threw all the blame upon the king, and increaſed the public diſorders by their faction and inſolence. It was in vain to look for protection from the laws, whoſe voice, always feeble in thoſe times, was not heard in the din of arms: what could not defend the king, was leſs able to give ſhelter to any one of his people; the whole machine of government was torn in pieces, with fury and violence; and men, inſtead of complaining againſt the manners of the age, and the form of their conſtitution, which required the moſt ſteady and the moſt ſkilful hand to conduct them, imputed all errors to his perſon who had the misfortune to be intruſted with the reins of empire. Murdered 21 September, 1327. *Hume.*

§ 53. *Another Character of* EDWARD II.

Thus periſhed Edward II. after having atoned by his ſufferings for all the errors of his conduct. He is ſaid to have reſembled his father in the accompliſhments of his perſon, as well as in his countenance: but in other reſpects he ſeems only to have inherited the defects of his character; for he was cruel and illiberal, without his valour or capacity.

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He had levity, indolence, and irreſolution, in common with other weak princes; but the diſtinguiſhing foible of his character, was that unaccountable paſſion for the reigning favourites, to which he ſacrificed every other conſideration of policy and convenience, and at laſt fell a miſerable victim.

Smollett.

§ 54. *Character of* EDWARD III.

The Engliſh are apt to conſider with peculiar fondneſs the hiſtory of Edward the Third, and to eſteem his reign, as it was one of the longeſt, the moſt glorious alſo, which occurs in the annals of the nation. The aſcendant which they began to have over France, their rival and national enemy, makes them caſt their eyes on this period with great complacency, and ſanctifies every meaſure which Edward embraced for that end. But the domeſtic government is really more admirable than his foreign victories; and England enjoyed, by his prudence and vigour of adminiſtration, a longer interval of domeſtic peace and tranquillity, than ſhe had been bleſt with in any former period, or than ſhe experienced for many years after. He gained the affections of the great, and curbed their licentiouſneſs: he made them feel his power, without their daring, or even being inclined to murmur at it; his affable and obliging behaviour, his munificence and generoſity, made them ſubmit with pleaſure to his dominion; his valour and conduct made them ſucceſsful in moſt of their enterprizes; and their unquiet ſpirits, directed againſt a public enemy, had no leiſure to breed diſturbances, to which they were naturally ſo much inclined, and which the fame of the government ſeemed ſo much to authorize. This was the chief benefit which reſulted from Edward's victories and conqueſts. His foreign wars were, in other reſpects, neither founded in juſtice, nor directed to any very ſalutary purpoſe. His attempt againſt the king of Scotland, a minor, and a brother-in-law, and the revival of his grandfather's claim of ſuperiority over that kingdom, were both unreaſonable and ungenerous; and he allowed himſelf to be too ſoon reduced, by the glaring proſpects of French conqueſt, from the acquiſition of a point which was practicable, and which might really, if attained, have been of laſting utility to his country and to his ſucceſſors. But the glory of a conqueror is ſo dazzling to the vulgar, and the animoſity of nations ſo extreme, that the fruitleſs deſolation of ſo fine a part of Europe as France is totally diſregarded by us, and never conſidered as a blemiſh in the character or conduct of this prince: and indeed, from the unfortunate ſtate of human nature, it will commonly happen that a ſovereign of great genius, ſuch as Edward, who uſually finds every thing eaſy in the domeſtic government, will turn himſelf towards military enterprizes, where alone he meets oppoſition, and where he has full exerciſe for his induſtry and capacity. Died 21ſt of June, aged 65, in the 51ſt years of his reign. *Hume.*

§ 55. *Another Character of* EDWARD III.

Edward's conſtitution had been impaired by the fatigues of his youth; ſo that he began to feel the infirmities of old age, before they approach the common courſe of nature: and now he was ſeized with a malignant fever, attended with eruptions, that ſoon put a period to his life. When his diſtemper became ſo violent, that no hope of his recovery remained, all his attendants forſook him, as a bankrupt no longer able to requite their ſervices. The ungrateful ALICE, waiting until ſhe perceived him in the agonies of death, was ſo inhuman as to ſtrip him of his rings and jewels, and leave him without one domeſtic to cloſe his eyes, and do the laſt offices to his breathleſs corſe. In this deplorable condition, bereft of comfort and aſſiſtance, the mighty Edward lay expiring; when a prieſt, not quite ſo ſavage as the reſt of his domeſtics, approached his bed; and, finding him ſtill breathing, began to adminiſter ſome comfort to his ſoul. Edward had not yet loſt all perception, when he found himſelf thus abandoned and forlorn, in the laſt moments of his life. He was juſt able to expreſs a deep ſenſe of ſorrow and contrition for the errors

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of his conduct, and died pronouncing the name of Jesus.

Such was the piteous and obscure end of Edward the Third, undoubtedly one of the greatest princes that ever swayed the sceptre of England; whether we respect him as a warrior, a lawgiver, a monarch, or a man. He possessed all the romantic spirit of Alexander; the penetration, the fortitude, the polished manners, of Julius; the liberality, the munificence, the wisdom, of Augustus Cæsar. He was tall, majestic, finely shaped, with a piercing eye, and aquiline visage. He excelled all his contemporaries in feats of arms, and personal address. He was courteous, affable, and eloquent; of a free deportment, and agreeable conversation; and had the art of commanding the affection of his subjects, without seeming to solicit popularity. The love of glory was certainly the predominant passion of Edward, to the gratification of which he did not scruple to sacrifice the feelings of humanity, the lives of his subjects, and the interests of his country. And nothing could have induced or enabled his people to bear the load of taxes with which they were encumbered in his reign, but the love and admiration of his person, the fame of his victories, and the excellent laws and regulations which the parliament enacted with his advice and concurrence. *Smollett.*

§ 56. *The Character of Queen* Elizabeth.

There are few personages in history who have been more exposed to the calumny of enemies, and the adulation of friends, than Queen Elizabeth; and yet there scarce is any whose reputation has been more certainly determined by the unanimous consent of posterity. The unusual length of her administration, and the strong features of her character, were able to overcome all prejudices; and, obliging her detractors to abate much of their invectives, and her admirers somewhat of their panegyrics, have at last, in spite of political factions, and what is more, of religious animosities, produced an uniform judgment with regard to her conduct. Her vigour, her constancy, her magnanimity, her penetration, vigilance, and address, are allowed to merit the highest praises, and appear not to have been surpassed by any person who ever filled a throne: a conduct less rigorous, less imperious, more sincere, more indulgent to her people, would have been requisite to form a perfect character. By the force of her mind, she controlled all her more active and stronger qualities, and prevented them from running into excess: her heroism was exempt from all temerity, her frugality from avarice, her friendship from partiality, her enterprize from turbulency and a vain ambition. She guarded not herself with equal care or equal success from lesser infirmities; the rivalship of beauty, the desire of admiration, the jealousy of love, and the sallies of anger.

Her singular talents for government were founded equally on her temper and on her capacity. Endowed with a great command over herself, she soon obtained an uncontrolled ascendant over the people; and while she merited all their esteem by her real virtues, she also engaged their affections by her pretended ones. Few sovereigns of England succeeded to the throne in more difficult circumstances; and none ever conducted the government with such uniform success and felicity. Though unacquainted with the practice of toleration, the true secret for managing religious factions, she preserved her people, by her superior prudence, from those confusions in which theological controversy had involved all the neighbouring nations; and though her enemies were the most powerful princes of Europe, the most active, the most enterprizing, the least scrupulous, she was able by her vigour to make deep impressions on their state; her own greatness meanwhile remained untouched and unimpaired.

The wise ministers and brave warriors, who flourished during her reign, share the praise of her success; but, instead of lessening the applause due to her, they make great addition to it: they owed, all of them, their advancement to her choice; they were supported by her constancy; and with all their ability,

ability, they were never able to acquire any undue aſcendant over her. In her family, in her court, in her kingdom, ſhe remained equally miſtreſs: the force of the tender paſſions was great over her, but the force of her mind was ſtill ſuperior; and the combat which her victory viſibly coſt her, ſerves only to diſplay the firmneſs of her reſolution, and the loftineſs of her ambitious ſentiments.

The fame of this princeſs, though it has ſurmounted the prejudices both of faction and of bigotry, yet lies ſtill expoſed to another prejudice, which is more durable, becauſe more natural, and which, according to the different views in which we ſurvey her, is capable either of exalting beyond meaſure, or diminiſhing the luſtre of her character. This prejudice is founded on the conſideration of her ſex. When we contemplate her as a woman, we are apt to be ſtruck with the higheſt admiration of her qualities and extenſive capacity; but we are alſo apt to require ſome more ſoftneſs of diſpoſition, ſome greater lenity of temper, ſome of thoſe amiable weakneſſes by which her ſex is diſtinguiſhed. But the true method of eſtimating her merit, is to lay aſide all theſe conſiderations, and to conſider her merely as a rational being, placed in authority, and intruſted with the government of mankind. We may find it difficult to reconcile our fancy to her as a wife or a miſtreſs; but her qualities as a ſovereign, though with ſome conſiderable exceptions, are the object of undiſputed applauſe and approbation. *Hume.*

§ 57. *The Character of* MARY *Queen of* SCOTS.

To all the charms of beauty, and the utmoſt elegance of external form, Mary added thoſe accompliſhments which render their impreſſion irreſiſtible. Polite, affable, inſinuating, ſprightly, and capable of ſpeaking and of writing with equal eaſe and dignity. Sudden, however, and violent in all her attachments; becauſe her heart was warm and unſuſpicious. Impatient of contradiction, becauſe ſhe had been accuſtomed from her infancy to be treated as a queen. No ſtranger, on ſome occaſions, to diſſimulation; which, in that perfidious court where ſhe received her education, was reckoned among the neceſſary arts of government. Not inſenſible to flattery, or unconſcious of that pleaſure, with which almoſt every woman beholds the influence of her own beauty. Formed with the qualities that we love, not with the talents that we admire; ſhe was an agreeable woman rather than an illuſtrious queen. The vivacity of her ſpirit, not ſufficiently tempered with ſound judgment, and the warmth of her heart, which was not at all times under the reſtraint of diſcretion, betrayed her both into errors and into crimes. To ſay that ſhe was always unfortunate, will not account for that long and almoſt uninterrupted ſucceſſion of calamities which befel her; we muſt likewiſe add, that ſhe was often imprudent. Her paſſion for Darnly was raſh, youthful, and exceſſive. And though the ſudden tranſition to the oppoſite extreme was the natural effect of her ill-requited love, and of his ingratitude, inſolence, and brutality; yet neither theſe, nor Bothwell's artful addreſs and important ſervices, can juſtify her attachments to that nobleman. Even the manners of the age, licentious as they were, are no apology for this unhappy paſſion; nor can they induce us to look on that tragical and infamous ſcene, which followed upon it, with leſs abhorrence. Humanity will draw a veil over this part of her character, which it cannot approve, and may, perhaps, prompt ſome to impute her actions to her ſituation, more than to her diſpoſition; and to lament the unhappineſs of the former, rather than accuſe the perverſeneſs of the latter. Mary's ſufferings exceed, both in degree and in duration, thoſe tragical diſtreſſes which fancy has feigned to excite ſorrow and commiſeration; and while we ſurvey them, we are apt altogether to forget her frailties, we think of her faults with leſs indignation, and approve of our tears, as if they were ſhed for a perſon who had attained much nearer to pure virtue.

With regard to the queen's perſon, a circumſtance not to be omitted in writ-

ing the hiſtory of a female reign, all contemporary authors agree in aſcribing to Mary the utmoſt beauty of countenance and elegance of ſhape of which the human form is capable. Her hair was black, though, according to the faſhion of that age, ſhe frequently wore borrowed locks, and of different colours. Her eyes were a dark grey, her complexion was exquiſitely fine, and her hands and arms remarkably delicate, both as to ſhape and colour. Her ſtature was of an height that roſe to the majeſtic. She danced, ſhe walked, and rode with equal grace. Her taſte for muſic was juſt, and ſhe both ſung and played upon the lute with uncommon ſkill. Towards the end of her life ſhe began to grow fat; and her long confinement, and the coldneſs of the houſes in which ſhe was impriſoned, brought on a rheumatiſm which deprived her of the uſe of her limbs. No man, ſays Brantome, ever beheld her perſon without admiration and love, or will read her hiſtory without ſorrow.

Robertſon.

§ 58. *The Character of* FRANCIS I. *with ſome Reflections on his Rivalſhip with* CHARLES V.

Francis died at Rambouillet, on the laſt day of March, in the fifty-third year of his age, and the thirty-third year of his reign. During twenty-eight years of that time, an avowed rivalſhip ſubſiſted between him and the emperor, which involved not only their own dominions, but the greater part of Europe in wars, proſecuted with more violent animoſity, and drawn out to a greater length, than had been known in any former period. Many circumſtances contributed to both. Their animoſity was founded in oppoſition of intereſt, heightened by perſonal emulation, and exaſperated not only by mutual injuries, but by reciprocal inſults. At the ſame time, whatever advantage one ſeemed to poſſeſs towards gaining the aſcendant, was wonderfully balanced by ſome favourable circumſtance, peculiar to the other. The emperor's dominions were of great extent, the French king's lay more compact: Francis governed his kingdom with abſolute power; that of Charles was limited, but he ſupplied the want of authority by addreſs: the troops of the former were more impetuous and enterpriſing; thoſe of the latter better diſciplined, and more patient of fatigue. The talents and abilities of the two monarchs were as different as the advantages which they poſſeſſed, and contributed no leſs to prolong the conteſt between them. Francis took his reſolutions ſuddenly, proſecuted them at firſt with warmth, and puſhed them into execution with a moſt adventurous courage; but, being deſtitute of the perſeverance neceſſary to ſurmount difficulties, he often abandoned his deſigns, or relaxed the vigour of purſuit, from impatience, and ſometimes from levity.

Charles deliberated long, and determined with coolneſs; but, having once fixed his plan, he adhered to it with inflexible obſtinacy, and neither danger nor diſcouragement could turn him aſide from the execution of it. The ſucceſs of their enterpriſes was as different as their characters, and was uniformly influenced by them. Francis, by his impetuous activity, often diſconcerted the emperor's beſt laid ſchemes: Charles, by a more calm, but ſteady proſecution of his deſigns, checked the rapidity of his rival's career, and baffled or repulſed his moſt vigorous efforts. The former, at the opening of a war or of a campaign, broke in upon his enemy with the violence of a torrent, and carried all before him; the latter, waiting until he ſaw the force of his rival begin to abate, recovered in the end, not only all that he had loſt, but made new acquiſitions. Few of the French monarch's attempts towards conqueſt, whatever promiſing aſpect they might wear at firſt, were conducted to an happy iſſue; many of the emperor's enterpriſes, even after they appeared deſperate and impracticable, terminated in the moſt proſperous manner. Francis was dazzled with the ſplendour of an undertaking; Charles was allured by the proſpect of its turning to his advantage. The degree, however, of their comparative merit and reputation has not been fixed, either by a ſtrict ſcrutiny into their abilities for government,

vernment, or by an impartial conſideration of the greatneſs and ſucceſs of their undertakings; and Francis is one of thoſe monarchs who occupies a higher rank in the temple of Fame than either his talents or performances entitle him to hold. This pre-eminence he owed to many different circumſtances. The ſuperiority which Charles acquired by the victory of Pavia, and which from that period he preſerved through the remainder of his reign, was ſo manifeſt, that Francis's ſtruggle againſt his exorbitant and growing dominion was viewed, by moſt of the other powers, not only with the partiality which naturally ariſes from thoſe who gallantly maintain an unequal conteſt, but with the favour due to one who was reſiſting a common enemy, and endeavouring to ſet bounds to a monarch equally formidable to them all. The characters of princes too, eſpecially among their contemporaries, depend not only upon their talents for government, but upon their qualities as men. Francis, notwithſtanding the many errors conſpicuous in his foreign policy and domeſtic adminiſtration, was nevertheleſs humane, beneficent, generous. He poſſeſſed dignity without pride; affability free from meanneſs, and courteſy exempt from deceit. All who had acceſs to him (and no man of merit was ever denied that privilege) reſpected and loved him. Captivated with his perſonal qualities, his ſubjects forgot his defects as a monarch, and admiring him as the moſt accompliſhed and amiable gentleman in his dominions, they never murmured at acts of mal-adminiſtration, which in a prince of leſs engaging diſpoſitions would have been deemed unpardonable. This admiration, however, muſt have been temporary only, and would have died away with the courtiers who beſtowed it; the illuſion ariſing from his private virtues muſt have ceaſed, and poſterity would have judged of his public conduct with its uſual impartiality; but another circumſtance prevented this, and his name hath been tranſmitted to poſterity with increaſing reputation. Science and the arts had, at that time, made little progreſs in France. They were juſt beginning to advance beyond the limits of Italy, where they had revived, and which had hitherto been their only ſeat. Francis took them immediately under his protection, and vied with Leo himſelf in the zeal and munificence with which he encouraged them. He invited learned men to his court; he converſed with them familiarly, he employed them in buſineſs; he raiſed them to offices of dignity, and honoured them with his confidence. That race of men, not more prone to complain when denied the reſpect to which they fancy themſelves entitled, than apt to be pleaſed when treated with the diſtinction which they conſider as their due, though they could not exceed in gratitude to ſuch a benefactor, ſtrained their invention, and employed all their ingenuity in panegyric.

Succeeding authors, warmed with their deſcriptions of Francis's bounty, adopted their encomiums, and refined upon them. The appellation of Father of Letters, beſtowed upon Francis, hath rendered his memory ſacred among hiſtorians, and they ſeem to have regarded it as a ſort of impiety to uncover his infirmities, or to point out his defects. Thus Francis, notwithſtanding his inferior abilities, and want of ſucceſs, hath more than equalled the fame of Charles. The virtues which he poſſeſſed as a man have entitled him to greater admiration and praiſe, than have been beſtowed upon the extenſive genius and fortunate arts of a more capable, but leſs amiable rival. *Robertſon.*

§ 59. *The Character of* CHARLES V.

As Charles was the firſt prince of his age in rank and dignity, the part which he acted, whether we conſider the greatneſs, the variety, or the ſucceſs of his undertakings, was the moſt conſpicuous. It is from an attentive obſervation of his conduct, not from the exaggerated praiſes of the Spaniſh hiſtorians, or the undiſtinguiſhing cenſure of the French, that a juſt idea of Charles's genius and abilities is to be collected. He poſſeſſed qualities ſo peculiar, as ſtrongly mark his character, and not only diſtinguiſh him from the princes who were his contemporaries, but account for that ſuperiority

riority over them which he ſo long maintained. In forming his ſchemes, he was, by nature as well as by habit, cautious and conſiderate. Born with talents, which unfolded themſelves ſlowly, and were late in attaining maturity; he was accuſtomed to ponder every ſubject that demanded his conſideration with a careful and deliberate attention. He bent the whole force of his mind towards it, and dwelling upon it with a ſerious application, undiverted by pleaſure, and hardly relaxed by any amuſement, he revolved it in ſilence in his own breaſt: he then communicated the matter to his miniſters; and after hearing their opinions, took his reſolution with a deciſive firmneſs, which ſeldom follows ſuch ſlow conſultations. In conſequence of this, Charles's meaſures, inſtead of reſembling the deſultory and irregular ſallies of Henry VIII. or Francis I. had the appearance of a conſiſtent ſyſtem, in which all the parts were arranged, the effects were foreſeen, and the accidents were provided for. His promptitude in execution, was no leſs remarkable than his patience in deliberation. He conſulted with phlegm, but he acted with vigour; and did not diſcover greater ſagacity in his choice of the meaſures which it was proper to purſue, than fertility of genius in finding out the means for rendering his purſuit of them ſucceſsful. Though he had naturally ſo little of the martial turn, that during the moſt ardent and buſtling period of life, he remained in the cabinet inactive: yet when he choſe at length to appear at the head of his armies, his mind was ſo formed for vigorous exertions in every direction, that he acquired ſuch knowledge in the art of war, and ſuch talents for command, as rendered him equal in reputation and ſucceſs to the moſt able generals of the age. But Charles poſſeſſed, in the moſt eminent degree, the ſcience which is of greateſt importance to a monarch, that of knowing men, and of adapting their talents to the various departments which he allotted to them. From the death of Chievres to the end of his reign, he employed no general in the field, no miniſter in the cabinet, no ambaſſador to a foreign court, no governor of a province, whoſe abilities were inadequate to the truſt which he repoſed in them. Though deſtitute of that bewitching affability of manner, which gained Francis the hearts of all who approached his perſon, he was no ſtranger to the virtues which ſecure fidelity and attachment. He placed unbounded confidence in his generals; he rewarded their ſervices with munificence; he neither envied their fame, nor diſcovered any jealouſy of their power. Almoſt all the generals who conducted his armies may be placed on a level with thoſe illuſtrious perſonages who have attained the higheſt eminence of military glory; and his advantages over his rivals are to be aſcribed ſo manifeſtly to the ſuperior abilities of the commanders whom he ſet in oppoſition to them, that this might ſeem to detract, in ſome degree, from his own merit, if the talent of diſcovering and employing ſuch inſtruments were not the moſt undoubted proof of his capacity for government.

There were, nevertheleſs, defects in his political character, which muſt conſiderably abate the admiration due to his extraordinary talents. Charles's ambition was inſatiable; and though there ſeems to be no foundation for an opinion prevalent in his own age, that he had formed the chimerical project of eſtabliſhing an univerſal monarchy in Europe, it is certain that his deſire of being diſtinguiſhed as a conqueror, involved him in continual wars, which exhauſted and oppreſſed his ſubjects, and left him little leiſure for giving attention to the interior police and improvement of his kingdoms, the great objects of every prince who makes the happineſs of his people the end of his government. Charles, at a very early period of life, having added the imperial crown to the kingdoms of Spain, and to the hereditary dominions of the houſes of Auſtria and Burgundy; this opened to him ſuch a vaſt field of enterpriſe, and engaged him in ſchemes ſo complicated as well as arduous, that feeling his power to be unequal to the execution of theſe, he had often recourſe to low artifices, unbecoming his ſuperior talents; and ſometimes ventured on ſuch deviations from integrity, as were diſhonourable

able in a great prince. His infidious and fraudulent policy appeared more conſpicuous, and was rendered more odious, by a compariſon with the open and undeſigning character of his contemporaries, Francis I. and Henry VIII. This difference, tho' occaſioned chiefly by the diverſity of their tempers, muſt be aſcribed in ſome degree to ſuch an oppoſition in the principles of their political conduct, as affords ſome excuſe for this defect in Charles's behaviour, though it cannot ſerve as a juſtification of it. Francis and Henry ſeldom acted but from the impulſe of their paſſions, and ruſhed headlong towards the object in view. Charles's meaſures being the reſult of cool reflection, were diſpoſed into a regular ſyſtem, and carried on upon a concerted plan. Perſons who act in the former manner, naturally purſue the end in view, without aſſuming any diſguiſe, or diſplaying much addreſs. Such as hold the latter courſe, are apt, in forming as well as in executing their deſigns, to employ ſuch refinements, as always lead to artifice in conduct, and often degenerate into deceit. *Robertſon.*

§ 60. *The Character of* EPAMINONDAS.

Epaminondas was born and educated in that honeſt poverty which thoſe leſs corrupted ages accounted the glorious mark of integrity and virtue. The inſtructions of a Pythagorean philoſopher, to whom he was entruſted in his earlieſt years, formed him to all the temperance and ſeverity peculiar to that ſect, and were received with a docility and pleaſure which beſpoke an ingenuous mind. Muſic, dancing, and all thoſe arts which were accounted honourable diſtinctions at Thebes, he received from the greateſt maſters. In the athletic exerciſes he became conſpicuous, but ſoon learned to apply particularly to thoſe which might prepare him for the labours and occaſions of a military life. His modeſty and gravity rendered him ready to hear and receive inſtruction; and his genius enabled him to learn and improve. A love of truth, a love of virtue, tenderneſs, and humanity, and an exalted patriotiſm, he had learned, and ſoon diſplayed. To theſe glorious qualities, he added penetration and ſagacity, a happineſs in improving every incident, a conſummate ſkill in war, an unconquerable patience of toil and diſtreſs, a boldneſs in enterpriſe, vigour, and magnanimity. Thus did he become great and terrible in war; nor was he leſs diſtinguiſhed by the gentler virtues of peace and retirement. He had a ſoul capable of the moſt exalted and diſintereſted friendſhip. The warmth of his benevolence ſupplied the deficiencies of his fortune; his credit and good offices frequently were employed to gain that relief for the neceſſities of others, which his own circumſtances could not grant them: within the narrow ſphere of theſe were his deſires regularly confined; no temptations could corrupt him; no proſpects of advantage could ſhake his integrity; to the public he appeared unalterably and ſolely devoted; nor could neglect or injuries abate his zeal for Thebes. All theſe illuſtrious qualities he adorned with that eloquence which was then in ſuch repute, and appeared in council equally eminent, equally uſeful to his country, as in action. By him Thebes firſt roſe to ſovereign power, and with him ſhe loſt her greatneſs. *Leland.*

§ 61. *A Compariſon of the political Principles and Conduct of* CATO, ATTICUS, *and* CICERO.

The three ſects which chiefly engroſſed the philoſophical part of Rome, were, the Stoic, the Epicurean, and the Academic; and the chief ornaments of each were, Cato, Atticus, and Cicero; who lived together in ſtrict friendſhip, and a mutual eſteem of each other's virtue: but the different behaviour of theſe three will ſhew, by fact and example, the different merit of their ſeveral principles, and which of them was the beſt adapted to promote the good of ſociety.

The Stoics were the bigots or enthuſiaſts in philoſophy; who held none to be truly wiſe or good but themſelves; placed perfect happineſs in virtue, tho' ſtript of every other good; affirmed all ſins to be equal, all deviations from

right equally wicked; to kill a dunghill-cock without reaſon, the ſame crime as to kill a parent; that a wiſe man could never forgive; never be moved by anger, favour, or pity; never be deceived; never repent; never change his mind. With theſe principles, Cato entered into public life; and acted in it, as Cicero ſays, 'as if he had lived in the polity of Plato, not in the dregs of Romulus.' He made no diſtinction of times or things; no allowance for the weakneſs of the republic, and the power of thoſe who oppreſſed it: it was his maxim, to combat all power not built upon the laws, or to defy it at leaſt, if he could not controul it; he knew no way to his end, but the direct; and whatever obſtructions he met with, reſolved ſtill to ruſh on; and either to ſurmount them, or periſh in the attempt; taking it for a baſeneſs, and confeſſion of being conquered, to decline a tittle from the true road. In an age therefore of the utmoſt libertiniſm, when the public diſcipline was loſt, and the government itſelf tottering, he ſtruggled with the ſame zeal againſt all corruption, and waged a perpetual war with a ſuperior force; whilſt the rigour of his principles tended rather to alienate friends, than reconcile enemies; and by provoking the power that he could not ſubdue, help to haſten that ruin which he was ſtriving to avert: ſo that after a perpetual courſe of diſappointments and repulſes, finding himſelf unable to purſue his old way any farther, inſtead of taking a new one, he was driven by his philoſophy to put an end to his life.

But as the Stoics exalted human nature too high, ſo the Epicureans depreſſed it too low; as thoſe raiſed it to the heroic, theſe debaſed it to the brutal ſtate; they held pleaſure to be the chief good of man; death the extinction of his being; and placed their happineſs, conſequently, in the ſecure enjoyment of a pleaſurable life, eſteeming virtue on no other account than as it was a handmaid to pleaſure, and helped to enſure the poſſeſſion of it, by preſerving health and conciliating friends. Their wiſe man, therefore, had no other duty, but to provide for his own eaſe, to decline all ſtruggles, to retire from public affairs, and to imitate the life of their gods, by paſſing his days in a calm, contemplative, undiſturbed repoſe, in the midſt of rural ſhades and pleaſant gardens. This was the ſcheme that Atticus followed: he had all the talents that could qualify a man to be uſeful to ſociety; great parts, learning, judgment, candor, benevolence, generoſity, the ſame love of his country, and the ſame ſentiments in politics, with Cicero; whom he was always adviſing and urging to act, yet determined never to act himſelf; or never, at leaſt, ſo far as to diſturb his eaſe, or endanger his ſafety. For though he was ſo ſtrictly united with Cicero, and valued him above all men, yet he managed an intereſt all the while with the oppoſite faction, and a friendſhip even with his mortal enemies, Clodius and Antony; that he might ſecure, againſt all events, the grand point which he had in view, the peace and tranquillity of his life. Thus two excellent men, by their miſtaken notions of virtue, drawn from the principles of their philoſophy, were made uſeleſs in a manner to their country, each in a different extreme of life: the one always acting and expoſing himſelf to dangers, without the proſpect of doing good; the other, without attempting to do any, reſolving never to act at all.

Cicero choſe the middle way, between the obſtinacy of Cato and the indolence of Atticus; he preferred always the readieſt road to what was right, if it lay open to him, if not, he took the next that ſeemed likely to bring him to the ſame end; and in politics as in morality, when he could not arrive at the true, contented himſelf with the probable. He often compares the ſtateſman to the pilot, whoſe art conſiſts in managing every turn of the winds, and applying even the moſt perverſe to the progreſs of his voyage; ſo as, by changing his courſe and enlarging his circuit of ſailing, to arrive with ſafety, though later, at his deſtined port. He mentions likewiſe an obſervation which long experience had confirmed to him, that none of the popular and ambitious, who aſpired to extraordinary commands, and

and to be leaders in the republic, ever choſe to obtain their ends from the people, till they had firſt been repulſed by the ſenate. This was verified by all their civil diſſenſions, from the Gracchi down to Cæſar: ſo that when he ſaw men of this ſpirit at the head of the government, who, by the ſplendor of their lives and actions, had acquired an aſcendant over the populace, it was his conſtant advice to the ſenate, to gain them by gentle compliances, and to gratify their thirſt of power by voluntary grants of it, as the beſt way to moderate their ambition, and reclaim them from deſperate councils. He declared contention to be no longer prudent than while it either did ſervice, or at leaſt no hurt; but when faction was grown too ſtrong to be withſtood, that it was time to give over fighting; and nothing left but to extract ſome good out of the ill, by mitigating that power by patience, which they could not reduce by force, and conciliating it, if poſſible, to the intereſt of the ſtate. This was what he adviſed, and what he practiſed; and it will account, in a great meaſure, for thoſe parts of his conduct which are the moſt liable to exception, on the account of that complaiſance which he is ſuppoſed to have paid, at different times, to the ſeveral uſurpers of illegal power. *Middleton.*

§ 62. *The Character of Lord* TOWNSHEND.

Lord Townſhend, by very long experience, and unwearied application, was certainly an able man of buſineſs, which was his only paſſion. His parts were neither above nor below it; they were rather ſlow, a defect of the ſafer ſide. He required time to form his opinion; but when formed, he adhered to it with invincible firmneſs, not to ſay obſtinacy, whether right or wrong, and was impatient of contradiction.

He was a moſt ungraceful and confuſed ſpeaker in the houſe of lords, inelegant in his language, perplexed in his arguments, but always near the ſtreſs of the queſtion.

His manners were coarſe, ruſtic, and ſeemingly brutal; but his nature was by no means ſo; for he was a kind huſband to both his wives, a moſt indulgent father to all his children, and a benevolent maſter to his ſervants; ſure teſts of real good-nature, for no man can long together ſimulate or diſſimulate at home.

He was a warm friend, and a warm enemy; defects, if defects they are, inſeparable in human nature, and often accompanying the moſt generous minds.

Never miniſter had cleaner hands than he had. Mere domeſtic œconomy was his only care as to money, for he did not add one acre to his eſtate, and left his younger children very moderately provided for, though he had been in conſiderable and lucrative employments near thirty years.

As he only loved power for the ſake of power, in order to preſerve it he was obliged to have a moſt unwarrantable complaiſance for the intereſts and even dictates of the electorate, which was the only way by which a Britiſh miniſter could hold either favour or power during the reigns of king George the firſt and ſecond.

The coarſeneſs and imperiouſneſs of his manners made him diſagreeable to queen Caroline.

Lord Townſhend was not of a temper to act a ſecond part, after having acted a firſt, as he did during the reign of king George the firſt. He reſolved therefore to make one convulſive ſtruggle to revive his expiring power, or, if that did not ſucceed, to retire from buſineſs. He tried the experiment upon the king, with whom he had a perſonal intereſt. The experiment failed, as he might eaſily, and ought to have foreſeen. He retired to his ſeat in the country, and, in a few years, died of an apoplexy.

Having thus mentioned the ſlight defects, as well as the many valuable parts, of his character, I muſt declare that I owed the former to truth, and the latter to gratitude and friendſhip as well as to truth, ſince, for ſome years before he retired from buſineſs, we lived in the ſtricteſt intimacy that the difference of our age and ſituations could admit, during which time he

gave me many unaſked and unequivocal proofs of his friendſhip. *Cheſterfield.*

§ 63. *The Character of Mr.* POPE.

Pope in converſation was below himſelf; he was ſeldom eaſy and natural, and ſeemed afraid that the man ſhould degrade the poet, which made him always attempt wit and humour, often unſucceſsfully, and too often unſeaſonably. I have been with him a week at a time at his houſe at Twickenham, where I neceſſarily ſaw his mind in its undreſs, when he was both an agreeable and inſtructive companion.

His moral character has been warmly attacked, and but weakly defended; the natural conſequence of his ſhining turn to ſatire, of which many felt, and all feared the ſmart. It muſt be owned that he was the moſt irritable of all the *genus irritabile vatum*, offended with trifles, and never forgetting or forgiving them; but in this I really think that the poet was more in fault than the man. He was as great an inſtance as any he quotes, of the contrarieties and inconſiſtencies of human nature; for, notwithſtanding the malignancy of his ſatires, and ſome blameable paſſages of his life, he was charitable to his power, active in doing good offices, and pioufly attentive to an old bed-ridden mother, who died but a little time before him. His poor, crazy, deformed body was a mere Pandora's box, containing all the phyſical ills that ever afflicted humanity. This, perhaps, whetted the edge of his ſatire, and may in ſome degree excuſe it.

I will ſay nothing of his works, they ſpeak ſufficiently for themſelves; they will live as long as letters and taſte ſhall remain in this country, and be more and more admired, as envy and reſentment ſhall ſubſide. But I will venture this piece of claſſical blaſphemy, which is, that however he may be ſuppoſed to be obliged to Horace, Horace is more obliged to him. *Ibid.*

§ 64. *Character of Lord* BOLINGBROKE.

It is impoſſible to find lights and ſhades ſtrong enough to paint the character of lord Bolingbroke, who was a moſt mortifying inſtance of the violence of human paſſions, and of the moſt improved and exalted human reaſon. His virtues and his vices, his reaſon and his paſſions, did not blend themſelves by a gradation of tints, but formed a ſhining and ſudden contraſt.

Here the darkeſt, there the moſt ſplendid colours, and both rendered more ſtriking from their proximity. Impetuoſity, exceſs, and almoſt extravagancy, characterized not only his paſſions, but even his ſenſes. His youth was diſtinguiſhed by all the tumult and ſtorm of pleaſures, in which he licentiouſly triumphed, diſdaining all decorum. His fine imagination was often heated and exhauſted, with his body, in celebrating and deifying the proſtitute of the night; and his convivial joys were puſhed to all the extravagancy of frantic bacchanals. Theſe paſſions were never interrupted but by a ſtronger ambition. The former impaired both his conſtitution and his character; but the latter deſtroyed both his fortune and his reputation.

He engaged young, and diſtinguiſhed himſelf in buſineſs. His penetration was almoſt intuition, and he adorned whatever ſubject he either ſpoke or wrote upon, by the moſt ſplendid eloquence; not a ſtudied or laboured eloquence, but by ſuch a flowing happineſs of diction, which (from care, perhaps, at firſt) was become ſo habitual to him, that even his moſt familiar converſations, if taken down in writing, would have borne the preſs, without the leaſt correction, either as to method or ſtyle. He had noble and generous ſentiments, rather than fixed, reflected principles of good-nature and friendſhip; but they were more violent than laſting, and ſuddenly and often varied to their oppoſite extremes, with regard even to the ſame perſons. He received the common attentions of civility as obligations, which he returned with intereſt; and reſented with paſſion the little inadvertencies of human nature, which he repaid with intereſt too. Even a difference of opinion upon a philoſophical ſubject would provoke, and prove him no practical philoſopher at leaſt.

Notwithſtanding

Notwithſtanding the diſſipation of his youth, and the tumultuous agitation of his middle age, he had an infinite fund of various and almoſt univerſal knowledge, which, from the cleareſt and quickeſt conception, and the happieſt memory that ever man was bleſt with, he always carried about him. It was his pocket-money, and he never had occaſion to draw upon a book for any ſum. He excelled more particularly in hiſtory, as his hiſtorical works plainly prove. The relative, political, and commercial intereſts of every country in Europe, particularly of his own, were better known to him than perhaps to any man in it; but how ſteadily he purſued the latter in his public conduct, his enemies of all parties and denominations tell with pleaſure.

During his long exile in France, he applied himſelf to ſtudy with his characteriſtical ardour; and there he formed, and chiefly executed, the plan of his great philoſophical work. The common bounds of human knowledge were too narrow for his warm and aſpiring imagination; he muſt go *extra flammantia mœnia mundi*, and explore the unknown and unknowable regions of metaphyſics, which open an unbounded field for the excurſions of an ardent imagination; where endleſs conjectures ſupply the defect of unattainable knowledge, and too often uſurp both its name and its influence.

He had a very handſome perſon, with a moſt engaging addreſs in his air and manners; he had all the dignity and good-breeding which a man of quality ſhould or can have, and which ſo few, in this country at leaſt, really have.

He profeſſed himſelf a deiſt, believing in a general Providence, but doubting of, though by no means rejecting, (as is commonly ſuppoſed) the immortality of the ſoul, and a future ſtate.

He died of a cruel and ſhocking diſtemper, a cancer in his face, which he endured with firmneſs. A week before he died, I took my laſt leave of him with grief; and he returned me his laſt farewell with tenderneſs, and ſaid, "God, who placed me here, will "do what he pleaſes with me here-"after; and he knows beſt what to do. "May he bleſs you!"

Upon the whole of this extraordinary character, what can we ſay, but, alas! poor human nature! *Cheſterfield.*

§ 65. *Character of Mr.* PULTENEY.

Mr. Pulteney was formed by nature for ſocial and convivial pleaſures. Reſentment made him engage in buſineſs. He had thought himſelf ſlighted by Sir Robert Walpole, to whom he publicly avowed not only revenge, but utter deſtruction. He had lively and ſhining parts, a ſurpriſing quickneſs of wit, and a happy turn to the moſt amuſing and entertaining kinds of poetry, as epigrams, ballads, odes, &c.; in all which he had an uncommon facility. His compoſitions in that way were ſometimes ſatirical, often licentious, but always full of wit.

He had a quick and clear conception of buſineſs; could equally detect and practiſe ſophiſtry. He could ſtate and explain the moſt intricate matters, even in figures, with the utmoſt perſpicuity. His parts were rather above buſineſs; and the warmth of his imagination, joined to the impetuoſity and reſtleſſneſs of his temper, made him incapable of conducting it long together with prudence and ſteadineſs.

He was a moſt complete orator and debater in the houſe of commons; eloquent, entertaining, perſuaſive, ſtrong, and pathetic, as occaſion required; for he had arguments, wit, and tears, at his command. His breaſt was the ſeat of all thoſe paſſions which degrade our nature, and diſturb our reaſon. There they raged in perpetual conflict; but avarice, the meaneſt of them all, generally triumphed, ruled abſolutely, and, in many inſtances, which I forbear to mention, moſt ſcandalouſly.

His ſudden paſſion was outrageous, but ſupported by great perſonal courage. Nothing exceeded his ambition, but his avarice: they often accompany, and are frequently and reciprocally the cauſes and the effects of each other; but the latter is always a clog upon the former. He affected good-nature and compaſſion, and perhaps his heart might

feel the misfortunes and diſtreſſes of his fellow-creatures, but his hand was ſeldom or never ſtretched out to relieve them. Though he was an able actor of truth and ſincerity, he could occaſionally lay them aſide, to ſerve the purpoſes of his ambition or avarice.

He was once in the greateſt point of view that ever I ſaw any ſubject in. When the oppoſition, of which he was the leader in the houſe of commons, prevailed at laſt againſt Sir Robert Walpole, he became the arbiter between the crown and the people; the former imploring his protection, the latter his ſupport. In that critical moment his various jarring paſſions were in the higheſt ferment, and for a while ſuſpended his ruling one. Senſe of ſhame made him heſitate at turning courtier on a ſudden, after having acted the patriot ſo long, and with ſo much applauſe; and his pride made him declare, that he would accept of no place; vainly imagining, that he could, by ſuch a ſimulated and temporary ſelf-denial, preſerve his popularity with the public, and his power at court. He was miſtaken in both. The king hated him almoſt as much for what he might have done, as for what he had done; and a motley miniſtry was formed, which by no means deſired his company. The nation looked upon him as a deſerter, and he ſhrunk into inſignificancy and an earldom.

He made ſeveral attempts afterwards to retrieve the opportunity he had loſt, but in vain; his ſituation would not allow it.—He was fixed in the houſe of lords, that hoſpital of incurables; and his retreat to popularity was cut off: for the confidence of the public, when once great, and once loſt, is never to be regained. He lived afterwards in retirement, with the wretched comfort of Horace's miſer:

Populus me ſibilat, &c.

I may, perhaps, be ſuſpected to have given too ſtrong colouring to ſome features of this portrait; but I ſolemnly proteſt, that I have drawn it conſcientiouſly, and to the beſt of my knowledge, from a very long acquaintance with, and obſervation of, the original. Nay, I have rather ſoftened than heightened the colouring. *Cheſterfield.*

§ 66. *Character of Sir* ROBERT WALPOLE.

I much queſtion whether an impartial character of Sir Robert Walpole will or can be tranſmitted to poſterity; for he governed this kingdom ſo long, that the various paſſions of mankind mingled, and in a manner incorporated themſelves, with every thing that was ſaid or written concerning him. Never was man more flattered, nor more abuſed; and his long power was probably the chief cauſe of both. I was much acquainted with him, both in his public and his private life. I mean to do impartial juſtice to his character; and therefore my picture of him will, perhaps, be more like him than it will be like any of the other pictures drawn of him.

In private life he was good-natured, chearful, ſocial; inelegant in his manners, looſe in his morals. He had a coarſe, ſtrong wit, which he was too free of for a man in his ſtation, as it is always inconſiſtent with dignity. He was very able as a miniſter, but without a certain elevation of mind, neceſſary for great good or great miſchief. Profuſe and appetent, his ambition was ſubſervient to his deſire of making a great fortune. He had more of the Mazarin than of the Richelieu. He would do mean things for profit, and never thought of doing great ones for glory.

He was both the beſt parliament-man, and the ableſt manager of parliament, that, I believe, ever lived. An artful, rather than an eloquent ſpeaker; he ſaw, as by intuition, the diſpoſition of the houſe, and preſſed or receded accordingly. So clear in ſtating the moſt intricate matters, eſpecially in the finances, that, whilſt he was ſpeaking, the moſt ignorant thought that they underſtood what they really did not. Money, not prerogative, was the chief engine of his adminiſtration; and he employed it with a ſucceſs which in a manner diſgraced humanity. He was not, it is true, the inventor of that ſhameful method of governing, which

had been gaining ground inſenſibly ever ſince Charles II.; but, with uncommon ſkill, and unbounded profuſion, he brought it to that perfection which at this time diſhonours and diſtreſſes this country, and which (if not checked, and God knows how it can be now checked) muſt ruin it.

Beſides this powerful engine of government, he had a moſt extraordinary talent of perſuading and working men up to his purpoſe. A hearty kind of frankneſs, which ſometimes ſeemed impudence, made people think that he let them into his ſecrets, whilſt the impoliteneſs of his manners ſeemed to atteſt his ſincerity. When he found any body proof againſt pecuniary temptations, which, alas! was but ſeldom, he had recourſe to a ſtill worſe art; for he laughed at and ridiculed all notions of public virtue, and the love of one's country, calling them, "The chimerical ſchool-boy flights of claſſical learning;" declaring himſelf, at the ſame time, "No ſaint, no Spartan, no reformer." He would frequently aſk young fellows, at their firſt appearance in the world, while their honeſt hearts were yet untainted, "Well, are you to be an old Roman? a patriot?' You will ſoon come off of that, and grow wiſer." And thus he was more dangerous to the morals than to the liberties of his country, to which I am perſuaded he meant no ill in his heart.

He was the eaſy and profuſe dupe of women, and in ſome inſtances indecently ſo. He was exceſſively open to flattery, even of the groſſeſt kind, and from the coarſeſt bunglers of that vile profeſſion; which engaged him to paſs moſt of his leiſure and jovial hours with people whoſe blaſted characters reflected upon his own. He was loved by many, but reſpected by none; his familiar and illiberal mirth and raillery leaving him no dignity. He was not vindictive, but, on the contrary, very placable to thoſe who had injured him the moſt. His good-humour, good-nature, and beneficence, in the ſeveral relations of father, huſband, maſter, and friend, gained him the warmeſt affections of all within that circle.

His name will not be recorded in hiſtory among the "beſt men," or the "beſt miniſters;" but much leſs ought it to be ranked among the worſt.

Cheſterfield.

§ 67. *Character of Lord* GRANVILLE.

Lord Granville had great parts, and a moſt uncommon ſhare of learning for a man of quality. He was one of the beſt ſpeakers in the houſe of lords, both in the declamatory and the argumentative way. He had a wonderful quickneſs and preciſion in ſeizing the ſtreſs of a queſtion, which no art, no ſophiſtry, could diſguiſe in him. In buſineſs he was bold, enterprizing, and overbearing. He had been bred up in high monarchical, that is, tyrannical principles of government, which his ardent and imperious temper made him think were the only rational and practicable ones. He would have been a great firſt miniſter in France, little inferior, perhaps, to Richelieu; in this government, which is yet free, he would have been a dangerous one, little leſs ſo, perhaps, than Lord Strafford. He was neither ill-natured nor vindictive, and had a great contempt for money; his ideas were all above it. In ſocial life he was an agreeable, good-humoured, and inſtructive companion; a great but entertaining talker.

He degraded himſelf by the vice of drinking; which, together with a great ſtock of Greek and Latin, he brought away with him from Oxford, and retained and practiſed ever afterwards. By his own induſtry, he had made himſelf maſter of all the modern languages, and had acquired a great knowledge of the law. His political knowledge of the intereſt of princes and of commerce was extenſive, and his notions were juſt and great. His character may be ſummed up, in nice preciſion, quick deciſion, and unbounded preſumption. *Ibid.*

§ 68. *Character of Mr.* PELHAM.

Mr. Pelham had good ſenſe, without either ſhining parts or any degree of literature. He had by no means an elevated or enterprizing genius, but had a more manly and ſteady reſolution than his brother the Duke of Newcaſtle.

He

He had a gentleman-like frankneſs in his behaviour, and as great point of honour as a miniſter can have, eſpecially a miniſter at the head of the treaſury, where numberleſs ſturdy and inſatiable beggars of condition apply, who cannot all be gratified, nor all with ſafety be refuſed.

He was a very inelegant ſpeaker in parliament, but ſpoke with a certain candour and openneſs that made him be well heard, and generally believed.

He wiſhed well to the public, and managed the finances with great care and perſonal purity. He was *par negotiis neque ſupra:* had many domeſtic virtues and no vices. If his place, and the power that accompanies it, made him ſome public enemies, his behaviour in both ſecured him from perſonal and rancorous ones. Thoſe who wiſhed him worſt, only wiſhed themſelves in his place.

Upon the whole, he was an honourable man, and a well-wiſhing miniſter.

Cheſterfield.

§ 69. *Character of* RICHARD *Earl of* SCARBOROUGH.

In drawing the character of Lord Scarborough, I will be ſtrictly upon my guard againſt the partiality of that intimate and unreſerved friendſhip, in which we lived for more than twenty years; to which friendſhip, as well as to the public notoriety of it, I owe much more than my pride will let my gratitude own. If this may be ſuſpected to have biaſſed my judgment, it muſt, at the ſame time, be allowed to have informed it; for the moſt ſecret movements of his ſoul were, without diſguiſe, communicated to me only. However, I will rather lower than heighten the colouring; I will mark the ſhades, and draw a credible rather than an exact likeneſs.

He had a very good perſon, rather above the middle ſize; a handſome face, and when he was chearful, the moſt engaging countenance imaginable: when grave, which he was oftener, the moſt reſpectable one. He had in the higheſt degree the air, manners, and addreſs, of a man of quality; politeneſs with eaſe, and dignity without pride.

Bred in camps and courts, it cannot be ſuppoſed that he was untainted with the faſhionable vices of theſe warm climates; but (if I may be allowed the expreſſion) he dignified them, inſtead of their degrading him into any mean or indecent action. He had a good degree of claſſical, and a great one of modern, knowledge; with a juſt, and, at the ſame time, a delicate taſte.

In his common expences he was liberal within bounds; but in his charities and bounties he had none. I have known them put him to ſome preſent inconveniencies.

He was a ſtrong, but not an eloquent or florid ſpeaker in parliament. He ſpoke ſo unaffectedly the honeſt dictates of his heart, that truth and virtue, which never want, and ſeldom wear, ornaments, ſeemed only to borrow his voice. This gave ſuch an aſtoniſhing weight to all he ſaid, that he more than once carried an unwilling majority after him. Such is the authority of unſuſpected virtue, that it will ſometimes ſhame vice into decency at leaſt.

He was not only offered, but preſſed to accept, the poſt of ſecretary of ſtate; but he conſtantly refuſed it. I once tried to perſuade him to accept it; but he told me, that both the natural warmth and melancholy of his temper made him unfit for it; and that moreover he knew very well that, in thoſe miniſterial employments, the courſe of buſineſs made it neceſſary to do many hard things, and ſome unjuſt ones, which could only be authorized by the jeſuitical caſuiſtry of the direction of the intention: a doctrine which he ſaid he could not poſſibly adopt. Whether he was the firſt that ever made that objection, I cannot affirm; but I ſuſpect that he will be the laſt.

He was a true conſtitutional, and yet practicable patriot; a ſincere lover, and a zealous aſſerter, of the natural, the civil, and the religious rights of his country: but he would not quarrel with the crown, for ſome ſlight ſtretches of the prerogative; nor with the people, for ſome unwary ebullitions of liberty; nor with any one for a difference of opinion in ſpeculative points. He conſidered the conſtitution in the aggregate,

and

and only watched that no one part of it ſhould preponderate too much.

His moral character was ſo pure, that if one may ſay of that imperfect creature man, what a celebrated hiſtorian ſays of Scipio, *nil non laudandum aut dixit, aut fecit, aut ſenſit*; I ſincerely think (I had almoſt ſaid I know), one might ſay it with great truth of him, one ſingle inſtance excepted, which ſhall be mentioned.

He joined to the nobleſt and ſtricteſt principles of honour and generoſity, the tendereſt ſentiments of benevolence and compaſſion; and, as he was naturally warm, he could not even hear of an injuſtice or a baſeneſs, without a ſudden indignation; nor of the misfortunes or miſeries of a fellow-creature, without melting into ſoftneſs, and endeavouring to relieve them. This part of his character was ſo univerſally known, that our beſt and moſt ſatirical Engliſh poet ſays,

> When I confeſs, there is who feels for fame,
> And melts to goodneſs, need I Scarborough name?

He had not the leaſt pride of birth and rank, that common narrow notion of little minds, that wretched miſtaken ſuccedaneum of merit; but he was jealous to anxiety of his character, as all men are who deſerve a good one. And ſuch was his diffidence upon that ſubject, that he never could be perſuaded that mankind really thought of him as they did; for ſurely never man had a higher reputation, and never man enjoyed a more univerſal eſteem. Even knaves reſpected him; and fools thought they loved him. If he had any enemies (for I proteſt I never knew one), they could only be ſuch as were weary of always hearing of Ariſtides the Juſt.

He was too ſubject to ſudden guſts of paſſion, but they never hurried him into any illiberal or indecent expreſſion or action; ſo invincibly habitual to him were good-nature and good-manners. But, if ever any word happened to fall from him in warmth, which upon ſubſequent reflection he himſelf thought too ſtrong, he was never eaſy till he had made more than a ſufficient atonement for it.

He had a moſt unfortunate, I will call it a moſt fatal kind of melancholy in his nature, which often made him both abſent and ſilent in company, but never moroſe or ſour. At other times he was a chearful and agreeable companion; but, conſcious that he was not always ſo, he avoided company too much, and was too often alone, giving way to a train of gloomy reflections.

His conſtitution, which was never robuſt, broke rapidly at the latter end of his life. He had two ſevere ſtrokes of apoplexy or palſy, which conſiderably affected his body and his mind.

I deſire that this may not be looked upon as a full and finiſhed character, writ for the ſake of writing it; but as my ſolemn depoſit of the truth to the beſt of my knowledge. I owed this ſmall depoſit of juſtice, ſuch as it is, to the memory of the beſt man I ever knew, and of the deareſt friend I ever had. *Cheſterfield.*

§ 70. *Character of Lord* HARDWICKE.

Lord Hardwicke was, perhaps, the greateſt magiſtrate that this country ever had. He preſided in the court of Chancery above twenty years, and in all that time none of his decrees were reverſed, nor the juſtneſs of them ever queſtioned. Though avarice was his ruling paſſion, he was never in the leaſt ſuſpected of any kind of corruption: a rare and meritorious inſtance of virtue and ſelf-denial, under the influence of ſuch a craving, inſatiable, and increaſing paſſion.

He had great and clear parts; underſtood, loved, and cultivated, the *belles lettres*. He was an agreeable, eloquent ſpeaker in parliament, but not without ſome little tincture of the pleader.

Men are apt to miſtake, or at leaſt to ſeem to miſtake, their own talents, in hopes, perhaps, of miſleading others to allow them that which they are conſcious they do not poſſeſs. Thus Lord Hardwicke valued himſelf more upon being a great miniſter of ſtate, which he certainly was not, than upon being a great magiſtrate, which he certainly was.

All his notions were clear, but none of them great. Good order and do-

meſtic

meſtic details were his proper department. The great and ſhining parts of government, though not above his parts to conceive, were above his timidity to undertake.

By great and lucrative employments, during the courſe of thirty years, and by ſtill greater parſimony, he acquired an immenſe fortune, and eſtabliſhed his numerous family in advantageous poſts and profitable alliances.

Though he had been ſolicitor and attorney-general, he was by no means what is called a prerogative lawyer. He loved the conſtitution, and maintained the juſt prerogative of the crown, but without ſtretching it to the oppreſſion of the people.

He was naturally humane, moderate, and decent; and when, by his former employments, he was obliged to proſecute ſtate-criminals, he diſcharged that duty in a very different manner from moſt of his predeceſſors, who were too juſtly called the "blood-hounds of the "crown."

He was a chearful and inſtructive companion, humane in his nature, decent in his manners, unſtained with any vice (avarice excepted), a very great magiſtrate, but by no means a great miniſter. *Cheſterfield.*

§ 71. *Character of the Duke of* NEWCASTLE.

The Duke of Newcaſtle will be ſo often mentioned in the hiſtory of theſe times, and with ſo ſtrong a bias either for or againſt him, that I reſolved, for the ſake of truth, to draw his character with my uſual impartiality: for as he had been a miniſter for above forty years together, and in the laſt ten years of that period firſt miniſter, he had full time to oblige one half of the nation, and to offend the other.

We were cotemporaries, near relations, and familiar acquaintances; ſometimes well and ſometimes ill together, according to the ſeveral variations of political affairs, which know no relations, friends, or acquaintances.

The public opinion put him below his level: for though he had no ſuperior parts, or eminent talents, he had a moſt indefatigable induſtry, a perſeverance, a court craft, a ſervile compliance with the will of his ſovereign for the time being; which qualities, with only a common ſhare of common-ſenſe, will carry a man ſooner and more ſafely through the dark labyrinths of a court, than the moſt ſhining parts would do, without thoſe meaner talents.

He was good-natured to a degree of weakneſs, even to tears, upon the ſlighteſt occaſions. Exceedingly timorous, both perſonally and politically, dreading the leaſt innovation, and keeping, with a ſcrupulous timidity, in the beaten track of buſineſs, as having the ſafeſt bottom.

I will mention one inſtance of this diſpoſition, which, I think, will ſet it in the ſtrongeſt light. When I brought the bill into the houſe of lords, for correcting and amending the calendar, I gave him previous notice of my intentions: he was alarmed at ſo bold an undertaking, and conjured me not to ſtir matters that had been long quiet; adding, that he did not love new-fangled things. I did not, however, yield to the cogency of theſe arguments, but brought in the bill, and it paſſed unanimouſly. From ſuch weakneſſes it neceſſarily follows, that he could have no great ideas, nor elevation of mind.

His ruling, or rather his only, paſſion was, the agitation, the buſtle, and the hurry of buſineſs, to which he had been accuſtomed above forty years; but he was as dilatory in diſpatching it, as he was eager to engage in it. He was always in a hurry, never walked, but always run, inſomuch that I have ſometimes told him, that by his fleetneſs one ſhould rather take him for the courier than the author of the letters.

He was as jealous of his power as an impotent lover of his miſtreſs, without activity of mind enough to enjoy or exert it, but could not bear a ſhare even in the appearances of it.

His levees were his pleaſure, and his triumph; he loved to have them crowded, and conſequently they were ſo: there he made people of buſineſs wait two or three hours in the anti-chamber, while he trifled away that time with ſome inſignificant favourites in his cloſet. When at laſt he came into his levee-room, he accoſted,

accoſted, hugged, embraced, and promiſed every body, with a ſeeming cordiality, but at the ſame time with an illiberal and degrading familiarity.

He was exceedingly diſintereſted: very profuſe of his own fortune, and abhorring all thoſe means, too often uſed by perſons in his ſtation, either to gratify their avarice, or to ſupply their prodigality; for he retired from buſineſs in the year 1762, above four hundred thouſands pounds poorer than when he firſt engaged in it.

Upon the whole, he was a compound of moſt human weakneſſes, but untainted with any vice or crime. *Cheſterfield.*

§ 72. *Character of the Duke of* BEDFORD.

The Duke of Bedford was more conſiderable for his rank and immenſe fortune, than for either his parts or his virtues.

He had rather more than a common ſhare of common-ſenſe, but with a head ſo wrong-turned, and ſo invincibly obſtinate, that the ſhare of parts which he had was of little uſe to him, and very troubleſome to others.

He was paſſionate, though obſtinate; and, though both, was always governed by ſome low dependants, who had art enough to make him believe that he governed them.

His manners and addreſs were exceedingly illiberal; he had neither the talent nor the deſire of pleaſing.

In ſpeaking in the houſe, he had an inelegant flow of words, but not without ſome reaſoning, matter, and method.

He had no amiable qualities; but he had no vicious nor criminal ones: he was much below ſhining, but above contempt in any character.

In ſhort, he was a duke of a reſpectable family, and with a very great eſtate. *Ibid.*

§ 73. *Another Character.*

The Duke of Bedford is indeed a very conſiderable man. The higheſt rank, a ſplendid fortune, and a name glorious till it was his, were ſufficient to have ſupported him with meaner abilities than he poſſeſſed. The uſe he made of theſe uncommon advantages might have been more honourable to himſelf, but could not be more inſtructive to mankind. The eminence of his ſtation gave him a commanding proſpect of his duty. The road which led to honour was open to his view. He could not loſe it by miſtake; and he had no temptation to depart from it by deſign.

An independent, virtuous Duke of Bedford would never proſtitute his dignity in parliament by an indecent violence, either in oppreſſing or defending a miniſter: he would not at one moment rancorouſly perſecute, at another baſely cringe to the favourite of his ſovereign. Tho' deceived perhaps in his youth, he would not, thro' the courſe of a long life, have invariably choſen his friends from among the moſt profligate of mankind: his own honour would have forbidden him from mixing his private pleaſures or converſation with jockeys, gameſters, blaſphemers, gladiators, or buffoons. He would then have never felt, much leſs would he have ſubmitted to, the humiliating neceſſity of engaging in the intereſt and intrigues of his dependants; of ſupplying their vices, or relieving their beggary, at the expence of his country. He would not have betrayed ſuch ignorance, or ſuch contempt of the conſtitution, as openly to avow in a court of juſtice the purchaſe and ſale of a borough. If it ſhould be the will of Providence to afflict him with a domeſtic misfortune, he would ſubmit to the ſtroke with feeling, but not without dignity; and not look for, or find, an immediate conſolation for the loſs of an only ſon in conſultations and empty bargains for a place at court, nor in the miſery of balloting at the India-houſe.

The Duke's hiſtory began to be important at that auſpicious period, at which he was deputed to the court of Verſailles. It was an honourable office, and was executed with the ſame ſpirit with which it was accepted. His patrons wanted an ambaſſador who would ſubmit to make conceſſions:—their buſineſs required a man who had as little feeling for his own dignity, as for the welfare of his country; and they found him in the firſt rank of the nobility.

Junius.

§ 74.

§ 74. *Character of Mr.* HENRY FOX, *afterwards Lord* HOLLAND.

Mr. Henry Fox was a younger brother of the loweſt extraction. His father, Sir Stephen Fox, made a conſiderable fortune, ſome how or other, and left him a fair younger brother's portion, which he ſoon ſpent in the common vices of youth, gaming included: this obliged him to travel for ſome time.

When he returned, though by education a Jacobite, he attached himſelf to Sir Robert Walpole, and was one of his ableſt *elèves*. He had no fixed principles either of religion or morality, and was too unwary in ridiculing and expoſing them.

He had very great abilities and indefatigable induſtry in buſineſs; great ſkill in managing, that is, in corrupting, the houſe of commons; and a wonderful dexterity in attaching individuals to himſelf. He promoted, encouraged, and practiſed their vices; he gratified their avarice, or ſupplied their profuſion. He wiſely and punctually performed whatever he promiſed, and moſt liberally rewarded their attachment and dependence. By theſe, and all other means that can be imagined, he made himſelf many perſonal friends and political dependants.

He was a moſt diſagreeable ſpeaker in parliament, inelegant in his language, heſitating and ungraceful in his elocution, but ſkilful in diſcerning the temper of the houſe, and in knowing when and how to preſs, or to yield.

A conſtant good-humour and ſeeming frankneſs made him a welcome companion in ſocial life, and in all domeſtic relations he was good-natured. As he advanced in life, his ambition became ſubſervient to his avarice. His early profuſion and diſſipation had made him feel the many inconveniencies of want, and, as it often happens, carried him to the contrary and worſe extreme of corruption and rapine. *Rem, quocunque modo rem*, became his maxim, which he obſerved (I will not ſay religiouſly and ſcrupulouſly, but) invariably and ſhamefully.

He had not the leaſt notion of, or regard for, the public good or the conſtitution, but deſpiſed thoſe cares as the objects of narrow minds, or the pretences of intereſted ones: and he lived, as Brutus died, calling virtue only a name. *Cheſterfield.*

§ 75. *Character of Mr.* PITT.

Mr. Pitt owed his riſe to the moſt conſiderable poſts and power in this kingdom ſingly to his own abilities; in him they ſupplied the want of birth and fortune, which latter in others too often ſupply the want of the former. He was a younger brother of a very new family, and his fortune only an annuity of one hundred pounds a year.

The army was his original deſtination, and a cornetcy of horſe his firſt and only commiſſion in it. Thus, unaſſiſted by favour or fortune, he had no powerful protector to introduce him into buſineſs, and (if I may uſe that expreſſion) to do the honours of his parts; but their own ſtrength was fully ſufficient.

His conſtitution refuſed him the uſual pleaſures, and his genius forbad him the idle diſſipations of youth; for ſo early as at the age of ſixteen, he was the martyr of an hereditary gout. He therefore employed the leiſure which that tedious and painful diſtemper either procured or allowed him, in acquiring a great fund of premature and uſeful knowledge. Thus, by the unaccountable relation of cauſes and effects, what ſeemed the greateſt misfortune of his life was, perhaps, the principal cauſe of its ſplendor.

His private life was ſtained by no vices, nor ſullied by any meanneſs. All his ſentiments were liberal and elevated. His ruling paſſion was an unbounded ambition, which, when ſupported by great abilities, and crowned by great ſucceſs, make what the world calls "a great man." He was haughty, imperious, impatient of contradiction, and over-bearing; qualities which too often accompany, but always clog great ones.

He had manners and addreſs; but one might diſcern through them too great a conſciouſneſs of his own ſuperior talents. He was a moſt agreeable and lively companion in ſocial life; and

and had ſuch a verſatility of wit, that he could adapt it to all ſorts of converſation. He had alſo a moſt happy turn to poetry, but he ſeldom indulged, and ſeldom avowed it.

He came young into parliament, and upon that great theatre ſoon equalled the oldeſt and the ableſt actors. His eloquence was of every kind, and he excelled in the argumentative as well as in the declamatory way; but his invectives were terrible, and uttered with ſuch energy of diction, and ſtern dignity of action and countenance, that he intimidated thoſe who were the moſt willing and the beſt able to encounter him*; their arms fell out of their hands, and they ſhrunk under the aſcendant which his genius gained over theirs.

In that aſſembly, where the public good is ſo much talked of, and private intereſt ſingly purſued, he ſet out with acting the patriot, and performed that part ſo nobly, that he was adopted by the public as their chief, or rather only unſuſpected, champion.

The weight of his popularity, and his univerſally acknowledged abilities, obtruded him upon King George II. to whom he was perſonally obnoxious. He was made ſecretary of ſtate: in this difficult and delicate ſituation, which one would have thought muſt have reduced either the patriot or the miniſter to a deciſive option, he managed with ſuch ability, that while he ſerved the king more effectually, in his moſt unwarrantable electoral views, than any former miniſter, however willing, had dared to do, he ſtill preſerved all his credit and popularity with the public; whom he aſſured and convinced, that the protection and defence of Hanover, with an army of ſeventy-five thouſand men in Britiſh pay, was the only poſſible method of ſecuring our poſſeſſions or acquiſitions in North America. So much eaſier is it to deceive than to undeceive mankind.

His own diſintereſtedneſs, and even contempt of money, ſmoothed his way to power, and prevented or ſilenced a great ſhare of that envy which commonly attends it. Moſt men think that they have an equal natural right to riches, and equal abilities to make the proper uſe of them; but not very many of them have the impudence to think themſelves qualified for power.

Upon the whole, he will make a great and ſhining figure in the annals of this country, notwithſtanding the blot which his acceptance of three thouſand pounds per annum penſion for three lives, on his voluntary reſignation of the ſeals in the firſt year of the preſent king, muſt make in his character, eſpecially as to the diſintereſted part of it. However, it muſt be acknowledged, that he had thoſe qualities which none but a great man can have, with a mixture of thoſe failings which are the common lot of wretched and imperfect human nature. *Cheſterfield.*

§ 76. *Another Character.*

Mr. Pitt had been originally deſigned for the army, in which he actually bore a commiſſion; but fate reſerved him for a more important ſtation. In point of fortune he was barely qualified to be elected member of parliament, when he obtained a ſeat in the houſe of commons, where he ſoon outſhone all his compatriots. He diſplayed a ſurpriſing extent and preciſion of political knowledge, and irreſiſtible energy of argument, and ſuch power of elocution as ſtruck his hearers with aſtoniſhment and admiration: it flaſhed like the lightning of heaven againſt the miniſters and ſons of corruption, blaſting where it ſmote, and withering the nerves of oppoſition: but his more ſubſtantial praiſe was founded upon his diſintereſted integrity, his incorruptible heart, his unconquerable ſpirit of independence, and his invariable attachment to the intereſt and liberty of his country. *Smollet.*

§ 77. *Another Character.*

The ſecretary ſtood alone. Modern degeneracy had not reached him. Original and unaccommodating, the features of his character had the hardihood of antiquity. His auguſt mind over-awed majeſty, and one of his ſovereigns thought royalty ſo impaired in his preſence, that he conſpired to re-

* Hume Campbell, and Lord Chief Juſtice Mansfield.

move him, in order to be relieved from his ſuperiority. No ſtate chicanery, no narrow ſyſtem of vicious politics, no idle conteſt for miniſterial victories ſunk him to the vulgar level of the great; but over bearing, perſuaſive, and impracticable, his object was England, his ambition was fame. Without dividing, he deſtroyed party; without corrupting, he made a venal age unanimous. France ſunk beneath him. With one hand he ſmote the houſe of Bourbon, and wielded in the other the democracy of England. The ſight of his mind was infinite; and his ſchemes were to affect, not England, not the preſent age only, but Europe and poſterity. Wonderful were the means by which theſe ſchemes were accompliſhed; always ſeaſonable, always adequate, the ſuggeſtions of an underſtanding animated by ardor, and enlightened by prophecy.

The ordinary feelings which make life amiable and indolent were unknown to him. No domeſtic difficulties, no domeſtic weakneſs reached him; but aloof from the ſordid occurrences of life, and unſullied by its intercourſe, he came occaſionally into our ſyſtem, to counſel and to decide.

A character ſo exalted, ſo ſtrenuous, ſo various, ſo authoritative, aſtoniſhed a corrupt age, and the treaſury trembled at the name of Pitt through all her claſſes of venality. Corruption imagined, indeed, that ſhe had found defects in this ſtateſman, and talked much of the inconſiſtency of his glory, and much of the ruin of his victories; but the hiſtory of his country, and the calamities of the enemy, anſwered and refuted her.

Nor were his political abilities his only talents: his eloquence was an æra in the ſenate, peculiar and ſpontaneous, familiarly expreſſing gigantic ſentiments and inſtinctive wiſdom; not like the torrent of Demoſthenes, or the ſplendid conflagration of Tully; it reſembled ſometimes the thunder, and ſometimes the muſic of the ſpheres. Like Murray, he did not conduct the underſtanding through the painful ſubtilty of argumentation; nor was he, like Townſhend, for ever on the rack of exertion; but rather lightned upon the ſubject, and reached the point by the flaſhings of the mind, which, like thoſe of his eye, were felt, but could not be followed.

Upon the whole, there was in this man ſomething that could create, ſubvert, or reform; an underſtanding, a ſpirit, and an eloquence, to ſummon mankind to ſociety, or to break the bonds of ſlavery aſunder, and to rule the wilderneſs of free minds with unbounded authority; ſomething that could eſtabliſh or overwhelm empire, and ſtrike a blow in the world that ſhould reſound through the univerſe.

Anonymous.

§ 78. *Another Character.*

Lord Chatham is a great and celebrated name; a name that keeps the name of this country reſpectable in every other on the globe. It may be truly called,

——Clarum et venerabile nomen
Gentibus, et multum noſtræ quod proderat urbi.

The venerable age of this great man, his merited rank, his ſuperior eloquence, his ſplendid qualities, his eminent ſervices, the vaſt ſpace he fills in the eye of mankind, and, more than all the reſt, his fall from power, which, like death, canonizes and ſanctifies a great character, will not ſuffer me to cenſure any part of his conduct. I am afraid to flatter him; I am ſure I am not diſpoſed to blame him: let thoſe who have betrayed him by their adulation, inſult him with their malevolence. But what I do not preſume to cenſure, I may have leave to lament.

For a wiſe man, he ſeemed to me at that time to be governed too much by general maxims: one or two of theſe maxims, flowing from an opinion not the moſt indulgent to our unhappy ſpecies, and ſurely a little too general, led him into meaſures that were greatly miſchievous to himſelf; and for that reaſon, among others, perhaps fatal to his country; meaſures, the effects of which I am afraid are for ever incurable. He made an adminiſtration ſo checkered and ſpeckled; he put together a piece of joinery ſo croſsly indented and whimſically dove-tailed; a cabinet ſo variouſly inlaid; ſuch a piece of diverſified moſaic, ſuch a teſſelated pavement without

without cement; here a bit of black ſtone, and there a bit of white; patriots and courtiers; king's friends and republicans; whigs and tories; treacherous friends and open enemies; that it was indeed a very curious ſhow, but utterly unſafe to touch, and unſure to ſtand on. The colleagues whom he had aſſorted at the ſame boards ſtared at each other, and were obliged to aſk, "Sir, your name, &c." It ſo happened, that perſons had a ſingle office divided between them who had never ſpoken to each other in their lives; until they found themſelves, they knew not how, pigging together, heads and points, in the ſame truckle-bed.

In conſequence of this arrangement having put ſo much the larger part of his enemies and oppoſers into power, the confuſion was ſuch that his own principles could not poſſibly have any effect or influence in the conduct of affairs. If ever he fell into a fit of the gout, or if any other cauſe withdrew him from public cares, principles directly contrary were ſure to predominate. When he had executed his plan, he had not an inch of ground to ſtand upon: when he had accompliſhed his ſcheme of adminiſtration, he was no longer a miniſter.

When his face was hid but for a moment, his whole ſyſtem was on a wide ſea, without chart or compaſs. The gentlemen, his particular friends, in various departments of miniſtry, with a confidence in him which was juſtified, even in its extravagance, by his ſuperior abilities, had never in any inſtance preſumed on any opinion of their own: deprived of his guiding influence, they were whirled about, the ſport of every guſt, and eaſily driven into any port; and as thoſe who joined with them in manning the veſſel were the moſt directly oppoſite to his opinions, meaſures, and character, and far the moſt artful and moſt powerful of the ſet, they eaſily prevailed, ſo as to ſeize upon the moſt vacant, unoccupied, and derelict minds of his friends, and inſtantly they turned the veſſel wholly out of the courſe of his policy. As if it were to inſult as well as to betray him, even long before the cloſe of the firſt ſeſſion of his adminiſtration, when every thing was publicly tranſacted, and with great parade, in his name, they made an act, declaring it highly juſt and expedient to raiſe a revenue in America. For even then, even before the ſplendid orb was entirely ſet, and while the weſtern horizon was in a blaze with his deſcending glory, on the oppoſite quarter of the heavens aroſe another luminary (Charles Townſhend) and for his hour became lord of the aſcendant, who was officially the reproducer of the fatal ſcheme, the unfortunate act to tax America for a revenue. *Edm. Burke.*

§ 79. *Mr.* PULTENEY's *Speech on the Motion for reducing the Army.*

Sir,

We have heard a great deal about parliamentary armies, and about an army continued from year to year; I have always been, Sir, and always ſhall be, againſt a ſtanding army of any kind. To me it is a terrible thing; whether under that of parliamentary or any other deſignation, a ſtanding army is ſtill a ſtanding army, whatever name it be called by: they are a body of men diſtinct from the body of the people; they are governed by different laws; and blind obedience, and an entire ſubmiſſion to the orders of their commanding officer, is their only principle. The nations around us, Sir, are already enſlaved, and have been enſlaved by thoſe very means: by means of their ſtanding armies they have every one loſt their liberties: it is indeed impoſſible that the liberties of the people can be preſerved in any country where a numerous ſtanding army is kept up. Shall we then take any of our meaſures from the examples of our neighbours? No, Sir; on the contrary, from their misfortunes we ought to learn to avoid thoſe rocks upon which they have ſplit.

It ſignifies nothing to tell me, that our army is commanded by ſuch gentlemen as cannot be ſuppoſed to join in any meaſures for enſlaving their country. It may be ſo; I hope it is ſo; I have a very good opinion of many gentlemen now in the army; I believe they would not join in any ſuch meaſures; but their lives are uncertain, nor can we be ſure how long they may be continued in

command; they may be all diſmiſſed in a moment, and proper tools of power put in their room. Beſides, Sir, we know the paſſions of men, we know how dangerous it is to truſt the beſt of men with too much power. Where was there a braver army than that under Julius Cæſar? Where was there ever an army that had ſerved their country more faithfully? That army was commanded generally by the beſt citizens of Rome, by men of great fortune and figure in their country; yet that army enſlaved their country. The affections of the ſoldiers towards their country, the honour and integrity of the under officers, are not to be depended on: by the military law the adminiſtration of juſtice is ſo quick, and the puniſhment ſo ſevere, that neither officer nor ſoldier dares offer to diſpute the orders of his ſupreme commander; he muſt not conſult his own inclinations: if an officer were commanded to pull his own father out of this houſe, he muſt do it; he dares not diſobey; immediate death would be the ſure conſequence of the leaſt grumbling. And if an officer were ſent into the court of requeſts, accompanied by a body of muſketeers with ſcrewed bayonets, and with orders to tell us what we ought to do, and how we were to vote, I know what would be the duty of this houſe; I know it would be our duty to order the officer to be taken and hanged up at the door of the lobby; but, Sir, I doubt much if ſuch a ſpirit could be found in the houſe, or in any houſe of Commons that will ever be in England.

Sir, I talk not of imaginary things; I talk of what has happened to an Engliſh houſe of Commons, and from an Engliſh army: not only from an Engliſh army, but an army that was raiſed by that very houſe of Commons, an army that was paid by them, and an army that was commanded by generals appointed by them. Therefore do not let us vainly imagine, that an army raiſed and maintained by authority of Parliament will always be ſubmiſſive to them; if any army be ſo numerous as to have it in their power to over-awe the Parliament, they will be ſubmiſſive as long as the Parliament does nothing to diſoblige their favourite general; but when that caſe happens, I am afraid that in place of the Parliament's diſmiſſing the army, the army will diſmiſs the Parliament, as they have done heretofore. Nor does the legality or illegality of that Parliament, or of that army alter the caſe: for, with reſpect to that army, and according to their way of thinking, the Parliament diſmiſſed by them was a legal Parliament; they were an army raiſed and maintained according to law, and at firſt they were raiſed, as they imagined, for the preſervation of thoſe liberties which they afterwards deſtroyed.

It has been urged, Sir, that whoever is for the Proteſtant ſucceſſion, muſt be for continuing the army: for that very reaſon, Sir, I am againſt continuing the army. I know that neither the Proteſtant ſucceſſion in his majeſty's moſt illuſtrious houſe, nor any ſucceſſion, can ever be ſafe, as long as there is a ſtanding army in the country. Armies, Sir, have no regard to hereditary ſucceſſions. The firſt two Cæſars at Rome did pretty well, and found means to keep their armies in tolerable ſubjection, becauſe the generals and officers were all their own creatures. But how did it fare with their ſucceſſors? Was not every one of them named by the army without any regard to hereditary right, or to any right? A cobler, a gardener, or any man who happened to raiſe himſelf in the army, and could gain their affections, was made emperor of the world. Was not every ſucceeding emperor raiſed to the throne, or tumbled headlong into the duſt, according to the mere whim or mad frenzy of the ſoldiers?

We are told this army is deſired to be continued but for one year longer, or for a limited term of years. How abſurd is this diſtinction! Is there any army in the world continued for any term of years? Does the moſt abſolute monarch tell his army, that he is to continue them for any number of years, or any number of months? How long have we already continued our army from year to year? And if it thus continues, wherein will it differ from the ſtanding armies of thoſe countries which have

already

already ſubmitted their necks to the yoke? We are now come to the Rubicon; our army is now to be reduced, or it never will; from his majeſty's own mouth we are aſſured of a profound tranquillity abroad, we know there is one at home. If this is not a proper time, if theſe circumſtances do not afford us a ſafe opportunity for reducing at leaſt a part of our regular forces, we never can expect to ſee any reduction; and this nation, already over-burdened with debts and taxes, muſt be loaded with the heavy charge of perpetually ſupporting a numerous ſtanding army; and remain for ever expoſed to the danger of having its liberties and privileges trampled upon by any future king or miniſtry, who ſhall take it in their heads to do ſo, and ſhall take a proper care to model the army for that purpoſe.

§ 80. *Sir* JOHN ST. AUBIN's *Speech for repealing the Septennial Act.*

Mr. Speaker,

The ſubject matter of this debate is of ſuch importance, that I ſhould be aſhamed to return to my electors, without endeavouring, in the beſt manner I am able, to declare publicly the reaſons which induced me to give my moſt ready aſſent to this queſtion.

The people have an unqueſtionable right to frequent new parliaments by ancient uſage; and this uſage has been confirmed by ſeveral laws, which have been progreſſively made by our anceſtors, as often as they found it neceſſary to inſiſt on this eſſential privilege.

Parliaments were generally annual, but never continued longer than three years, till the remarkable reign of Henry VIII. He, Sir, was a prince of unruly appetites, and of an arbitrary will; he was impatient of every reſtraint; the laws of God and man fell equally a ſacrifice, as they ſtood in the way of his avarice, or diſappointed his ambition: he therefore introduced long parliaments, becauſe he very well knew that they would become the proper inſtruments of both; and what a ſlaviſh obedience they paid to all his meaſures is ſufficiently known.

If we come to the reign of King Charles the Firſt, we muſt acknowledge him to be a prince of a contrary temper; he had certainly an innate love for religion and virtue. But here lay the misfortune; he was led from his natural diſpoſition by ſycophants and flatterers; they adviſed him to neglect the calling of frequent new parliaments, and therefore, by not taking the conſtant ſenſe of his people in what he did, he was worked up into ſo high a notion of prerogative, that the commons, in order to reſtrain it, obtained that independent fatal power, which at laſt unhappily brought him to his moſt tragical end, and at the ſame time ſubverted the whole conſtitution; and I hope we ſhall learn this leſſon from it, never to compliment the crown with any new or extravagant powers, nor to deny the people thoſe rights which by ancient uſage they are entitled to; but to preſerve the juſt and equal balance, from which they will both derive mutual ſecurity, and which, if duly obſerved, will render our conſtitution the envy and admiration of all the world.

King Charles the Second naturally took a ſurfeit of parliaments in his father's time, and was therefore extremely deſirous to lay them aſide: but this was a ſcheme impracticable. However, in effect, he did ſo: for he obtained a parliament which, by its long duration, like an army of veterans, became ſo exactly diſciplined to his own meaſures, that they knew no other command but from that perſon who gave them their pay.

This was a ſafe and moſt ingenious way of enſlaving a nation. It was very well known, that arbitrary power, if it was open and avowed, would never prevail here; the people were amuſed with the ſpecious form of their ancient conſtitution: it exiſted, indeed, in their fancy; but, like a mere phantom, had no ſubſtance nor reality in it: for the power, the authority, the dignity of parliaments were wholly loſt. This was that remarkable parliament which ſo juſtly obtained the opprobrious name of the Penſion Parliament; and was the model from which, I believe, ſome later parliaments have been exactly copied.

At the time of the Revolution, the

people made a freſh claim of their ancient privileges; and as they had ſo lately experienced the misfortune of long and ſervile parliaments, it was then declared, that they ſhould be held frequently. But, it ſeems, their full meaning was not underſtood by this declaration; and, therefore, as in every new ſettlement the intention of all parties ſhould be ſpecifically manifeſted, the parliament never ceaſed ſtruggling with the crown, till the triennial law was obtained: the preamble of it is extremely full and ſtrong; and in the body of the bill you will find the word *declared* before *enacted*, by which I apprehend, that though this law did not immediately take place at the time of the Revolution, it was certainly intended as declaratory of their firſt meaning, and therefore ſtands a part of that original contract under which the conſtitution was then ſettled. His majeſty's title to the crown is primarily derived from that contract; and if upon a review there ſhall appear to be any deviations from it, we ought to treat them as ſo many injuries done to that title. And I dare ſay, that this houſe, which has gone through ſo long a ſeries of ſervices to his majeſty, will at laſt be willing to revert to thoſe original ſtated meaſures of government, to renew and ſtrengthen that title.

But, Sir, I think the manner in which the ſeptennial law was firſt introduced, is a very ſtrong reaſon why it ſhould be repealed. People, in their fears, have very often recourſe to deſperate expedients, which, if not cancelled in ſeaſon, will themſelves prove fatal to that conſtitution which they were meant to ſecure. Such is the nature of the ſeptennial law; it was intended only as a preſervative againſt a temporary inconvenience: the inconvenience is removed, but the miſchievous effects ſtill continue; for it not only altered the conſtitution of parliaments, but it extended that ſame parliament beyond its natural duration; and therefore carries this moſt unjuſt implication with it, That you may at any time uſurp the moſt indubitable, the moſt eſſential privilege of the people, I mean that of chuſing their own repreſentatives: a precedent of ſuch a dangerous conſequence, of ſo fatal a tendency, that I think it would be a reproach to our ſtatute-book, if that law was any longer to ſubſiſt, which might record it to poſterity.

This is a ſeaſon of virtue and public ſpirit; let us take advantage of it to repeal thoſe laws which infringe our liberties, and introduce ſuch as may reſtore the vigour of our ancient conſtitution.

Human nature is ſo very corrupt, that all obligations loſe their force, unleſs they are frequently renewed: long parliaments become therefore independent of the people, and when they do ſo, there always happens a moſt dangerous dependence elſewhere.

Long parliaments give the miniſter an opportunity of getting acquaintance with members, of practiſing his ſeveral arts to win them into his ſchemes. This muſt be the work of time. Corruption is of ſo baſe a nature, that at firſt ſight it is extremely ſhocking; hardly any one has ſubmitted to it all at once: his diſpoſition muſt be previouſly underſtood, the particular bait muſt be found out with which he is to be allured, and after all, it is not without many ſtruggles that he ſurrenders his virtue. Indeed there are ſome who will at once plunge themſelves into any baſe action; but the generality of mankind are of a more cautious nature, and will proceed only by leiſurely degrees: one or two perhaps have deſerted their colours the firſt campaign, ſome have done it a ſecond; but a great many, who have not that eager diſpoſition to vice, will wait till a third.

For this reaſon, ſhort parliaments have been leſs corrupt than long ones; they are obſerved, like ſtreams of water, always to grow more impure the greater diſtance they run from the fountain-head.

I am aware it may be ſaid, that frequent new parliaments will produce frequent new expences; but I think quite the contrary: I am really of opinion, that it will be a proper remedy againſt the evil of bribery at elections, eſpecially as you have provided ſo wholeſome a law to co-operate upon theſe occaſions.

Bribery at elections, whence did it ariſe?

ariſe? not from country gentlemen, for they are ſure of being choſen without it; it was, Sir, the invention of wicked and corrupt miniſters, who have from time to time led weak princes into ſuch deſtructive meaſures, that they did not dare to rely upon the natural repreſentation of the people. Long parliaments, Sir, firſt introduced bribery, becauſe they were worth purchaſing at any rate. Country gentlemen, who have only their private fortunes to rely upon, and have no mercenary ends to ſerve, are unable to oppoſe it, eſpecially if at any time the public treaſure ſhall be unfaithfully ſquandered away to corrupt their boroughs. Country gentlemen, indeed, may make ſome weak efforts, but as they generally prove unſucceſsful, and the time of a freſh ſtruggle is at ſo great a diſtance, they at laſt grow faint in the diſpute, give up their country for loſt, and retire in deſpair; deſpair naturally produces indolence, and that is the proper diſpoſition for ſlavery. Miniſters of ſtate underſtand this very well, and are therefore unwilling to awaken the nation out of its lethargy by frequent elections. They know that the ſpirit of liberty, like every other virtue of the mind, is to be kept alive only by conſtant action; that it is impoſſible to enſlave this nation, while it is perpetually upon its guard.—Let country gentlemen then, by having frequent opportunities of exerting themſelves, be kept warm and active in their contention for the public good: this will raiſe that zeal and ſpirit, which will at laſt get the better of thoſe undue influences by which the officers of the crown, though unknown to the ſeveral boroughs, have been able to ſupplant country gentlemen of great characters and fortune, who live in their neighbourhood.——I do not ſay this upon idle ſpeculation only: I live in a country where it is too well known, and I appeal to many gentlemen in the houſe, to more out of it, (and who are ſo for this very reaſon) for the truth of my aſſertion. Sir, it is a ſore which has been long eating into the moſt vital part of our conſtitution, and I hope the time will come when you will probe it to the bottom. For if a miniſter ſhould ever gain a corrupt familiarity with our boroughs; if he ſhould keep a regiſter of them in his cloſet, and, by ſending down his treaſury-mandates, ſhould procure a ſpurious repreſentation of the people, the offspring of his corruption, who will be at all times ready to reconcile and juſtify the moſt contradictory meaſures of his adminiſtration, and even to vote every crude indigeſted dream of their patron into a law; if the maintenance of his power ſhould become the ſole object of their attention, and they ſhould be guilty of the moſt violent breach of parliamentary truſt, by giving the king a diſcretionary liberty of taxing the people without limitation or controul; the laſt fatal compliment they can pay to the crown;—— if this ſhould ever be the unhappy condition of this nation, the people indeed may complain; but the doors of that place, where their complaints ſhould be heard, will for ever be ſhut againſt them.

Our diſeaſe, I fear, is of a complicated nature, and I think that this motion is wiſely intended to remove the firſt and principal diſorder. Give the people their ancient right of frequent new elections; that will reſtore the decayed authority of parliaments, and will put our conſtitution into a natural condition of working out her own cure.

Sir, upon the whole, I am of opinion, that I cannot expreſs a greater zeal for his majeſty, for the liberties of the people, or the honour and dignity of this houſe, than by ſeconding the motion which the honourable gentleman has made you.

§ 81. *Sir* ROBERT WALPOLE's *Reply.*

Mr. Speaker,

Though the queſtion has been already ſo fully oppoſed, that there is no great occaſion to ſay any thing farther againſt it, yet I hope the houſe will indulge me the liberty of giving ſome of thoſe reaſons which induce me to be againſt the motion. In general, I muſt take notice, that the nature of our conſtitution ſeems to be very much miſtaken by the gentlemen who have ſpoken in favour of this motion. It is certain, that ours is a mixt government, and the

perfection of our conſtitution conſiſts in this, that the monarchical, ariſtocratical, and democratical form of government, are mixt and interwoven in ours, ſo as to give us all the advantages of each, without ſubjecting us to the dangers and inconveniencies of either. The democratical form of government, which is the only one I have now occaſion to take notice of, is liable to theſe inconveniencies;—that they are generally too tedious in their coming to any reſolution, and ſeldom briſk and expeditious enough in carrying their reſolutions into execution: that they are always wavering in their reſolutions, and never ſteady in any of the meaſures they reſolve to purſue; and that they are often involved in factions, ſeditions, and inſurrections, which expoſes them to be made the tools, if not the prey, of their neighbours: therefore, in all regulations we make with reſpect to our conſtitution, we are to guard againſt running too much into that form of government, which is properly called democratical: this was, in my opinion, the effect of the triennial law, and will again be the effect, if ever it ſhould be reſtored.

That triennial elections would make our government too tedious in all their reſolves, is evident; becauſe, in ſuch caſe, no prudent adminiſtration would ever reſolve upon any meaſure of conſequence, till they had felt not only the pulſe of the parliament, but the pulſe of the people; and the miniſters of ſtate would always labour under this diſadvantage, that, as ſecrets of ſtate muſt not be immediately divulged, their enemies (and enemies they will always have) would have a handle for expoſing their meaſures, and rendering them diſagreeable to the people, and thereby carrying perhaps a new election againſt them, before they could have an opportunity of juſtifying their meaſures, by divulging thoſe facts and circumſtances, from whence the juſtice and the wiſdom of their meaſures would clearly appear.

Then, Sir, it is by experience well known, that what is called the populace of every country are apt to be too much elated with ſucceſs, and too much dejected with every misfortune; this makes them wavering in their opinions about affairs of ſtate, and never long of the ſame mind; and as this houſe is choſen by the free and unbiaſſed voice of the people in general, if this choice were ſo often renewed, we might expect that this houſe would be as wavering, and as unſteady, as the people uſually are: and it being impoſſible to carry on the public affairs of the nation without the concurrence of this houſe, the miniſters would always be obliged to comply, and conſequently would be obliged to change their meaſures, as often as the people changed their minds.

With ſeptennial parliaments, Sir, we are not expoſed to either of theſe misfortunes, becauſe, if the miniſters, after having felt the pulſe of the parliament, which they can always ſoon do, reſolve upon any meaſures, they have generally time enough, before the new elections come on, to give the people a proper information, in order to ſhew them the juſtice and the wiſdom of the meaſures they have purſued; and if the people ſhould at any time be too much elated, or too much dejected, or ſhould without a cauſe change their minds, thoſe at the helm of affairs have time to ſet them right before a new election comes on.

As to faction and ſedition, Sir, I will grant, that, in monarchical and ariſtocratical governments, it generally ariſes from violence and oppreſſion; but, in democratical governments, it always ariſes from the people's having too great a ſhare in the government. For in all countries, and in all governments, there always will be many factious and unquiet ſpirits, who can never be at reſt either in power or out of power: when in power, they are never eaſy, unleſs every man ſubmits entirely to their direction; and when out of power, they are always working and intriguing againſt thoſe that are in, without any regard to juſtice, or to the intereſt of their country. In popular governments ſuch men have too much game, they have too many opportunities for working upon and corrupting the minds of the people, in order to give them a bad impreſſion of, and to raiſe diſcontents againſt,

againſt, thoſe that have the management of the public affairs for the time; and theſe diſcontents often break out into ſeditions and inſurrections. This, Sir, would in my opinion be our misfortune, if our parliaments were either annual or triennial: by ſuch frequent elections there would be ſo much power thrown into the hands of the people, as would deſtroy that equal mixture which is the beauty of our conſtitution: in ſhort, our government would really become a democratical government, and might from thence very probably diverge into a tyrannical. Therefore, in order to preſerve our conſtitution, in order to prevent our falling under tyranny and arbitrary power, we ought to preſerve that law, which I really think has brought our conſtitution to a more equal mixture, and conſequently to a greater perfection, than it was ever in before that law took place.

As to bribery and corruption, Sir, if it were poſſible to influence, by ſuch baſe means, the majority of the electors of Great Britain to chuſe ſuch men as would probably give up their liberties: if it were poſſible to influence, by ſuch means, a majority of the members of this houſe to conſent to the eſtabliſhment of arbitrary power, I would readily allow, that the calculations made by the gentlemen of the other ſide were juſt, and their inference true; but I am perſuaded that neither of theſe is poſſible. As the members of this houſe generally are, and muſt always be, gentlemen of fortune and figure in their country, is it poſſible to ſuppoſe, that any one of them could, by a penſion, or a poſt, be influenced to conſent to the overthrow of our conſtitution; by which the enjoyment, not only of what he got, but of what he before had, would be rendered altogether precarious? I will allow, Sir, that, with reſpect to bribery, the price muſt be higher or lower, generally in proportion to the virtue of the man who is to be bribed; but it muſt likewiſe be granted, that the humour he happens to be in at the time, the ſpirit he happens to be endowed with, adds a great deal to his virtue. When no encroachments are made upon the rights of the people, when the people do not think themſelves in any danger, there may be many of the electors who, by a bribe of ten guineas, might be induced to vote for one candidate rather than another; but if the court were making any encroachments upon the rights of the people, a proper ſpirit would, without doubt, ariſe in the nation; and in ſuch a caſe, I am perſuaded, that none, or very few, even of ſuch electors, could be induced to vote for a court candidate; no, not for ten times the ſum.

There may, Sir, be ſome bribery and corruption in the nation; I am afraid there will always be ſome; but it is no proof of it, that ſtrangers are ſometimes choſen; for a gentleman may have ſo much natural influence over a borough in his neighbourhood, as to be able to prevail with them to chuſe any perſon he pleaſes to recommend; and if upon ſuch recommendation they chuſe one or two of his friends, who are perhaps ſtrangers to them, it is not from thence to be inferred, that the two ſtrangers were choſen their repreſentatives by the means of bribery and corruption.

To inſinuate, Sir, that money may be iſſued from the public treaſury for bribing elections, is really ſomething very extraordinary, eſpecially in thoſe gentlemen who know how many checks are upon every ſhilling that can be iſſued from thence; and how regularly the money granted in one year for the public ſervice of the nation, muſt always be accounted for the very next ſeſſion, in this houſe, and likewiſe in the other, if they have a mind to call for any ſuch account. And as to the gentlemen in offices, if they have any advantage over country gentlemen, in having ſomething elſe to depend on beſides their own private fortunes, they have likewiſe many diſadvantages: they are obliged to live here at London with their families, by which they are put to a much greater expence than gentlemen of equal fortunes who live in the country: this lays them under a very great diſadvantage, with reſpect to the ſupporting their intereſt in the country. The country gentleman, by living among the electors, and purchaſing the neceſſaries for his family from them,

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keeps up an acquaintance and correſpondence with them, without putting himſelf to any extraordinary charge; whereas a gentleman who lives in London has no other way of keeping up an acquaintance or correſpondence among his friends in the country, but by going down once or twice a year, at a very extraordinary charge, and often without any other buſineſs: ſo that we may conclude, a gentleman in office cannot, even in ſeven years, ſave much for diſtributing in ready money, at the time of an election; and I really believe, if the fact were narrowly enquired into, it would appear, that the gentlement in office are as little guilty of bribing their electors with ready money, as any other ſet of gentlemen in the kingdom.

That there are ferments often raiſing among the people without any juſt cauſe, is what I am ſurpriſed to hear controverted, ſince very late experience may convince us of the contrary. Do not we know what a ferment was raiſed in the nation towards the latter end of the late queen's reign? And it is well known what a fatal change in the affairs of this nation was introduced, or at leaſt confirmed, by an election's coming on while the nation was in that ferment. Do not we know what a ferment was raiſed in the nation ſoon after his late majeſty's acceſſion? And if an election had then been allowed to come on, while the nation was in that ferment, it might perhaps have had as fatal effects as the former; but, thank God, this was wiſely provided againſt by the very law which is now wanted to be repealed.

As ſuch ferments may hereafter often happen, I muſt think that frequent elections will always be dangerous; for which reaſon, as far as I can ſee at preſent, I ſhall, I believe, at all times, think it a very dangerous experiment to repeal the ſeptennial bill.

§ 82. *Lord* LYTTELTON's *Speech on the Repeal of the Act called the Jew Bill, in the Year* 1753.

Mr. Speaker,

I ſee no occaſion to enter at preſent into the merits of the bill we paſſed the laſt ſeſſion, for the naturalization of Jews, becauſe I am convinced, that in the preſent temper of the nation, not a ſingle foreign Jew will think it expedient to take the benefit of that act; and therefore the repealing of it is giving up nothing. I aſſented to it laſt year, in hopes it might induce ſome wealthy Jews to come and ſettle among us: in that light I ſaw enough of utility in it, to make me incline rather to approve than diſlike it; but that any man alive could be zealous, either for or againſt it, I confeſs I had no idea. What affects our religion is indeed of the higheſt and moſt ſerious importance: God forbid we ſhould ever be indifferent about that! but I thought this had no more to do with religion, than any turnpike-act we paſſed in that ſeſſion; and, after all the divinity that has been preached on the ſubject, I think ſo ſtill.

Reſolution and ſteadineſs are excellent qualities; but, it is the application of them upon which their value depends. A wiſe government, Mr. Speaker, will know where to yield, as well as where to reſiſt: and there is no ſurer mark of littleneſs of mind in an adminiſtration, than obſtinacy in trifles. Public wiſdom on ſome occaſions muſt condeſcend to give way to popular folly, eſpecially in a free country, where the humour of the people muſt be conſidered as attentively as the humour of a king in an abſolute monarchy. Under both forms of government, a prudent and honeſt miniſtry will indulge a ſmall folly, and will reſiſt a great one. Not to vouchſafe now and then a kind indulgence to the former, would diſcover an ignorance in human nature: not to reſiſt the latter at all times would be meanneſs and ſervility.

Sir, I look on the bill we are at preſent debating, not as a ſacrifice made to popularity (for it ſacrifices nothing) but as a prudent regard to ſome conſequences ariſing from the nature of the clamour raiſed againſt the late act for naturalizing Jews, which ſeem to require a particular conſideration.

It has been hitherto the rare and envied felicity of his majeſty's reign, that his

his ſubjects have enjoyed ſuch a ſettled tranquillity, ſuch a freedom from angry religious diſputes, as is not to be paralleled in any former times. The true Chriſtian ſpirit of moderation, of charity, of univerſal benevolence, has prevailed in the people, has prevailed in the clergy of all ranks and degrees, inſtead of thoſe narrow principles, thoſe bigoted pleaſures, that furious, that implacable, that ignorant zeal, which had often done ſo much hurt both to the church and the ſtate. But from the ill-underſtood, inſignificant act of parliament you are now moved to repeal, occaſion has been taken to deprive us of this ineſtimable advantage. It is a pretence to diſturb the peace of the church, to infuſe idle fear into the minds of the people, and make religion itſelf an engine of ſedition. It behoves the piety, as well as the wiſdom of parliament, to diſappoint thoſe endeavours. Sir, the very worſt miſchief that can be done to religion, is to pervert it to the purpoſes of faction. Heaven and hell are not more diſtant than the benevolent ſpirit of the Goſpel, and the malignant ſpirit of party. The moſt impious wars ever made were thoſe called holy wars. He who hates another man for not being a Chriſtian, is himſelf not a Chriſtian. Chriſtianity, Sir, breathes love, and peace, and goodwill to man. A temper conformable to the dictates of that holy religion has lately diſtinguiſhed this nation; and a glorious diſtinction it was! But there is latent, at all times, in the minds of the vulgar, a ſpark of enthuſiaſm; which, if blown by the breath of a party, may, even when it ſeems quite extinguiſhed, be ſuddenly revived and raiſed to a flame. The act of laſt ſeſſion for naturalizing Jews, has very unexpectedly adminiſtered fuel to feed that flame. To what a height it may riſe, if it ſhould continue much longer, one cannot eaſily tell; but, take away the fuel, and it will die of itſelf.

It is the misfortune of all the Roman Catholic countries, that there the church and the ſtate, the civil power and the hierarchy, have ſeparate intereſts; and are continually at variance one with the other. It is our happineſs, that there they form but one ſyſtem. While this harmony laſts, whatever hurts the church, hurts the ſtate: whatever weakens the credit of the governors of the church, takes away from the civil power a part of its ſtrength, and ſhakes the whole conſtitution.

Sir, I truſt and believe that, by ſpeedily paſſing this bill, we ſhall ſilence that obloquy which has ſo unjuſtly been caſt upon our reverend prelates (ſome of the moſt reſpectable that ever adorned our church) for the part they took in the act which this repeals. And it greatly concerns the whole community, that they ſhould not loſe that reſpect which is ſo juſtly due to them, by a popular clamour kept up in oppoſition to a meaſure of no importance in itſelf. But if the departing from that meaſure ſhould not remove the prejudice ſo maliciouſly raiſed, I am certain that no further ſtep you can take will be able to remove it; and, therefore, I hope you will ſtop here. This appears to be a reaſonable and ſafe condeſcenſion, by which nobody will be hurt; but all beyond this would be dangerous weakneſs in government: it might open a door to the wildeſt enthuſiaſm, and to the moſt miſchievous attacks of political diſaffection working upon that enthuſiaſm. If you encourage and authorize it to fall on the ſynagogue, it will go from thence to the meeting-houſe, and in the end to the palace. But let us be careful to check its further progreſs. The more zealous we are to ſupport Chriſtianity, the more vigilant ſhould we be in maintaining toleration. If we bring back perſecution, we bring back the Anti-chriſtian ſpirit of popery; and when the ſpirit is here, the whole ſyſtem will ſoon follow. Toleration is the baſis of all public quiet. It is a charter of freedom given to the mind, more valuable, I think, than that which ſecures our perſons and eſtates. Indeed, they are inſeparably connected together: for, where the mind is not free, where the conſcience is enthralled, there is no freedom. Spiritual tyranny puts on the galling chains; but civil tyranny is called in, to rivet and fix them. We ſee it in Spain, and many other countries; we have formerly both ſeen and

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felt it in England. By the bleſſing of God, we are now delivered from all kinds of oppreſſion. Let us take care, that they may never return.

§ 83. *In Praiſe of Virtue.*

Virtue is of intrinſic value and good deſert, and of indiſpenſable obligation; not the creature of will, but neceſſary and immutable: not local or temporary, but of equal extent and antiquity with the divine mind; not a mode of ſenſation, but everlaſting truth; not dependent on power, but the guide of all power. Virtue is the foundation of honour and eſteem, and the ſource of all beauty, order, and happineſs, in nature. It is what confers value on all the other endowments and qualities of a reaſonable being, to which they ought to be abſolutely ſubſervient, and without which the more eminent they are, the more hideous deformities and the greater curſes they become. The uſe of it is not confined to any one ſtage of our exiſtence, or to any particular ſituation we can be in, but reaches through all the periods and circumſtances of our beings. Many of the endowments and talents we now poſſeſs, and of which we are too apt to be proud, will ceaſe entirely with the preſent ſtate; but this will be our ornament and dignity in every future ſtate to which we may be removed. Beauty and wit will die, learning will vaniſh away, and all the arts of life be ſoon forgot; but virtue will remain for ever. This unites us to the whole rational creation, and fits us for converſing with any order of ſuperior natures, and for a place in any part of God's works. It procures us the approbation and love of all wiſe and good beings, and renders them our allies and friends.—But what is of unſpeakably greater conſequence is, that it makes God our friend, aſſimilates and unites our minds to his, and engages his almighty power in our defence. Superior beings of all ranks are bound by it no leſs than ourſelves. It has the ſame authority in all worlds that it has in this. The further any being is advanced in excellence and perfection, the greater is his attachment to it, and the more he is under its influence. To ſay no more, 'tis the law of the whole univerſe; it ſtands firſt in the eſtimation of the Deity; its original is his nature; and it is the very object that makes him lovely.

Such is the importance of virtue.—Of what conſequence, therefore, is it that we practiſe it!—There is no argument or motive, which is at all fitted to influence a reaſonable mind, which does not call us to this. One virtuous diſpoſition of ſoul is preferable to the greateſt natural accompliſhments and abilities, and of more value than all the treaſures of the world. If you are wiſe, then, ſtudy virtue, and contemn every thing that can come in competition with it. Remember, that nothing elſe deſerves one anxious thought or wiſh. Remember, that this alone is honour, glory, wealth, and happineſs. Secure this, and you ſecure every thing; loſe this, and all is loſt. *Price.*

§ 84. PLINY *to* HISPULLA.

As I remember the great affection which was between you and your excellent brother, and know you love his daughter as your own, ſo as not only to expreſs the tenderneſs of the beſt of aunts, but even to ſupply that of the beſt of fathers; I am ſure it will be a pleaſure to you to hear that ſhe proves worthy of her father, worthy of you, and of your and her anceſtors. Her ingenuity is admirable; her frugality extraordinary. She loves me, the ſureſt pledge of her virtue; and adds to this a wonderful diſpoſition to learning, which ſhe has acquired from her affection to me. She reads my writings, ſtudies them, and even gets them by heart. You would ſmile to ſee the concern ſhe is in when I have a cauſe to plead, and the joy ſhe ſhews when it is over; ſhe finds means to have the firſt news brought her of the ſucceſs I meet with in court, how I am heard, and what decree is made. If I recite any thing in public, ſhe cannot refrain from placing herſelf privately in ſome corner to hear, where with the utmoſt delight ſhe feaſts upon my applauſes. Sometimes ſhe ſings my verſes, and accompanies them with the lute, without any maſter, except Love, the beſt of inſtructors.

ſtructors. From theſe inſtances I take the moſt certain omens of our perpetual and increaſing happineſs; ſince her affection is not founded on my youth and perſon, which muſt gradually decay, but ſhe is in love with the immortal part of me, my glory and reputation. Nor indeed could leſs be expected from one who had the happineſs to receive her education from you, who in your houſe was accuſtomed to every thing that was virtuous and decent, and even began to love me by your recommendation. For, as you had always the greateſt reſpect for my mother, you were pleaſed, from my infancy, to form me, to commend me, and kindly to preſage I ſhould be one day what my wife fancies I am. Accept, therefore, our united thanks; mine, that you have beſtowed her on me; and hers, that you have given me to her, as a mutual grant of joy and felicity.

§ 85. PLINY *to* CATILIUS.

I accept of your invitation to ſupper, but I muſt make this agreement beforehand, that you diſmiſs me ſoon, and treat me frugally. Let our entertainment abound only in philoſophical converſation, and even that too with moderation. There are certain midnight parties, which Cato himſelf could not ſafely fall in with; though I muſt confeſs at the ſame time, that Julius Cæſar, when he reproaches him upon that head, exalts the character he endeavours to expoſe; for he deſcribes thoſe perſons who met this reeling patriot, as bluſhing when they diſcovered who he was; and adds, You would have thought that Cato had detected them, and not they Cato. Could he place the dignity of Cato in a ſtronger light, than by repreſenting him thus venerable, even in his cups? As for ourſelves, nevertheleſs, let temperance not only beſpeak our table, but regulate our hours; for we are not arrived at ſo high a reputation, that our enemies cannot cenſure us but to our honour. Farewell.

§ 86. *From* PLINY *to his Friend* FEROX.

Your laſt letter is a convincing argument that you ſtudy, and that you do not. You'll tell me I talk riddles to you, and ſo I do, till I explain to you more diſtinctly what my meaning is. In ſhort, the letter you ſent me ſhews you did not ſtudy for it, ſo eaſy and negligent it appears to be; and yet, at the ſame time, 'tis ſo polite, that 'tis impoſſible any one ſhould write it, who did not weigh every word; or elſe you are certainly the happieſt man in the world, if you can write letters ſo juſt and exact, without care and premeditation.

§ 87. VOITURE *to Monſ.* DE LIONNE, *at Rome.*

Sir,

Though no man treated me ſo ill at Rome as yourſelf, and I muſt place to your account ſome of the moſt diſagreeable hours I paſſed in all my travels; yet be aſſured, I never ſaw any perſon in my life that I had ſo ſtrong an inclination to reviſit, or to whom I would more willingly do the beſt ſervices in my power. It is not very uſual to gain a man's friendſhip, at the ſame time that one ruins his fortune. This ſucceſs, however, you have had; and your advantage was ſo much more conſiderable than mine in all reſpects, that I had not the power to defend myſelf againſt you in either of thoſe inſtances, but you won both my money and my heart at the ſame time. If I am ſo happy as to find a place in yours, I ſhall eſteem that acquiſition as an over-balance to all my loſſes, and ſhall look upon myſelf as greatly a gainer in the commerce that paſſed between us. Though your acquaintance indeed has coſt me pretty dear, I do not by any means think I have paid its full value; and I would willingly part with the ſame ſum to meet with a man in Paris of as much merit as yourſelf. This being the literal truth, you may be well aſſured, Sir, that I ſhall omit nothing in my power to preſerve an honour I ſo highly eſteem; and that I ſhall not very eaſily give up a friend whom I purchaſed at ſo dear a price. I have accordingly performed every thing you deſired in the affair about which you wrote to me; as I ſhall obey you with the ſame punctuality in every other inſtance that you

ſhall

ſhall command me. For I am, with all the affection that I ought, Sir,

Your's, &c.

Voiture.

§ 88. VOITURE *to his Highneſs the Duke of* ANGUIN, *on his taking Dunkirk.*

My Lord,

I am ſo far from wondering at your taking Dunkirk, that I am of opinion that you could take the moon by the teeth, if you once went about it. Nothing can be impoſſible to you. I am only uneaſy as to what I ſhall ſay to your Highneſs on this occaſion, and am thinking by what extraordinary terms I may bring you to reach my conceptions of you. Indeed, my lord, in that height of glory to which you have now attained, the honour of your favour is a ſingular happineſs; but it is a troubleſome taſk to us writers, who are obliged to congratulate you upon every good ſucceſs, to be perpetually on the hunt for words, whoſe force may anſwer your actions, and to be daily inventing freſh panegyrics. If you would but have the goodneſs to ſuffer yourſelf to be beat ſometimes, or to riſe from before ſome town, the variety of the matter might help to ſupport us, and we ſhould find out ſome fine thing or other to ſay to you upon the inconſtancy of Fortune, and the glory which is gained by bearing her malice courageouſly. But ſhe having, from the very firſt of your actions, ranked you equal with Alexander, and finding you riſing upon us continually, upon my word, my lord, we are at a loſs what to do, either with you or ourſelves. Nothing we are able to utter can come up to that which you do; and the very flights of our fancy flag below you. Eloquence, which magnifies the minuteſt things, cannot reach the height of thoſe which you do; no, not by its boldeſt figures. And that which is termed hyperbole on other occaſions, is but a cold way of ſpeaking, when it comes to be applied to you. Indeed it is difficult to comprehend how your highneſs has, each ſummer, ſtill found out means to augment that glory, which, every winter, ſeemed at its full perfection; and that, having begun ſo grandly, and gone on more grandly, ſtill your laſt actions ſhould crown the reſt, and be found the moſt amazing. For my own part, my lord, I congratulate your ſucceſs, as I am in duty obliged; but I plainly foreſee the very thing which augments your reputation with us may prejudice that which you expect from after-ages; and that ſo many great and important actions, done in ſo ſhort a ſpace, may render your life incredible to future times; and make poſterity think your hiſtory a romance. Be pleaſed, then, my lord, to ſet ſome bounds to your victories, if it be only to accommodate yourſelf to the capacity of human reaſon, and not to go farther than common belief can follow you. Be contented to be quiet and ſecure, at leaſt for a while; and ſuffer France, which is eternally alarmed for your ſafety, to enjoy ſerenely for a few months the glory which you have acquired for her. In the mean time, I beſeech you to believe, that, among ſo many millions of men who admire you, and who continually pray for you, there is not one who does it with ſo much joy, with ſo much zeal and veneration, as does,

My Lord,

Your Highneſs's, &c.

§ 89. BALZAC *to Madam* DE LA CHETARDIE.

Madam,

I cannot taſte of your bounty without expreſſing at the ſame time my gratitude. You have feaſted me indeed theſe four days in the moſt delicious manner; and either there is no pleaſure in the palate, or your cheeſes afford a reliſh of the moſt exquiſite kind. They are not merely an artful preparation of cream; they are the effect of a certain quinteſſence hitherto unknown; they are I know not what kind of wonderful production, which, with a moſt delicious ſweetneſs, preſerve at the ſame time a moſt pleaſing poignancy. Undoubtedly, Madam, you muſt be the favourite of Heaven, ſince you are thus bleſſed with a land that flows with milk and honey. It was in this manner, you know, that Providence formerly regaled its choſen people; and ſuch were once the riches of the golden age. But methinks you

you ought to limit the luxury of your table to rarities of this kind, and not look out for any other abundance, in a place which affords ſuch charming repaſts. You ought long ſince to have purified your kitchen, and broke every inſtrument of ſavage deſtruction; for would it not be a ſhame to live by cruelty and murder, in the midſt of ſuch innocent proviſions? I am ſure, at leaſt, I can never eſteem them too much, nor ſufficiently thank you for your preſent. It is in vain you would perſuade me, that it was the work of one of your dairy-maids; ſuch coarſe hands could never be concerned in ſo curious a production. Moſt certainly the nymphs of Vienne were engaged in the operation; and it is an original of their making, which you have ſent me as a rarity. If this thought appears to you poetical, you muſt remember that the ſubject is ſo too; and might with great propriety make part of an eclogue, or enter into ſome corner of a paſtoral. But I am by no means an adept in the art of rhyming: beſides, it is neceſſary I ſhould quit the language of fable to aſſure you, in very true and very ſerious proſe, I ſo highly honour your virtue that I ſhould always think I owed you much, though I had never received any favour at your hands; and if you were not my benefactreſs, I ſhould nevertheleſs be always, Madam,

Your, &c.

§ 90. BALZAC *to the Mayor of* Angoulême.

Sir,

I perſuade myſelf that the requeſt which the bearer of this will make to you on my behalf will not be diſagreeable. It concerns indeed the public intereſt as well as mine; and I know you are ſo punctual in the functions of your office, that to point out to you a grievance is almoſt the ſame as to redreſs it. At the entrance of the Fauxbourg Lomeau, there is a way of which one cannot complain in common terms. It would draw imprecations from a man that never uſed a ſtronger affirmative in all his life than Yea verily; and raiſe the indignation even of the mildeſt father of the oratory. It was but the day before yeſterday that I had like to have been loſt in it, and was in imminent danger of being caſt away in a terrible ſlough. Had it indeed been in the open ſea, and in a ſhattered veſſel, expoſed to the fury of the winds and waves, the accident would have been nothing extraordinary; but to ſuffer ſuch a misfortune upon land, in a coach, and during the very time of your mayoralty, would have been beyond all credit and conſolation. Two or three words of an order from you would put this affair into a better ſituation, and at the ſame time oblige a whole country. Let me hope then that you will give occaſion to thoſe without your diſtrict to join in applauſes with your own citizens, and not ſuffer your province, which you have embelliſhed in ſo many other parts, to be diſfigured in this by ſo vile a blemiſh. But after the intereſt of the public has had its due weight with you, will you not allow me to have ſome ſhare in your conſideration, and be inclined to favour a perſon who is thought not to be ungrateful for the good offices he receives? There are who will ſay even more, and aſſure you that you have an opportunity of extending your reputation beyond the bounds of your province, and of making the remembrance of your mayoralty laſt longer than its annual period. I ſhall learn by the return of the bearer, if you think my friends ſpeak the truth; and whether you have ſo high an opinion of the acknowledgment I ſhall make to you, as to comply with the requeſt I have already tendered; to which I have only to add the aſſurance of my being, with great ſincerity,

Sir, yours, &c.

Balzac.

§ 91. ST EVREMONT *to Madam* ***.

I remember, Madam, that when I went to the army, I begged that the Chevalier de Grammont might ſucceed me in your favour, in caſe I ſhould be ſo unfortunate as to meet my death there; in which particular you have ſo well obeyed, that you love him whilſt I am alive, to learn to do it better after my death. You are very punctual in obeying my orders; and ſhould I continue

ſhue to give you the ſame commiſſion, in all appearance you would ſee it carefully executed. You may imagine, Madam, that I deſign to hide a real grief under a pretended banter; and being ſo well acquainted with my paſſion, you cannot eaſily perſuade yourſelf, that I can ſuffer a rival without jealouſy. But perhaps you don't know, Madam, that if I dare not complain of you, becauſe I love you too much, I dare not complain of him becauſe I love him little leſs. And if I muſt of neceſſity be angry, tell me whom I am to be moſt angry with; whether with him who goes to rob me of my miſtreſs, or you who ſteal my friend from me. Let the matter be how it will, you need not give yourſelf much trouble to appeaſe my indignation. My paſſion is too violent to indulge my reſentment in the leaſt; and my tenderneſs will always make me forget the injuries I have received from you. I love you, tho' perfidious: I love him, tho' treacherous; and only fear that a ſincere friend is no favourite of either of you. Farewell. Let us enter, I beſeech you, into a new unknown ſort of confederacy; and by a ſtrange myſtery, let his, let your and my friendſhip, be only one and the ſame thing.

§ 92. ST. EVREMONT *to Madam* ***.

You are upon the point of making a very ſorry gallant of a very good friend; and I perceive that what I called ſatisfaction, when I was with you, is now become inſenſibly ſome ſort of a charm. I talk no more of turning into ridicule; and the very ſame perſon who ſet ſuch a value upon your malicious fancies, now diſcovers in you more affecting qualities, which give him a diſguſt for your firſt endearments. You always appeared very engaging to me; but now I begin to feel with emotion, what I was uſed to ſee only with pleaſure. To ſpeak plainly to you, I am afraid I may be in love with you, if you will ſuffer me to love you; for at this preſent writing I am in ſuch a condition, that I can let it alone, if you don't like it. You muſt not expect from me any fine thoughts, or noble raptures: I am wholly incapable of them, and freely leave them to the admirers of Madam C***. Let the drawing-rooms make the moſt on't. Permit Madam D*** to define love by her own fancy; and don't envy the vain imaginations of thoſe miſerable creatures who, when their beauty is decayed, value themſelves upon the wit that ſtill continues with them, at the expence of the face they have loſt. Finding me ſo clownliſh in the contempt of refined ſentiments, you'll imagine, perhaps, that I am a hero as to the exerciſes of the body; pray hearken how the caſe ſtands with me: I am indifferent in every thing; and neither nature nor fortune has done any thing for me but what is common. As I cannot ſee, without envy, thoſe people that are ſumptuous and magnificent in their expences; ſo I cannot, without ſome diſpleaſure, behold thoſe that are too much given to their pleaſures: and if I dare ſpeak my thoughts, I hate, in ſome meaſure, the Vivonnes and the Saucours, becauſe I cannot reſemble them. My affairs go always at the ſame rate: I never allow myſelf any extravagance: and I ſtand in need of a little œconomy to make things even at the year's end, and paſs a winter's night. Not that I am reduced either to want or infirmity: But to explain myſelf frankly, my experience is ſmall, and my efforts indifferent. Tell me now, whether with theſe qualities, I may preſume to ſet up for your lover, or whether I am ſtill to continue your friend? As for myſelf, I am reſolved to take what part you aſſign me; and if I paſs from friendſhip to love without difficulty, I am able to return from love to friendſhip, with as little violence.

§ 93. ST. EVREMONT *to the Ducheſs of* MAZARIN.

I beg of you, Madam, to tell the Ducheſs of Bouillon, that no perſon can be more ſenſible than I am of the honour that ſhe does me by remembering me. I don't much pity La Fontaine's condition, fearing leſt my own may ſtand in need of pity. At his and my age, nobody ought to wonder that we loſe our reaſon, but that we keep it. The preſervation of it is no great advantage; 'tis an obſtacle to the quiet of old people, and a bar to th pleaſures of the young. La Fontaine feels not that diſorder which

it

it gives, and perhaps he is the happier on that ſcore.

§ 94. ST. EVREMONT *to the Count* DE LIONNE.

Sir,

Perhaps you are not at Paris; perhaps you are; and in this laſt caſe, your ſilence may be rather the effect of your forgetfulneſs, than of your abſence. But, ſuppoſe it were, I am too much beholden to you for your paſt ſervices, to complain of your preſent indifference. I don't enquire after you, to fatigue you for an anſwer, or renew a correſpondence that would rob you of ſome hours, which you know how to beſtow to better purpoſe. But, Sir, you ſtill owe ſomething to our friendſhip, and you will diſcharge the obligation, if you can find ſome way, either by yourſelf, or any body elſe, to let me know that you are in health. This piece of news will give me a joy, in which you are more concerned than any other; and if you were of my temper, you would be of my opinion, that to be well is better than to command the whole world. No treaſures are worth one year's health. Pardon, Sir, the chat of an infirm man, who enjoying a quarter of an hour's health, thinks no other ſubject ſo proper to be talked on. You were, perhaps, of my humour, when you enjoyed ſome eaſe of the pains occaſioned by your broken arm, and your other wounds. Now you are perfectly cured, reliſh the pleaſures of it, and let me make melancholy reflections on the ſong you have taught me:

> But oh! when age benumbs our veins,
> No longer ſprightly joy remains.

If there be any airs as agreeable as this in the muſic of the Feaſt of Verſailles, I deſire you to ſend them me, and you will oblige one who is more than ever, &c.

§ 95. *Mr.* LOCKE *to Mr.* MOLYNEUX.

Sir, Oates, Sept. 3, 1694.

I have ſo much the advantage in the bargain, if friendſhip may be called one, that whatſoever ſatisfaction you find in yourſelf on that account, you muſt allow in me with a large overplus. The only riches I have valued, or laboured to acquire, has been the friendſhip of ingenious and worthy men; and therefore, you cannot blame me if I ſo forwardly laid hold of the firſt occaſion that opened me a way to yours. That I have ſo well ſucceeded in it, I count one of my greateſt happineſſes, and a ſufficient reward for writing my book, had I no other benefit by it. The opinion you have of it gives me farther hopes; for it is no ſmall reward to one who loves truth, to be perſuaded that he has made ſome diſcoveries of it, and any ways helped to propagate it to others. I depend ſo much upon your judgment and candor, that I think myſelf ſecure in you from peeviſh criticiſm or flattery; only give me leave to ſuſpect that kindneſs and friendſhip do ſometimes carry your expreſſions a little too far on the favourable ſide. This, however, makes me not apprehend you will ſilently paſs by any thing you are not thoroughly ſatisfied of in it. The uſe I have made of the advertiſements I have received from you of this kind will ſatisfy you that I deſire the office of friendſhip from you, not out of compliment, but for the uſe of truth, and that your animadverſions will not be loſt upon me. Any faults you ſhall meet with in reaſoning, in perſpicuity, in expreſſion, or of the preſs, I deſire you to take notice of, and ſend me word of; eſpecially if you have any where any doubt; for I am perſuaded, that upon debate, you and I cannot be of two opinions; nor, I think, any two men uſed to think with freedom, who really prefer truth to opiniatrety, and a little fooliſh vain-glory of not having made a miſtake. I ſhall not need to juſtify what I have ſaid of you in my book: the learned world will be vouchers for me; and that in an age not very free from envy and cenſure. But you are very kind to me, ſince, for my ſake, you allow yourſelf to own that part which I am more particularly concerned in, and permit me to call you my friend, whilſt your modeſty checks at the other part of your character. But aſſure yourſelf, I am as well perſuaded of the truth of it, as of any thing elſe in my book; it had not elſe been put down in it: it only wants a great deal more I had

to ſay, had that been a place to draw your picture at large. Herein I pretend not to any peculiar obligation above others that know you. For though perhaps I may love you better than many others; yet, I conclude, I cannot think better of you than others do. I am very glad you were provided of a tutor nearer home; and it had this particular good luck in it, that otherwiſe you had been diſappointed, if you had depended on Mr. Gibbs, as a letter I writ to you from London about it, I hope, acquainted you.

I am, dear Sir,
Your moſt affectionate
and moſt humble ſervant,
John Locke.

§ 96. *Mr.* LOCKE *to Mr.* MOLYNEUX.

Sir, London, Sept. 12, 1696.

Could the painter have made a picture of me capable of your converſation, I ſhould have ſat to him with more delight than ever I did any thing in my life. The honour you do me, in giving me thus a place in your houſe, I look upon as the effect of having a place already in your eſteem and affection; and that made me more eaſily ſubmit to what methought looked too much like vanity in me. Painting was deſigned to repreſent the Gods, or the great men that ſtood next to them. But friendſhip, I ſee, takes no meaſure of any thing, but by itſelf: and where it is great and high, will make its object ſo, and raiſe it above its level. This is that which has deceived you into my picture, and made you put ſo great a compliment upon me: and I do not know what you will find to juſtify yourſelf to thoſe who ſhall ſee it in your poſſeſſion, You may indeed tell them, the original is as much yours as the picture; but this will be no great boaſt, when the man is not more conſiderable than his ſhadow. When I looked upon it after it was done, methought it had not that countenance I ought to accoſt you with. I know not whether the ſecret diſpleaſure I felt whilſt I was ſitting, from the conſideration that the doing of my picture brought us no nearer together, made me look grave: but this I muſt own, that it was not without regret that I remembered, that this counterfeit would be before me with the man that I ſo much deſired to be with, and could not tell him how much I longed to put myſelf into his hands, and to have him in my arms. One thing pray let it mind you of, and when you look on it at any time, pray believe, that the colours of that face on the cloth are more fading and changeable than thoſe thoughts which will always repreſent you to my mind, as the moſt valuable perſon in the world, whoſe face I do not know, and one whoſe company is ſo deſireable to me, that I ſhall not be happy till I do. Though I know how little ſervice I am able to do, yet my conſcience will never reproach me for not wiſhing well to my country: by which I mean Engliſhmen, and their intereſt every where. There has been, of late years, a manufacture of linen carried on in Ireland, if I miſtake not: I would be glad to learn from you the condition it is in; and, if it thrives not, what are the rubs and hindrances that ſtop it. I ſuppoſe you have land very proper to produce flax and hemp; why could not there be enough, eſpecially of the latter, produced there to ſupply his Majeſty's navy? I ſhould be obliged by your thoughts about it, and how it might be brought about. I have heard there is a law requiring a certain quantity of hemp to be ſown every year: if it be ſo, how comes it to be neglected? I know you have the ſame public aims for the good of your country that I have, and therefore, without any apology, I take this liberty with you. I received an account of your health, and your remembrance of me, not long ſince, by Mr. Howard, for which I return you my thanks. I troubled you with a long letter about the beginning of the laſt month; and am, Sir.

Your moſt affectionate
and moſt humble ſervant,
John Locke.

§ 97. *Mr.* MOLYNEUX *to Mr.* LOCKE.

Dublin, Sept. 20, 1698.

Honourable dear Sir,

I arrived here ſafely the 15th inſtant:

ſtant: and now that the ruffling and fatigue of my journey is a little over, I ſit down to a taſk, which I muſt confeſs is the hardeſt I was ever under in my life; I mean, expreſſing my thanks to you ſuitable to the favours I received from you, and ſuitable to the inward ſenſe I have of them in my mind. Were it poſſible for me to do either, I ſhould in ſome meaſure be ſatisfied; but my inability of paying my debts makes me aſhamed to appear before my creditor. However, thus much with the ſtricteſt ſincerity I will venture to aſſert to you, that I cannot recollect, through the whole courſe of my life, ſuch ſignal inſtances of real friendſhip, as when I had the happineſs of your company for five weeks together in London. 'Tis with the greateſt ſatisfaction imaginable, that I recollect what then paſſed between us, and I reckon it the happieſt ſcene of my whole life. That part thereof eſpecially which I paſſed at Oates, has made ſuch an agreeable impreſſion on my mind, that nothing can be more pleaſing. To all in that excellent family, I beſeech you, give my moſt humble reſpects. 'Tis my duty to make my acknowledgments there in a particular letter; but I beg of you to make my excuſe for omitting it at this time, becauſe I am a little preſſed by ſome buſineſs that is thrown upon me ſince my arrival: to which alſo you are obliged for not being troubled at preſent with a more tedious letter from,

Sir, your moſt obliged
and entirely affectionate
friend and ſervant,
William Molyneux.

§ 98. *Mr.* LOCKE *to Mr.* MOLYNEUX.

London, Sept. 29, 1698.

Dear Sir,

Yours of the 20th has now diſcharged me from my daily employment of looking upon the weather-cock, and hearkening how loud the wind blowed. Though I do not like this diſtance, and ſuch a ditch betwixt us, yet I am glad to hear that you are ſafe and ſound on t'other ſide the water. But pray you ſpeak not in ſo magnificent and courtly a ſtyle of what you received from me here. I lived with you and treated you as my friend, and therefore uſed no ceremony, nor can receive any thanks but what I owe you doubly, both for your company, and the pains you were at to beſtow that happineſs on me. If you keep your word, and do me the ſame kindneſs again next year, I ſhall have reaſon to think you value me more than you ſay, though you ſay more than I can with modeſty read. I find you were beſet with buſineſs when you writ your letter to me, and do not wonder at it; but yet, for all that, I cannot forgive your ſilence concerning your health, and your ſon. My ſervice to him, your brother, and Mr. Burridge: and do me the juſtice to believe that I am, with a perfect affection, dear Sir,

Your moſt humble
and moſt faithful ſervant,
John Locke.

§ 99. *Mr.* LOCKE *to Mr.* BURRIDGE.

London, Oates, Oct. 27.

Sir, 1698.

You gueſſed not amiſs, when you ſaid in the beginning of yours of the 13th inſtant, that you gave me the trouble of a letter: for I have received few letters in my life, the contents whereof have ſo much troubled and afflicted me, as that of yours. I parted with my excellent friend, when he went from England, with all the hopes and promiſes to myſelf of ſeeing him again, and enjoying him longer in the next ſpring. This was a ſatisfaction that helped me to bear our ſeparation; and the ſhort taſte I had of him here, in this our firſt interview, I hoped would be made up in a longer converſation, which he promiſed me the next time: But it has ſerved only to give me a greater ſenſe of my loſs, in an eternal farewel in this world. Your earlier acquaintance may have given you a longer knowledge of his virtue and excellent endowments: A fuller ſight, or greater eſteem of them, you could not have than I. His worth and his friendſhip to me made him an ineſtimable treaſure: which I muſt regret the loſs of the little remainder of my life, without any hopes of repairing it any way. I ſhould be glad, if what I owed the father, could enable me to do

any ſervice to his ſon. He deſerves it for his own ſake, as well as for his father's. I deſire you therefore to aſſure thoſe who have the care of him, that if there be any thing, wherein I at this diſtance may be any way ſerviceable to young Mr. Molyneux, they cannot do me a greater pleaſure than to give me the opportunity to ſhew that my friendſhip died not with his father. Pray give my moſt humble ſervice to Dr. Molyneux, and to his nephew. I am, Sir,

Your moſt faithful
and humble ſervant,
John Locke.

§ 100. *Mr.* LOCKE *to the Lady* CALVERLEY.

Madam,

Whatever reaſon you have to look on me as one of the ſlow men of London, you have this time given me an excuſe for being ſo: for you cannot expect a quick anſwer to a letter, which took me up a good deal of time to get to the beginning of it. I turned, and turned it on every ſide; looked at it again and again, at the top of every page; but could not get into the ſenſe and ſecret of it, till I apply'd myſelf to the middle. You, Madam, who are acquainted with all the ſkill and methods of the ancients, have not, I ſuppoſe, taken up with this hieroglyphical way of writing for nothing: and ſince you were going to put into your letter things that might be the reward of the higheſt merit, you would, by this myſtical intimation, put me into the way of virtue, to deſerve them. But whatever your ladyſhip intended, this is certain, that in the beſt words in the world, you gave me the greateſt humiliation imaginable. Had I as much vanity as a pert citizen, that ſets up for a wit in his pariſh, you have ſaid enough in your letter to content me: and if I could be ſwoln that way, you have taken a great deal of pains to blow me up, and make me the fineſt gaudy bubble in the world, as I am painted by your colours. I know the emperors of the Eaſt ſuffer not ſtrangers to appear before them, till they are dreſſed up out of their own wardrobes: is it ſo too in the empire of wit? and muſt you cover me with your own embroidery, that I may be a fit object for your thoughts and converſation? This, Madam, may ſuit your greatneſs, but doth not at all ſatisfy my ambition. He, who has once flattered himſelf with the hopes of your friendſhip, knows not the true value of things, if he can content himſelf with theſe ſplendid ornaments. As ſoon as I had read your letter, I looked in my glaſs, felt my pulſe, and ſighed; for I found in neither of thoſe the promiſes of thirty years to come. For at the rate I have hitherto advanced, and at the diſtance I ſee by this complimental way of treatment I ſtill am, I ſhall not have time enough in this world to get to you. I do not mean to the place, where you now ſee the pole elevated, as you ſay, 64 degrees. A poſt-horſe, or a coach, would quickly carry me thither. But when ſhall we be acquainted, at this rate? Is that happineſs reſerved to be compleated by the goſſiping bowl, at your granddaughter's lying-in? If I were ſure, that when you leave this dirty place, I ſhould meet you in the ſame ſtar where you are to ſhine next, and that you would then admit me to your converſation, I might perhaps have a little more patience. But methinks it is much better to be ſure of ſomething, than to be put off to expectations of ſo much uncertainty. If there be different elevations of the pole here, that keep you at ſo great a diſtance from thoſe who languiſh in your abſence; who knows but in the other world there are different elevations of perſons? And you, perhaps, will be out of ſight among the ſeraphims; while we are left behind, in ſome dull planet. This, the high flight of your elevated genius gives us juſt augury of, whilſt you are here. But yet, pray take not your place there before your time; nor keep us poor mortals at a greater diſtance than you need. When you have granted me all the nearneſs that acquaintance and friendſhip can give, you have other advantages enough ſtill, to make me ſee how much I am beneath you. This will be only an enlargement of your goodneſs, without leſſening the adoration due to your other excellencies. You ſeem to have ſome thoughts of the town again. If the parliament, or the

term,

term, which draw ſome by the name and appearance of buſineſs; or if company and muſic-meetings, and other ſuch entertainments, which have the attractions of pleaſure and delight, were of any conſideration with you; you would not have much to ſay for Yorkſhire, at this time of the year. But theſe are no arguments to you, who carry your own ſatisfaction, and I know not how many worlds always about you. I would be glad you would think of putting all theſe up in a coach, and bringing them this way. For though you ſhould be never the better, yet there be a great many here that would, and amongſt them, The humbleſt of

your ladyſhip's ſervants,
John Locke.

§ 101. *Mr.* LOCKE *to* ANTHONY COLLINS, *Eſq.*

Sir, Oates, Sept. 20, 1703.

Yours of the 7th, which I juſt now received, is the only letter I have a long time wiſhed for, and the welcomeſt that could come; for I long'd to hear that you were well, that you were returned, and that I might have the opportunity to return you my thanks for the books you ſent me, which came ſafe, and to acknowledge my great obligations to you, for one of the moſt villainous books, that I think ever was printed *. It is a preſent that I highly value. I had heard ſomething of it, when a young man in the univerſity; but poſſibly ſhould never have ſeen this quinteſſence of railing, but for your kindneſs. It ought to be kept as the pattern and ſtandard of that ſort of writing, as the man he ſpends it upon ought for that of good temper, and clear and ſtrong arguing. I am, &c.

§ 102. *To the ſame.*

Sir, Oates, Nov. 17, 1703.

The books I received from you to-night, with the kind letter accompanying them, far more valuable than the books, give matter of enlarging myſelf this evening. The common offices of friendſhip, that I conſtanty receive from you in a very obliging manner, give me ſcope enough, and afford me large matter of acknowledgment. But when I think of you, I feel ſomething of nearer concernment that touches me; and that noble principle of the love of truth, which poſſeſſes you, makes me almoſt forget thoſe other obligations, which I ſhould be very thankful for to another. In good earneſt, Sir, you cannot think what a comfort it is to me, to have found out ſuch a man: and not only ſo, but I have the ſatisfaction that he is my friend. This gives a guſto to all the good things you ſay to me in your letter. For though I cannot attribute them to myſelf (for I know my own defects too well) yet I am ready to perſuade myſelf you mean as you ſay; and to confeſs the truth to you, I am almoſt loth to undeceive you, ſo much do I value your good opinion. But to ſet it upon the right ground, you muſt know that I am a poor ignorant man, and if I have any thing to boaſt of, it is that I ſincerely love and ſeek truth, with indifferency whom it pleaſes or diſpleaſes. I take you to be of the ſame ſchool, and ſo embrace you. And if it pleaſe God to afford me ſo much life as to ſee you again, I ſhall communicate to you ſome of my thoughts tending that way. You need not make any apology for any book that is not yet come. I thank you for thoſe you have ſent me: they are more, I think, than I ſhall uſe; for the indiſpoſition of my health has beaten me almoſt quite out of the uſe of books; and the growing uneaſineſs of my diſtemper * makes me good for nothing. I am, &c.

§ 103. *To the ſame.*

Oates, Jan. 24,
Sir, 1703-4.

Till your confidence in my friendſhip, and freedom with me, can preſerve you from thinking you have need to make apologies for your ſilence, whenever you omit a poſt or two, when in your kind way of reckoning you judge a letter to be due; you know me not ſo well as I could wiſh: nor am I ſo little burdenſome to you as I deſire. I could be pleaſed to hear from you every day; becauſe the very thoughts of you every

* *Chillingworthi noviſſima*: or the ſickneſs, hereſy, death, and burial of WILLIAM CHILLINGWORTH.

* An aſthma.

day afford me pleaſure and ſatisfaction. But I beſeech you to believe, that I meaſure not your kindneſs by your opportunities of writing; nor do ſuſpect that your friendſhip faulters, whenever your pen lies a little ſtill. The ſincerity you profeſs, and I am convinced of, has charms in it, againſt all the little phantoms of ceremony. If it be not ſo, that true friendſhip ſets one free from a ſcrupulous obſervance of all thoſe little circumſtances, I ſhall be able to give but a very ill account of myſelf to my friends; to whom when I have given poſſeſſion of my heart, I am leſs punctual of making of legs, and kiſſing my hand, than to other people, to whom that outſide civility is all that belongs. I received the three books you ſent me. That which the author ſent me *, deſerves my acknowledgments more ways than one: and I muſt beg you to return it. His demonſtrations are ſo plain, that if this were an age that followed reaſon, I ſhould not doubt but this would prevail. But to be rational is ſo glorious a thing, that two-legged creatures generally content themſelves with the title; but will not debaſe ſo excellent a faculty, about the conduct of ſo trivial a thing, as they make themſelves. There never was a man better ſuited to your wiſhes, than I am. You take a pleaſure in being troubled with my commiſſions; and I have no other way of commerce with you, but by ſuch importunities. I can only ſay, that, were the tables changed, I ſhould, being in your place, have the ſame ſatisfaction; and therefore confidently make uſe of your kind offer. I therefore beg the favour of you to get me Mr. Le Clerc's Harmony of the Evangeliſts, in Engliſh, bound very finely in calf, gilt and lettered on the back, and gilt on the leaves; ſo alſo I would have Moliere's works (of the beſt edition you can get them) bound. Theſe books are for the ladies; and therefore I would have them fine, and the leaves gilt as well as the back. Moliere, of the Paris edition, I think, is the beſt, if it can be got in London in quires. You ſee the liberty I take. I ſhould be glad you could find out ſomething for me to do for you here.

I am perfectly, &c,

§ 104. *To the ſame.*

Oates, May 19,
1704.

Dear Sir,

Nothing works ſo ſteadily and effectually as friendſhip. Had I hired a man to have gone to town in my buſineſs, and paid him well, my commiſſions would not have been ſo ſoon, nor ſo well diſpatched, as I find by yours of the 16th, they have been by you. You ſpeak of my affairs, and act in them with ſuch an air of intereſt and ſatisfaction, that I can hardly avoid thinking, that I oblige you with employing you in them. 'Tis no ſmall advantage to me, to have found ſuch a friend, at the laſt ſcene of my life; when I am good for nothing, and am grown ſo uſeleſs, that I cannot but be ſure that in every good office you do me, you can propoſe to yourſelf no other advantage, but the pleaſure of doing it. Every one here finds himſelf obliged, by your late good company. As for myſelf, if you had not convinced me by a ſenſible experiment, I could not have believed, I could have had ſo many happy days together. I ſhall always pray, that yours may be multiplied. Could I in the leaſt contribute any thing thereto, I ſhould think myſelf happy in this poor decaying ſtate of my health; which, though it affords me little in this world to enjoy, yet I find the charms of your company make me not feel the want of ſtrength, or breath, or any thing elſe.

The biſhop of Glouceſter came hither the day you went from hence, and in no very good ſtate of health. I find two groaning people make but an uncomfortable concert. He returned yeſterday, and went away in ſomewhat a better ſtate. I hope he got well to town.

Enjoy your health and youth whilſt you have it, to all the advantages and improvements of an innocent and pleaſant life; remembering that mercileſs old-age is in purſuit of you, and when it overtakes you, will not fail, ſome way

* Reaſons againſt reſtraining the preſs, London, 1704, in quarto.

way or other, to impair the enjoyments both of body and mind. You know how apt I am to preach. I believe it is one of the diſeaſes of old age. But my friends will forgive me, when I have nothing to perſuade them to, but that they ſhould endeavour to be as happy, as it is poſſible for them to be: And to you I have no more to ſay, but that you go on in the courſe you are in. I reflect often upon it, with a ſecret joy, that you promiſed I ſhould in a ſhort time ſee you again. You are very good, and I dare not preſs you. But I cannot but remember how well I paſſed my time, when you were here. I am, &c.

§ 105. *To the ſame directed thus:*

"*For* ANTHONY COLLINS, *Eſq; to be delivered to him after my deceaſe:*"

Dear Sir,

By my will you will ſee that I had ſome kindneſs for * * *. And I knew no better way to take care of him, than to put him, and what I deſigned for him, into your hands and management: the knowledge I have of your virtue of all kinds, ſecures the truſt, which, by your permiſſion, I have placed in you; and the peculiar eſteem and love I have obſerved in the young man for you, will diſpoſe him to be ruled and influenced by you, ſo that of that I need ſay nothing. But there is one thing, which it is neceſſary for me to recommend to your eſpecial care and memory * * * * * *.

May you live long and happy, in the enjoyment of health, freedom, content, and all thoſe bleſſings which Providence has beſtowed on you, and your virtue entitles you to! I know you loved me living; and will preſerve my memory, now I am dead. All the uſe to be made of it is, that this life is a ſcene of vanity, that ſoon paſſes away; and affords no ſolid ſatisfaction, but in the conſciouſneſs of doing well, and in the hopes of another life. This is what I can ſay, upon experience, and what you will find to be true, when you come to make up the account. Adieu! I leave my beſt wiſhes with you. *John Locke.*

§ 106. *Sir* WILLIAM TEMPLE *to Mr.* SIDNEY.

Hague, Dec. 13, N. S.

Sir, 1675.

Though I did not like the date of your laſt letter, yet I did all the reſt very well. I thought Lyons a little too far off for one I wiſh always in my reach: but when I remembered it was a place of ſo great trade, and where you told me yours had been very good in former times, I was contented to think you ſpent your time to your own advantage and ſatisfaction, though not to your friends, by keeping at ſuch a diſtance. I was very well pleaſed t'other day with a viſit made me by Captain Freſheim, who was much in your praiſes; but I did not like that he ſhould make you kinder to him than to me: yet I think he deſerves it of you, if all be true that he tells; for he pretends to think you *le plus bel homme, & le plus honnete homme*, and I know not what more, that never came into my head, as you know very well. However, I was mighty glad to hear him ſay, you had the beſt health that could be, and that you looked as if you would keep it ſo, if you did not grow too kind to the place and company you lived in, or they to you. Yet after what you tell me of the French air and Bourbon waters, I am much apter to wiſh myſelf there, than you in theſe parts of the world; and though I hear news every day from all ſides, yet I have not heard any ſo good ſince I came upon this ſcene, as what you ſend me, of the effects I am like to feel by the change, whenever I come upon that where you are. They will be greater and better than any I can expect by being the buſy man, though *je pourrois bien faire merveilles*, with the company I am joined to; and nobody knows to what Sir Ellis may raiſe another ambaſſador, that has already raiſed one from the dead. They begin to talk now of our going to Nimeguen, as if it were nearer than I thought it a month ago. When we are there, it will be time enough to tell you what I think of our coming away. Hitherto, I can only ſay, there are ſo many ſplinters in the broken bone, that

the patient muſt be very good, as well as the ſurgeon, if it be a ſudden cure. And though I believe, both where you and I are, the diſpoſitions towards it are very well, yet I doubt of thoſe who are farther off on both ſides of us. For aught any body knows, this great dance may end as others uſe to do, every man coming to the place where they begun, or near it: only, againſt all reaſon and cuſtom, I doubt the poor Swede, that never led the dance, is likelieſt to pay the fidlers. I hope you know what paſſes at home; at leaſt, 'tis pity you ſhould not: but if you don't, you ſhall not for me at this diſtance; and ſince you talk of returning, the matter is not great. In the mean time, pray let me know your motions and your health, ſince the want of your cypher keeps me from other things you ſaid you had a mind to tell me. I hear nothing of the letter you ſay you have ſent me by ſo good a hand; ſo that all I can ſay to that is, that by whatſoever it comes, any will be welcome that comes from yours; becauſe nobody loves you better than I, nor can be more than I am,

Yours, &c.

§ 107. *Sir* WILLIAM TEMPLE *to Lord* ARLINGTON.

Bruſſels, March 2, N. S.

My Lord, 1668.

I am ſorry his majeſty ſhould meet with any thing he did not look for at the opening of this ſeſſion of parliament; but confeſs, I do not ſee why his majeſty ſhould not only conſent to, but encourage any enquiries or diſquiſitions they deſire to make into the miſcarriages of the late war, as well as he has done already in the matter of accounts; for, if it be not neceſſary, it is a king's eaſe and happineſs to content his people. ¶ I doubt, as men will never part willingly with their monies, unleſs they be well perſuaded it will be employed directly to thoſe ends for which they gave it; ſo they will never be ſatisfied with a government, unleſs they ſee men are choſen into offices and employments by being fit for them; continued for diſcharging them well; rewarded for extraordinary merit, and puniſhed for remarkable faults. Beſides, in theſe caſes, his majeſty diſcharges the hardſhips and ſeverity of all puniſhments upon the parliament, and commits no force upon the gentleneſs of his own nature, while his ſubjects ſee that no tenderneſs of their prince, nor corruption of miniſters, can preſerve them long from paying what they owe to any forfeits of their duty. Nor indeed can any prince do juſtice to thoſe that ſerve him well, without puniſhing thoſe that ſerve him ill; ſince that is to make their conditions equal, whoſe deſerts are different. I ſhould not ſay this to any perſon but to your lordſhip to whom I know part of that juſtice is due. But to ſay truth, the progreſs and end of the laſt war went ſo much to my heart, and I have heard ſo much lately from Monſieur de Wit, concerning the carriage of it on our ſide, eſpecially what fell under his eye when he was abroad in the fleet, that I cannot but think the parliament may be excuſed for their warmth in this purſuit. But your lordſhip can beſt diſcern by the courſe of debates, whether this proceeds from a ſteady intention upon a general good, or from ſome accidental diſtempers, from which the greateſt and beſt aſſemblies of men are not always free, eſpecially when they have continued long together. I beg your lordſhip's pardon for my liberty in theſe diſcourſes, to which you were pleaſed to encourage me, by hearing me ſo obligingly thoſe few minutes I was allowed for ſuch talk or thoughts at my laſt being with you, and from the ſenſe you then expreſſed of the abſolute neceſſity there was for his majeſty to fall into a perfect intelligence with his parliament, eſpecially being engaged into an appearance of action abroad by the force of this preſent conjuncture.

I am ever, &c.

§ 108. *Sir* WILLIAM TEMPLE *to the Biſhop of* ROCHESTER.

Nimeguen, May 21, N. S.

My Lord, 1677.

I am unacquainted with thanks or praiſes, having ſo little deſerved any, that I muſt judge of them rather by the

the report of others, than by any experience of my own. But if, by either, I underſtand any thing of them, all the charm or value they have ariſes from the eſteem a man has of the perſon that gives them, or the belief in ſome meaſure of his own deſerving them. The firſt of theſe circumſtances gave ſo great an advantage to thoſe I had lately the honour of receiving from your lordſhip, in a letter delivered me by Mr. Dolben, that the want of the other was but neceſſary to allay the vanity they might otherwiſe have given me. But where a man can find no ground to flatter himſelf upon the thanks he receives, he begins to conſider whether they are praiſe or reproach: and ſo I am ſure I have reaſon to do in the acknowledgments your lordſhip is pleaſed to make me of any favours to your ſon, who has never yet been ſo kind to me, as to give me the leaſt occaſion of obliging him. I confeſs, I ſhould have been glad to meet with any, though I do not remember ſo much as ever to have told him ſo; but if he has gueſſed it from my countenance or converſation, it is a teſtimony of his obſerving much, and judging well; which are qualities I have thought him guilty of, among thoſe others that allow me to do him no favour but juſtice only in eſteeming him. 'Tis his fortune to have been beforehand with me, by giving your lordſhip an occaſion to take notice of me, and thereby furniſhing me with a pretence of entering into your ſervice: which gives him a new title to any I can do him, and your lordſhip a very juſt one to employ me upon all occaſions. Notwithſtanding your lordſhip's favourable opinion, I will aſſure you, 'tis well for me, that our work here requires little ſkill, and that we have no more but forms to deal with in this congreſs, while the treaty is truly in the field, where the conditions of it are yet to be determined. *Fata viam invenient:* which is all I can ſay of it: nor ſhall I increaſe your lordſhip's preſent trouble, beyond the profeſſions of my being,

My lord,
your lordſhip's moſt obedient,
humble ſervant.

§ 109. *Dr.* GARTH *to* ANTHONY HENLEY, *Eſq; incloſing a Poem, called his "Diſpenſary."*

Sir,

A man of your character can no more prevent a dedication, than he would encourage one; for merit, like a virgin's bluſhes, is ſtill moſt diſcovered, when it labours moſt to be concealed.

'Tis hard, to think well of you ſhould be but juſtice, and to tell you ſo ſhould be an offence: thus, rather than violate your modeſty, I muſt be wanting to your other virtues; and to gratify one good quality, do wrong to a thouſand.

The world generally meaſures our eſteem by the ardour of our pretences; and will ſcarce believe that ſo much zeal in the heart can be conſiſtent with ſo much faintneſs in the expreſſion: but when they reflect on your readineſs to do good, and your induſtry to hide it; on your paſſion to oblige, and your pain to hear it owned; they will conclude, that acknowledgments would be ungrateful to a perſon, who even ſeems to receive the obligations he confers. But though I ſhould perſuade myſelf to be ſilent upon all occaſions, thoſe more polite arts, which, till of late, have languiſhed and decayed, would appear under their preſent advantages, and own you for one of their generous reſtorers; inſomuch, that ſculpture now breathes, painting ſpeaks, muſic raviſhes; and as you help to refine our taſte, you diſtinguiſh your own. Your approbation of this poem is the only exception to the opinion the world has of your judgment, that ought to reliſh nothing ſo much as what you write yourſelf: but you are reſolved to forget to be a critic, by remembering you are a friend. To ſay more, would be uneaſy to you; and to ſay leſs, would be unjuſt in

Your humble ſervant.

§ 110. *Mr.* DRYDEN *to Mr.* DENNIS.

My dear Mr. Dennis,

When I read a letter ſo full of my commendations as your laſt, I cannot but conſider you as the maſter of a vaſt treaſure, who, having more than enough for yourſelf, are forced to flow out upon your

your friends. You have indeed the beſt right to give them, ſince you have them in propriety: but they are no more mine, when I receive them, than the light of the moon can be allowed to be her own, who ſhines but by the reflection of her brother. Your own poetry is a more powerful example, to prove that the modern writers may enter into compariſon with the ancients, than any which Perrault could produce in France; yet neither he nor you, who are a better critic, can perſuade me that there is any room left for a ſolid commendation, at this time of day at leaſt, for me. If I undertake the tranſlation of Virgil, the little which I can perform will ſhew, at leaſt, that no man is fit to write after him, in a barbarous modern tongue: neither will his machines be of any ſervice to a Chriſtian poet. We ſee how ineffectually they have been tried by Taſſo and by Arioſto. 'Tis uſing them too dully, if we only make devils of his gods: as if, for example, I would raiſe a ſtorm, and make uſe of Æolus, with this only difference, of calling him Prince of the Air, what invention of mine would there be in this? or who would not ſee Virgil through me, only the ſame trick played over again by a bungling juggler? Boileau has well obſerved, that it is an eaſy matter, in a Chriſtian poem, for God to bring the devil to reaſon. I think I have given a better hint for new machines in my preface to Juvenal, where I have particularly recommended two ſubjects, one of king Arthur's conqueſt of the Saxons, and the other of the Black Prince, in his conqueſt of Spain. But the guardian angels of monarchies and kingdoms are not to be touched by every hand. A man muſt be deeply converſant in the Platonic philoſophy to deal with them: and therefore I may reaſonably expect, that no poet of our age will preſume to handle thoſe machines, for fear of diſcovering his own ignorance; or, if he ſhould, he might, perhaps, be ungrateful enough not to own me for his benefactor. After I have confeſſed thus much of our modern heroic poetry, I cannot but conclude with Mr. Rym—, that our Engliſh comedy is far beyond any thing of the ancients. And, notwithſtanding our irregularities, ſo is our tragedy. Shakeſpeare had a genius for it; and we know, in ſpite of Mr. R——, that genius alone is a greater virtue (if I may ſo call it) than all other qualifications put together. You ſee what ſucceſs this learned critic has found in the world, after his blaſphemings Shakeſpeare. Almoſt all the faults which he has diſcovered are truly there; yet who will read Mr. Rym——, or not read Shakeſpeare? For my own part, I reverence Mr. Rym——'s learning, but I deteſt his ill-nature and his arrogance. I, indeed, and ſuch as I, have reaſon to be afraid of him, but Shakeſpeare has not. There is another part of poetry in which the Engliſh ſtand almoſt upon an equal footing with the ancients; and 'tis that which we call Pindarique, introduced, but not perfected, by our famous Mr. Cowley: and of this, Sir, you are certainly one of the greateſt maſters: you have the ſublimity of ſenſe as well as ſound, and know how far the boldneſs of a poet may lawfully extend. I could wiſh you would cultivate this kind of ode, and reduce it either to the ſame meaſure which Pindar uſed, or give new meaſures of your own. For, as it is, it looks like a vaſt tract of land newly diſcovered. The ſoil is wonderfully fruitful, but unmanured; overſtocked with inhabitants, but almoſt all ſavages, without laws, arts, arms, or policy. I remember poor Nat. Lee, who was then upon the verge of madneſs, yet made a ſober and witty anſwer to a bad poet, who told him, "It was an eaſy "thing to write like a madman."—"No," ſaid he, "it is very difficult "to write like a madman; but it is a "very eaſy matter to write like a fool." Otway and he are ſafe by death from all attacks, but we poor poets militant (to uſe Mr. Cowley's expreſſions) are at the mercy of wretched ſcribblers; and when they cannot faſten upon our verſes, they fall upon our morals, our principles of ſtate, and religion. For my principles of religion, I will not juſtify them to you; I know yours are far different. For the ſame reaſon, I ſhall ſay nothing of my principles of ſtate: I believe you in yours follow the dictates

of

of your reaſon, as I in mine do thoſe of my conſcience. If I thought myſelf in an error, I would retract it; I am ſure that I ſuffer for them; and Milton makes even the devil ſay, "That no "creature is in love with pain." For my morals betwixt man and man, I am not to be my own judge; I appeal to the world, if I have deceived or defrauded any man: and for my private converſation, they who ſee me every day can be the beſt witneſſes, whether or no it be blameleſs and inoffenſive. Hitherto I have no reaſon to complain that men of either party ſhun my company. I have never been an impudent beggar at the doors of noblemen: my viſits have indeed been too rare to be unacceptable, and but juſt enough to teſtify my gratitude for their bounty; which I have frequently received, but always unaſked, as themſelves will witneſs. I have written more than I needed to you on this ſubject; for, I dare ſay, you juſtify me to yourſelf. As for that which I firſt intended for the principal ſubject of this letter, which is my friend's paſſion, and his deſign of marriage, on better conſideration I have changed my mind: for having had the honour to ſee my dear friend Wycherley's letter to him on that occaſion, I find nothing to be added or amended. But, as well as I love Mr. Wycherley, I confeſs I love myſelf ſo well, that I will not ſhew how much I am inferior to him in wit and judgment, by undertaking any thing after him. There is Moſes and the prophets in his counſel. Jupiter and Juno, as the poets tell us, made Tireſias their umpire, in a certain merry diſpute which fell out in heaven betwixt them: Tireſias, you know, had been of both ſexes, and therefore was a proper judge. Our friend Mr. Wycherley is full as competent an arbitrator: he has been a batchelor, and a married man, and is now a widower. Virgil ſays of Ceneus,

——Nunc vir nunc fœmina Ceneus,
Rurſus & in veterem fato revoluta figuram.

Yet, I ſuppoſe, he will not give any large commendations to his middle ſtate; nor, as the ſailor ſaid, will be fond, after ſhipwreck, to put to ſea again. If my friend will adventure after this, I can but wiſh him a good wind, as being his; and,

My dear Mr. Dennis,
Yours, &c.

§ 111. *Queen* ANN BOLEYN's *laſt Letter to King* HENRY VIII.

Sir,

Your grace's diſpleaſure and my impriſonment are things ſo ſtrange unto me, as what to write, or what to excuſe, I am altogether ignorant: Whereas you ſend unto me (willing me to confeſs a truth, and ſo obtain your favour) by ſuch a one, whom you know to be mine ancient profeſſed enemy; I no ſooner received this meſſage by him, than I rightly conceived your meaning; and if, as you ſay, confeſſing a truth indeed may procure my ſafety, I ſhall, with all willingneſs and duty, perform your command. But let not your grace ever imagine, that your poor wife will ever be brought to acknowledge a fault, where not ſo much as a thought thereof preceded. And to ſpeak a truth, never prince had wife more loyal in all duty, and in all true affection, than you have ever found in Ann Boleyn; with which name and place I could willingly have contented myſelf, if God and your grace's pleaſure had been ſo pleaſed. Neither did I at any time ſo far forget myſelf in my exaltation, or received queenſhip, but that I always looked for ſuch an alteration as I now find; for the ground of my preferment being on no ſurer foundation than your grace's fancy, the leaſt alteration I knew was fit and ſufficient to draw that fancy to ſome other object. You have choſen me, from a low eſtate, to be your queen and companion, far beyond my deſert or deſire. If then you found me worthy of ſuch honour, good your grace let not any light fancy, or bad counſel of mine enemies, withdraw your princely favour from me; neither let that ſtain, that unworthy ſtain, of a diſloyal heart towards your good grace, ever caſt ſo foul a blot on your moſt dutiful wife, and the infant princeſs your daughter. Try me, good king, but let me have a lawful trial, for my truth ſhall fear no open ſhame; then ſhall you ſee either mine innocence clear-

ed, your ſuſpicion and conſcience ſatisfied, the ignominy and ſlander of the world ſtopped, or my guilt openly declared. So that whatſoever God or you may determine of me, your grace may be freed from an open cenſure, and mine offences being ſo lawfully proved, your grace is at liberty, both before God and man, not only to execute worthy puniſhment on me as an unlawful wife, but to follow your affection, already ſettled on that party, for whoſe ſake I am now as I am; whoſe name I could, ſome good while ſince, have pointed unto, your grace not being ignorant of my ſuſpicion therein.

But if you have already determined of me, and that not only my death, but an infamous ſlander muſt bring you the enjoying of your deſired happineſs; then I deſire of God, that he will pardon your great ſin therein, and likewiſe mine enemies, the inſtruments thereof; and that he will not call you to a ſtrict account for your unprincely and cruel uſage of me, at his general judgment-ſeat, where both you and myſelf muſt ſhortly appear, and in whoſe judgment I doubt not (whatſoever the world may think of me) mine innocence ſhall be openly known, and ſufficiently cleared.

My laſt and only requeſt ſhall be, that myſelf may only bear the burden of your grace's diſpleaſure, and that it may not touch the innocent ſouls of thoſe poor gentlemen, who (as I underſtand) are likewiſe in ſtrait impriſonment for my ſake. If ever I have found favour in your ſight, if ever the name of Ann Boleyn hath been pleaſing in your ears, then let me obtain this requeſt; and I will ſo leave to trouble your grace any farther, with mine earneſt prayers to the Trinity to have your grace in his good keeping, and to direct you in all your actions.

From my doleful priſon in the Tower, this 6th of May.

Your loyal and ever faithful wife,

Ann Boleyn.

§ 112. *Sir* WALTER RALEIGH *to Prince* HENRY, *Son of* JAMES I.

May it pleaſe your Highneſs,

The following lines are addreſſed to your highneſs, from a man who values his liberty, and a very ſmall fortune in a remote part of this iſland, under the preſent conſtitution, above all the riches and honours that he could any where enjoy under any other eſtabliſhment. You ſee, Sir, the doctrines that are lately come into the world, and how far the phraſe has obtained, of calling your royal father God's vicegerent; which ill men have turned both to the diſhonour of God, and the impeachment of his majeſty's goodneſs. They adjoin vicegerency to the idea of being all-powerful, and not to that of being all-good. His majeſty's wiſdom, it is to be hoped, will ſave him from the ſnare that may lie under groſs adulations; but your youth, and the thirſt of praiſe which I have obſerved in you, may poſſibly miſlead you to hearken to theſe charmers, who would conduct your noble nature into tyranny. Be careful, O my prince! hear them not; fly from their deceits. You are in the ſucceſſion to a throne, from whence no evil can be imputed to you, but all good muſt be conveyed from you. Your father is called the vicegerent of Heaven; while he is good, he is the vicegerent of Heaven. Shall men have authority from the Fountain of good to do evil? No, my prince; let mean and degenerate ſpirits, which want benevolence, ſuppoſe your power impaired by a diſability of doing injuries. If want of power to do ill be an incapacity in a prince, with reverence be it ſpoken, it is an incapacity he has in common with the Deity. Let me not doubt but all pleas, which do not carry in them the mutual happineſs of prince and people, will appear as abſurd to your great underſtanding, as diſagreeable to your noble nature. Exert yourſelf, O generous prince, againſt ſuch ſycophants, in the glorious cauſe of liberty; and aſſume ſuch an ambition worthy of you, to ſecure your fellow-creatures from ſlavery; from a condition as much below that of brutes, as to act without reaſon is leſs miſerable than to act againſt it. Preſerve to your future ſubjects the divine right of being free agents; and to your own royal houſe, the divine right of being their benefactors. Believe me, my prince, there is no other right can flow from God. While your highneſs is forming

ing yourſelf for a throne, conſider the law as ſo many common places in your ſtudy of the ſcience of government; when you mean nothing but juſtice, they are an eaſe and help to you. This way of thinking is what gave men the glorious appellations of deliverers and fathers of their country; this made the ſight of them rouze their beholders into acclamations, and mankind incapable of bearing their appearance, without applauding it as a benefit. Conſider the inexpreſſible advantages which will ever attend your highneſs, while you make the power of rendering men happy the meaſure of your actions. While this is your impulſe, how eaſily will that power be extended! The glance of your eye will give gladneſs, and your very ſentence have a force of bounty. Whatever ſome men would inſinuate, you have loſt your ſubjects when you have loſt their inclinations. You are to preſide over the minds, not the bodies of men; the ſoul is the eſſence of the man, and you cannot have the true man againſt his inclinations. Chuſe therefore to be the king, or the conqueror of your people; it may be ſubmiſſion, but it cannot be obedience, that is paſſive.

I am, Sir,
Your highneſs's
moſt faithful ſervant,
Walter Raleigh.

§ 113. CHARLES I. *to the Earl of* STRAFFORD.

STRAFFORD,

The misfortune that has fallen upon you by the ſtrange miſtaking and conjuncture of theſe times being ſuch, that I muſt lay by the thought of employing you hereafter in my affairs; yet I cannot ſatisfy myſelf in honour or conſcience, without aſſuring you (now in the midſt of your troubles) that, upon the word of a king, you ſhall not ſuffer in life, honour, or fortune. This is but juſtice, and therefore a very mean reward from a maſter to ſo faithful and able a ſervant, as you have ſhowed yourſelf to be; yet it is as much, as I conceive the preſent times will permit, though none ſhall hinder me from being,

Your conſtant faithful friend,
Charles R.

§ 114. *Earl of* STRAFFORD *to his Son.*

My deareſt WILL,

Theſe are the laſt lines that you are to receive from a father that tenderly loves you. I wiſh there were a greater leiſure to impart my mind unto you; but our merciful God will ſupply all things by his grace, and guide and protect you in all your ways; to whoſe infinite goodneſs I bequeath you; and therefore be not diſcouraged, but ſerve him, and truſt in him, and he will preſerve and proſper you in all things. Be ſure you give all reſpects to my wife, that hath ever had a great love unto you, and therefore will be well becoming you. Never be wanting in your love and care to your ſiſters, but let them ever be moſt dear unto you: for that will give others cauſe to eſteem and reſpect you for it, and is a duty that you owe them in the memory of your excellent mother and myſelf: therefore your care and affection to them muſt be the very ſame that you are to have of yourſelf; and the like regard muſt you have to your youngeſt ſiſter; for indeed you owe it her alſo, both for her father and mother's ſake. Sweet Will, be careful to take the advice of thoſe friends, which are by me deſired to adviſe you for your education. Serve God diligently morning and evening, and recommend yourſelf unto him, and have him before your eyes in all your ways. With patience hear the inſtructions of thoſe friends I leave with you, and diligently follow their counſel. For, till you come by time to have experience in the world, it will be far more ſafe to truſt to their judgments than your own. Loſe not the time of your youth, but gather thoſe ſeeds of virtue and knowledge which may be of uſe to yourſelf, and comfort to your friends, for the reſt of your life. And that this may be the better effected, attend thereto with patience, and be ſure to correct and refrain yourſelf from anger. Suffer not ſorrow to caſt you down; but with chearfulneſs and good courage go on the race you have to run in all ſobriety and truth. Be ſure with an hallowed care to have reſpect to all the commandments of God, and give not yourſelf to neglect them in the leaſt things, leſt by degrees you come to for-

get

get them in the greateſt; for the heart of man is deceitful above all things. And in all your duties and devotions towards God, rather perform them joyfully than penſively, for God loves a chearful giver. For your religion, let it be directed according to that which ſhall be taught by thoſe which are in God's church, the proper teachers thereof, rather than that you ever either fancy one to yourſelf, or be led by men that are ſingular in their own opinion, and delight to go ways of their own finding out: for you will certainly find ſoberneſs and truth in the one, and much unſteadineſs and vanity in the other. The king, I truſt, will deal graciouſly with you; reſtore you thoſe honours and that fortune, which a diſtempered time hath deprived you of, together with the life of your father; which I rather adviſe might be a new gift and creation from himſelf, than by any other means, to the end you may pay the thanks to him without having obligations to any other. Be ſure to avoid, as much as you can, to enquire after thoſe that have been ſharp in their judgments towards me, and I charge you never to ſuffer thought of revenge to enter into your heart; but be careful to be informed who were my friends in this proſecution, and to them apply yourſelf to make them your friends alſo; and on ſuch you may rely, and beſtow much of your converſation amongſt them. And God Almighty, of his infinite goodneſs, bleſs you and your children's children; and his ſame goodneſs bleſs your ſiſters in like manner, perfect you in every good work, and give you right underſtandings in all things. Amen.

Your moſt loving father,

T. Wentworth.

§ 115. *King* CHARLES *the Second's Letter to the Duke of* YORK *in his Exile.*

I have already given you my reaſons at large, why I think it fit that you ſhould abſent yourſelf for ſome time beyond ſea. As I am utterly ſorry for the occaſion, ſo you may be ſure I ſhall never deſire it longer, than it will be abſolutely neceſſary both for your good and my ſervice. In the mean time, I think it proper to give you, under my hand, that I expect this compliance from you, and I deſire it may be as ſoon as conveniently you can. You may eaſily believe with what trouble I write this to you, there being nothing I am more ſenſible of than the conſtant kindneſs you have ever had for me; and I hope you are ſo juſt to me, as to be aſſured that no abſence, or any thing elſe, can ever change me from ever being truly and kindly yours,

Charles Rex.

§ 116. *Queen* ANNE *to the Duke of* MARLBOROUGH *after the Victory of* Oudenarde.

I want words to expreſs the joy I have that you are well after your glorious ſucceſs, for which, next to Almighty God, my thanks are due to you: and indeed I can never ſay enough for all the great and faithful ſervices you have ever done me. But be ſo juſt as to believe I am as truly ſenſible of them as a grateful heart can be, and ſhall be ready to ſhew it upon all occaſions. I hope you cannot doubt of my eſteem and friendſhip for you, nor think, becauſe I differ with you in ſome things, it is for want of either. No; I do aſſure you, if you were here, I am ſure you would not think me ſo much in the wrong in ſome things, as I fear you do now. I am afraid my letter ſhould come too late to London, and therefore dare ſay no more, but that I pray God Almighty to continue his protection over you, and ſend you ſafe home again: and be aſſured I ſhall ever be ſincerely, &c.

§ 117. *Duke of* MARLBOROUGH *to Queen* ANNE.

Madam,

By what I hear from London, I find your Majeſty is pleaſed to think, that when I have reflected, I muſt be of opinion, that you are in the right in giving Mr. Hill the Earl of Eſſex's regiment. I beg your Majeſty will be ſo juſt to me, as not to think I can be ſo unreaſonable as to be mortified to the degree that I am, if it proceeded only from this one thing; for I ſhall always be ready and glad to do every thing that is agreeable to you, after I have repreſented what may be a

prejudice

prejudice to your ſervice. But this is only one of a great many mortifications that I have met with. And as I may not have many opportunities of writing to you, let me beg of your Majeſty to reflect what your own people and the reſt of the world muſt think, who have been witneſſes of the love, zeal, and duty, with which I have ſerved you, when they ſhall ſee, that after all I have done, it has not been able to protect me againſt the malice of a bed-chamber woman. Your Majeſty will allow me, on this occaſion, to remind you of what I writ to you the laſt campaign, of the certain knowledge I had of Mrs. Maſham's having aſſured Mr. Harley, that I ſhould receive ſuch conſtant mortifications, as ſhould make it impoſſible for me to continue in your ſervice. God Almighty and the whole world are my witneſſes, with what care and pains I have ſerved you, more than twenty years; and I was reſolved, if poſſible, to have ſtruggled with difficulties to the end of this war. But the many inſtances I have had of your Majeſty's great change to me, has ſo broke my ſpirits, that I muſt beg, as the greateſt and laſt favour, that you would approve of my retiring, ſo that I may employ the little time I have to live, in making my juſt acknowledgments to God, for the protection he has been pleaſed to give me: and your Majeſty may be aſſured, that my zeal for you and my country is ſo great, that in my retirement I ſhall daily pray for your proſperity, and that thoſe who ſhall ſerve you as faithfully as I have done, may never feel the hard return that I have met with.

§ 118. *From the celebrated Mrs* ROWE, *to the Right Hon. the Counteſs of* HERTFORD.

Written the day before her death.

Madam,

This is the laſt letter you will ever receive from me, the laſt aſſurance I ſhall give you on earth, of a ſincere and ſteadfaſt friendſhip; but when we meet again, I hope it will be in the heights of immortal love and extaſy. Mine perhaps may be the glad ſpirit to congratulate your ſafe arrival to the happy ſhores. Heaven can witneſs how ſincere my concern for your happineſs is: thither I have ſent my ardent wiſhes, that you may be ſecured from the flattering deluſions of the world; and, after your pious example has been long a bleſſing to mankind, may calmly reſign your breath, and enter the confines of unmoleſted joy.—I am now taking my farewell of you here, but it is a ſhort adieu, with full perſuaſion that we ſhall ſoon meet again.—But oh! in what elevation of happineſs!—In what enlargement of mind, and what perfection of every faculty!—What tranſporting reflections ſhall we make on the advantages of which we ſhall be eternally poſſeſſed!—To him that loved us in his blood ſhall we aſcribe immortal glory, dominion, and praiſe for ever: this is all my ſalvation, all my hope. That name in whom the Gentiles truſt, in whom all the families of the earth are bleſſed, is now my glorious, my unfailing confidence. In his worth alone I expect to ſtand juſtified before infinite purity and juſtice.—How poor are my hopes, if I depended on thoſe works, which my vanity, or the partiality of men, have called good; and which, if examined by divine purity, would prove, perhaps, but ſpecious ſins! The beſt actions of my life would be found defective, if brought to the teſt of that unblemiſhed holineſs, in whoſe ſight the heavens are not clean. Where were my hopes, but for a redeemer's merit and atonement?—How deſperate, how undone my condition!—With the utmoſt advantages I could boaſt, I ſhould ſtep back and tremble at the thoughts of appearing before the unblemiſhed majeſty!—Oh Jeſus! What harmony dwells in thy name! Celeſtial joy and immortal life are in the ſound:—Let angels ſet thee to their golden harps, let the ranſomed nations for ever magnify thee.—What a dream is mortal life! What ſhadows are all the objects of mortal ſenſe! All the glories of mortality (my much beloved friend) will be nothing in your view at the awful hour of death, when you muſt be ſeparated from this lower creation, and enter on the borders of the immortal world.

Something

Something perſuades me this will be the laſt farewell in this world; Heaven forbid it ſhould be an everlaſting parting! May that divine protection, whoſe care I implore, keep you ſteadfaſt in the faith of chriſtianity, and guide your ſteps in the ſtricteſt paths of virtue! Adieu, my moſt dear friend, until we meet in the paradiſe of God. *E. Rowe.*

§ 119. *The following Letter was wrote by Mr.* ADDISON, *probably at* ROME, *to* ——MONTAGUE, *Eſq.*

Dear Sir,

I hope this will find you ſafe at Geneva; and that the adventure of the rivulet, which you have ſo well celebrated in your laſt, has been the worſt you have met with in your journey thither. I can't but envy your being among the Alps, where you may ſee froſt and ſnow in the dog-days. We are here quite burnt up, and are at leaſt ten degrees nearer the ſun than when you left us. I am very well ſatisfied 'twas in Auguſt that Virgil wrote his *O quis me gelidis ſub montibus Hæmi*, &c. Our days at preſent, like thoſe in the firſt chapter of Geneſis, conſiſt only of the evening and the morning; for the Roman noons are as ſilent as the midnights of other countries. But among all theſe inconveniencies, the greateſt I ſuffer is from your departure, which is more afflicting to me than the canicule. I am forced, for want of better company, to converſe moſtly with pictures, ſtatues, and medals: for you muſt know, I deal very much in ancient coins; and can count out a ſum in ſeſterces, with as much eaſe as in pounds ſterling. I am a great critic in ruſt, and can tell you the age of it at firſt ſight. I am only in ſome danger of loſing my acquaintance with our Engliſh money; for at preſent I am much more uſed to the Roman. If you glean up any of our country news, be ſo kind as forward it this way. Pray give Mr. Daſhwood's and my very humble ſervice to Sir Thomas Alſton, and accept of the ſame yourſelf from, dear Sir,

Your moſt affectionate
humble ſervant,

Aug. 7. *J. Addiſon.*

My Lord Bernard, &c. give their humble ſervice.

§ 120. *From Mr.* WYCHERLEY *to Mr.* POPE.

I ſhould believe myſelf happy in your good opinion, but that you treat me ſo much in a ſtyle of compliment. It hath been obſerved of women, that they are more ſubject in their youth to be touched with vanity than men, on account of their being generally treated this way; but the weakeſt women are not more weak than that claſs of men, who are thought to pique themſelves upon their wit. The world is never wanting, when a coxcomb is accompliſhing himſelf, to help to give him the finiſhing ſtroke. Every man is apt to think his neighbour overſtocked with vanity, yet I cannot but fancy there are certain times, when moſt people are in a diſpoſition of being informed; and 'tis incredible what a vaſt good a little truth might do, ſpoken in ſuch ſeaſons. A ſmall alms will do a great kindneſs to people in extreme neceſſity. I could name an acquaintance of yours, who would at this time think himſelf more obliged to you for the information of his faults, than the confirmation of his follies. If you would make thoſe the ſubject of a letter, it might be as long as I could wiſh your letters always were. I do not wonder you have hitherto found ſome difficulty (as you are pleaſed to ſay) in writing to me, ſince you have always choſen the taſk of commending me: take but the other way, and, I dare engage, you will find none at all. As for my verſes, which you praiſe ſo much, I may truly ſay they have never been the cauſe of any vanity in me, except what they gave me when they firſt occaſioned my acquaintance with you. But I have ſeveral times ſince been in danger of this vice; as often, I mean, as I received any letters from you. 'Tis certain, the greateſt magnifying glaſſes in the world are a man's own eyes, when they look upon his own perſon; yet even in thoſe I cannot fancy myſelf ſo extremely like Alexander the Great, as you would perſuade me. If I muſt be like him, 'tis you will make me ſo by complimenting me into a better opinion of myſelf than I deſerve: they made him think he was the ſon of Jupiter, and

you

you aſſure me I am a man of parts. But is this all you can ſay to my honour? You ſaid ten times as much more, when you called me your friend. After having made me believe I poſſeſſed a ſhare in your affections, to treat me with compliments and ſweet ſayings, is like the proceedings with poor Sancho Pancha: they perſuaded him that he enjoyed a great dominion, and then gave him nothing to ſubſiſt upon but wafers and marmalade. In our days the greateſt obligation you can lay upon a wit, is to make a fool of him. For as when madmen are found incurable, wiſe men give them their way, and pleaſe them as well as they can; ſo when thoſe incorrigible things, poets, are once irrecoverably be-muſed, the beſt way both to quiet them, and ſecure yourſelf from the effects of their frenzy, is to feed their vanity; which indeed, for the moſt part, is all that is fed in a poet. You may believe me, I could be heartily glad that all you ſay were as true applied to me as it would be to yourſelf, for ſeveral weighty reaſons; but for none ſo much as that I might be to you what you deſerve; whereas I can now be no more than is conſiſtent with the ſmall, though utmoſt capacity of, &c.

§ 121. *From Mr.* WALSH *to Mr.* POPE.

At my return from the North I received the favour of your letter, which had lain there till then. Having been abſent about ſix weeks, I read over your Paſtorals again with a great deal of pleaſure, and, to judge the better, read Virgil's Eclogues, and Spenſer's Calendar, at the ſame time; and I aſſure you I continue the ſame opinion I had always of them. By the little hints you take upon all occaſions to improve them, 'tis probable you will make them yet better againſt winter; though there is a mean to be kept even in that too, and a man may correct his verſes till he takes away the true ſpirit of them; eſpecially if he ſubmits to the correction of ſome who paſs for great critics by mechanical rules, and never enter into the true deſign and genius of an author. I have ſeen ſome of theſe that would hardly allow any one good ode in Horace; who cry, Virgil wants fancy, and that Homer is very incorrect. While they talk at this rate, one would think them above the common race of mortals: but generally they are great admirers of Ovid and Lucan; and when they write themſelves, we find out all the myſtery. They ſcan their verſes upon their fingers; run after conceits and glaring thoughts; their poems are all made up of couplets, of which the firſt may be laſt, or laſt firſt, without any prejudice to their works; in which there is no deſign or method, or any thing natural or juſt. For you are certainly in the right, that in all writings whatſoever (not poetry only) nature is to be followed, and we ſhould be jealous of ourſelves for being fond of ſimilies, conceits, and what they call "ſaying fine things." When we were in the North, my lord Wharton ſhewed me a letter he had received from a certain general in Spain: I told him, I would by all means have that general recall'd, and ſet to writing here at home; for it was impoſſible that a man with ſo much wit as he ſhew'd, could be fit to command an army, or do any other buſineſs *. As for what you ſay of expreſſion, 'tis indeed the ſame thing to wit, as dreſs is to beauty: I have ſeen many women overdreſſed; and ſeveral look better in a careleſs night-gown, with their hair about their ears, than Mademoiſelle Spanheim dreſſed for a ball. I do not deſign to be in London till towards the parliament; then I ſhall certainly be there, and hope by that time you will have finiſhed your paſtorals as you would have them appear in the world, and particularly the third, of Autumn, which I have not ſeen. Your laſt eclogue being upon the ſame ſubject as that of mine on Mrs. Tempeſt's death, I ſhould take it very kind in you to give it a little turn, as if it were to the memory of the ſame lady, if it

* Mr. Walſh's remark will be thought very innocent, when the reader is inform'd that it was made on the Earl of Peterborough, juſt before the glorious campaigns of Barcelona and Valentia.

were not written for ſome particular woman whom you would make immortal. You may take occaſion to ſhew the difference between poets' miſtreſſes and other men's. I only hint this, which you may either do, or let alone, juſt as you think fit. I ſhall be very much pleaſed to ſee you again in town, and to hear from you in the mean time. I am, with very much eſteem,

Yours, &c.

§ 122. *Mr.* POPE *to Mr.* CROMWELL.

I believe it was with me when I left the town, as it is with a great many men when they leave the world, whoſe loſs itſelf they do not ſo much regret as that of their friends whom they leave behind in it: for I do not know one thing for which I can envy London, but for your continuing there. Yet I gueſs you will expect me to recant this expreſſion, when I tell you, Sappho (by which heatheniſh name you have chriſtened a very orthodox lady) did not accompany me into the country. Well, you have your lady in the town ſtill, and I have my heart in the country ſtill, which being wholly unemploy'd as yet, has the more room in it for my friends, and does not want a corner at your ſervice. You have extremely obliged me by your frankneſs and kindneſs; and, if I have abuſed it by too much freedom on my part, I hope you will attribute it to the natural openneſs of my temper, which knows how to ſhew reſpect where it feels affection. I would love my friend as my miſtreſs, without ceremony: and hope a little rough uſage ſometimes may not be more diſpleaſing to the one than it is to the other.

If you have any curioſity to know in what manner I live, or rather loſe a life, Martial will inform you in one line.

Prandeo, poto, cano, ludo, lego, cœno, quieſco.

Every day with me is literally another yeſterday, for it is exactly the ſame: it has the ſame buſineſs, which is poetry; and the ſame pleaſure, which is idleneſs. A man might indeed paſs his time much better; but I queſtion if any man could paſs it much eaſier. If you will viſit our ſhades this ſpring, which I very much deſire, you may perhaps inſtruct me to manage my game more wiſely; but at preſent I am ſatisfied to trifle away my time any way, rather than let it ſtick by me; as ſhop-keepers are glad to be rid of thoſe goods at any rate, which would otherwiſe always be lying upon their hands. Sir, if you will favour me ſometimes with your letters, it will be a great ſatisfaction to me on ſeveral accounts; and on this in particular, that it will ſhew me (to my comfort) that even a wiſe man is ſometimes very idle; for ſo you muſt needs be, when you can find leiſure to write to,

Yours, &c.

§ 123. *Mr.* POPE *to Mr.* CROMWELL.

I have nothing to ſay to you in this letter, but I was reſolved to write to tell you ſo. Why ſhould I not content myſelf with ſo many great examples of deep divines, profound caſuiſts, grave philoſophers; who have written, not letters only, but whole tomes and voluminous treatiſes about nothing? Why ſhould a fellow like me, who all his life does nothing, be aſhamed to write nothing? and that to one who has nothing to do but to read it? But perhaps you'll ſay, the whole world has ſomething to do, ſomething to talk of, ſomething to wiſh for, ſomething to be employed about. But pray, Sir, caſt up the account, put all theſe ſomethings together, and what is the ſum total, but juſt nothing? I have no more to ſay, but to deſire you to give my ſervice (that is nothing) to your friends, and to believe that I am nothing more than your, &c.

§ 124. *From Mr.* POPE *to a Lady.*

I am not at all concern'd to think that this letter may be leſs entertaining than ſome I have ſent: I know you are a friend that will think a kind letter as good as a diverting one. He that gives you his mirth, makes a much leſs preſent

preſent than he that gives you his heart; and true friends would rather ſee ſuch thoughts as they communicate only to one another, than what they ſquander about to all the world. They who can ſet a right value upon any thing, will prize one tender, well-meant word, above all that ever made them laugh in their lives. If I did not think ſo of you, I ſhould never have taken much pains to endeavour to pleaſe you by writing, or any thing elſe. Wit I am ſure I want; at leaſt in the degree that I ſee others have it, who would at all ſeaſons alike be entertaining; but I would willingly have ſome qualities that may be (at ſome ſeaſons) of more comfort to myſelf, and of more ſervice to my friends: I would cut off my own head, if it had nothing better than wit in it; and tear out my own heart, if it had no better diſpoſitions than to love only myſelf, and laugh at all my neighbours. I know you'll think it an agreeable thing to hear that I have done a great deal of Homer; if it be tolerable, the world may thank you for it: for if I could have ſeen you every day, and imagined my company could have every day pleaſed you, I ſhould ſcarce have thought it worth my while to pleaſe the world. How many verſes could I gladly have left unfiniſhed, for people to ſay what they would of, had I been permitted to paſs all thoſe hours more pleaſingly? Whatever ſome may think, fame is a thing I am much leſs covetous of than your friendſhip; for that, I hope, will laſt all my life: the other I cannot anſwer for. What if they ſhould both grow greater after my death? Alas! they would both be of no advantage to me! Therefore think upon it, and love me as well as ever you can while I live.

Now I talk of fame, I ſend you my Temple of Fame, which is juſt come out: but my ſentiments about it, you will ſee better by this epigram:

What's fame with men, by cuſtom of the nation,
Is call'd in women only reputation:
About them both why keep we ſuch a pother?
Part you with one, and I'll renounce the other.

§ 125. *Sir* WILLIAM TRUMBULL *to Mr.* POPE.

Sir,

I return you the book you were pleaſed to ſend me, and with it your obliging letter, which deſerves my particular acknowledgment; for, next to the pleaſure of enjoying the company of ſo good a friend, the welcomeſt thing to me is to hear from him. I expected to find, what I have met with, an admirable genius in thoſe poems, not only becauſe they were Milton's, or were approved by Sir Henry Wooton, but becauſe you had commended them; and give me leave to tell you, that I know nobody ſo like to equal him, even at the age he wrote moſt of them, as yourſelf. Only do not afford more cauſe of complaint againſt you, that you ſuffer nothing of yours to come abroad; which in this age, wherein wit and true ſenſe is more ſcarce than money, is a piece of ſuch cruelty as your beſt friends can hardly pardon. I hope you will repent and amend: I could offer many reaſons to this purpoſe, and ſuch as you cannot anſwer with any ſincerity; but that I dare not enlarge, for fear of engaging in a ſtyle of compliment, which has been ſo abuſed by fools and knaves, that it is become almoſt ſcandalous. I conclude therefore with an aſſurance, which ſhall nevery vary, of my being ever, &c.

§ 126. *Sir* WILLIAM TRUMBULL *to Mr.* POPE.

I think a haſty ſcribble ſhews more what flows from the heart than a letter, after Balzac's manner, in ſtudied phraſes; therefore I will tell you, as faſt as I can, that I have received your favour of the 26th paſt, with your kind preſent of the Rape of the Lock. You have given me the trueſt ſatisfaction imaginable, not only in making good the juſt opinion I have ever had of your reach of thought, and my idea of your comprehenſive genius; but likewiſe in that pleaſure I take, as an Engliſhman, to ſee the French, even Boileau himſelf, in his Lutrin, out-done in your poem; for you deſcend, *leviore plectro*, to all the nicer touches that

your own obſervations and wit furniſh on ſuch a ſubject as requires the fineſt ſtrokes and the livelieſt imagination. But I muſt ſay no more (though I could a great deal) on what pleaſes me ſo much: and henceforth, I hope, you will never condemn me of partiality, ſince I only ſwim with the ſtream, and approve of what all men of good taſte (notwithſtanding the jarring of the parties) muſt, and do, univerſally applaud. I now come to what is of vaſt moment, I mean the preſervation of your health; and I beg of you to get out of all tavern-company, and fly away *tanquam ex incendio*. What a miſery is it for you to be deſtroyed by the fooliſh kindneſs ('tis all one whether real or pretended) of thoſe who are able to bear the poiſon of bad wine, and to engage you in ſo unequal a combat! As to Homer, by all I can learn, your buſineſs is done: therefore come away, and take a little time to breathe in the country, I beg now, for my own ſake, but much more for yours; methinks Mr. ——— has ſaid to you more than once,

Heu fuge, nate Dea, teque his, ait, eripe flammis!

I am your, &c.

§ 127. *Mr.* POPE *to Lord* LANSDOWN.

Binfield, Jan. 10, 1712.

I thank you for having given my poem of Windſor Foreſt its greateſt ornament, that of bearing your name in the front of it. 'Tis one thing, when a perſon of true merit permits us to have the honour of drawing him as like as we can: and another, when we make a fine thing at random, and perſuade the next vain creature we can find that 'tis his own likeneſs; which is the caſe every day of my fellow-ſcribblers. Yet, my Lord, this honour has given me no more pride than your honours have given you; but it affords me a great deal of pleaſure, which is much better than a great deal of pride; and it indeed would give me ſome pain, if I was not ſure of one advantage: that, whereas others are offended if they have not more than juſtice done them, you would be diſpleaſed if you had ſo much: therefore I may ſafely do you as much injury in my words, as you do yourſelf in your own thoughts. I am ſo vain as to think I have ſhewn you a favour in ſparing your modeſty, and you cannot but make me ſome return for my prejudicing the truth to gratify you: this I beg may be the free correction of theſe verſes, which will have few beauties but what may be made by your blots. I am in the circumſtance of an ordinary painter drawing Sir Godfrey Kneller, who, by a few touches of his own, could make the piece very valuable. I might then hope, that many years hence the world might read, in conjunction with your name, that of your lordſhip's, &c.

§ 128. *Mr.* POPE *to Mr.* STEELE.

You formerly obſerved to me, that nothing made a more ridiculous figure in a man's life, than the diſparity we often find in him ſick and well: thus, one of an unfortunate conſtitution is perpetually exhibiting a miſerable example of the weakneſs of his mind, and of his body, in their turns. I have had frequent opportunities of late to conſider myſelf in theſe different views; and, I hope, have received ſome advantage by it, if what Waller ſays be true, that

The ſoul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made.

Then ſurely ſickneſs, contributing no leſs than old age to the ſhaking down this ſcaffolding of the body, may diſcover the inward ſtructure more plainly. Sickneſs is a ſort of early old age; it teaches us a diffidence in our earthly ſtate, and inſpires us with the thoughts of a future, better than a thouſand volumes of philoſophers and divines. It gives ſo warning a concuſſion to thoſe props of our vanity, our ſtrength and youth, that we think of fortifying ourſelves within, when there is ſo little dependence upon our out-works. Youth at the very beſt is but a betrayer of human life in a gentler and ſmoother manner than age: 'tis like a ſtream that nouriſhes a plant upon a bank, and cauſes it to flouriſh and bloſſom to the ſight,

ſight, but, at the ſame time, is undermining it at the root in ſecret. My youth has dealt more fairly and openly with me; it has afforded ſeveral proſpects of my danger, and given me an advantage not very common to young men, that the attractions of the world have not dazzled me very much: and I begin, where moſt people end, with a full conviction of the emptineſs of all ſorts of ambition, and the unſatisfactory nature of all human pleaſures. When a ſmart fit of ſickneſs tells me this ſcurvy tenement of my body will fall in a little time, I am e'en as unconcern'd as was that honeſt Hibernian, who being in bed in the great ſtorm ſome years ago, and told the houſe would tumble over his head, made anſwer, "What care I for the houſe? I am only a lodger." I fancy 'tis the beſt time to die when one is in the beſt humour; and, ſo exceſſively weak as I now am, I may ſay with conſcience, that I am not at all uneaſy at the thought, that many men, whom I never had any eſteem for, are likely to enjoy this world after me. When I reflect what an inconſiderable little atom every ſingle man is, with reſpect to the whole creation, methinks, 'tis a ſhame to be concerned at the removal of ſuch a trivial animal as I am. The morning after my exit the ſun will riſe as bright as ever, the flowers ſmell as ſweet, the plants ſpring as green, the world will proceed in its old courſe, people will laugh as heartily, and marry as faſt, as they were uſed to do. "The memory "of man," as it is elegantly expreſſed in the book of Wiſdom, "paſſeth away "as the remembrance of a gueſt that "tarrieth but one day." There are reaſons enough, in the fourth chapter of the ſame book, to make any young man contented with the proſpect of death, "For honourable age is not that "which ſtandeth in length of time, "or is meaſured by number of years: "but wiſdom is the grey hair to men, "and an unſpotted life is old age. He "was taken away ſpeedily, leſt wickedneſs ſhould alter his underſtanding, "or deceit beguile his ſoul," &c.

I am, &c.

§ 129. *Rev. Dean* BERKLEY, *to Mr.* POPE.

Naples, Oct. 22, 1717.

I have long had it in my thoughts to trouble you with a letter, but was diſcouraged for want of ſomething that I could think worth ſending fifteen hundred miles. Italy is ſuch an exhauſted ſubject, that, I dare ſay, you'd eaſily forgive my ſaying nothing of it; and the imagination of a poet is a thing ſo nice and delicate, that it is no eaſy matter to find out images capable of giving pleaſure to one of the few, who (in any age) have come up to that character. I am nevertheleſs lately returned from an iſland, where I paſſed three or four months; which, were it ſet out in its true colours, might, methinks, amuſe you agreeably enough for a minute or two. The iſland Inarime is an epitome of the whole earth, containing, within the compaſs of eighteen miles, a wonderful variety of hills, vales, ragged rocks, fruitful plains, and barren mountains, all thrown together in a moſt romantic confuſion. The air is, in the hotteſt ſeaſon, conſtantly refreſhed by cool breezes from the ſea. The vales produce excellent wheat and Indian corn, but are moſtly covered with vineyards intermixed with fruit-trees. Beſides the common kinds, as cherries, apricots, peaches, &c. they produce oranges, limes, almonds, pomegranates, figs, water-melons, and many other fruits unknown to our climate, which lie every where open to the paſſenger. The hills are the greater part covered to the top with vines, ſome with cheſnut groves, and others with thickets of myrtle and lentiſcus. The fields in the northern ſide are divided by hedge-rows of myrtle. Several fountains and rivulets add to the beauty of this landſcape, which is likewiſe ſet off by the variety of ſome barren ſpots and naked rocks. But that which crowns the ſcene is a large mountain, riſing out of the middle of the iſland (once a terrible vulcano, by the ancients called Mons Epopeus.) Its lower parts are adorned with vines and other fruits; the middle affords paſture to flocks of goats and ſheep; and the top is a ſandy pointed rock, from which

you have the fineſt proſpect in the world, ſurveying at one view, beſides ſeveral pleaſant iſlands lying at your feet, a tract of Italy about 300 miles in length, from the promontory of Antium to the cape of Palinurus; the greater part of which hath been ſung by Homer and Virgil, as making a conſiderable part of the travels and adventures of their two heroes. The iſlands Caprea, Prochyta, and Parthenope, together with Cajeta, Cuma, Monte Miſeno, the inhabitants of Circe, the Syrens, and the Læſtrigones, the bay of Naples, the promontory of Minerva, and the whole Campania Felice, make but a part of this noble landſcape; which would demand an imagination as warm, and numbers as flowing, as your own, to deſcribe it. The inhabitants of this delicious iſle, as they are without riches and honours, ſo are they without the vices and follies that attend them; and were they but as much ſtrangers to revenge as they are to avarice and ambition, they might in fact anſwer the poetical notions of the golden age. But they have got, as an alloy to their happineſs, an ill habit of murdering one another on ſlight offences. We had an inſtance of this the ſecond night after our arrival, a youth of eighteen being ſhot dead by our door; and yet, by the ſole ſecret of minding our own buſineſs, we found a means of living ſecurely among theſe dangerous people. Would you know how we paſs the time at Naples? Our chief entertainment is the devotion of our neighbours: beſides the gaiety of their churches (where folks go to ſee what they call *una Bella Devotione*, i. e. a ſort of religious opera) they make fire-works almoſt every week out of devotion: the ſtreets are often hung with arras out of devotion; and (what is ſtill more ſtrange) the ladies invite gentlemen to their houſes, and treat them with muſic and ſweetmeats, out of devotion; in a word, were it not for this devotion of its inhabitants, Naples would have little elſe to recommend it, beſides the air and ſituation. Learning is in no very thriving ſtate here, as indeed no where elſe in Italy; however, among many pretenders, ſome men of taſte are to be met with. A friend of mine told me, not long ſince, that being to viſit Salvina at Florence, he found him reading your Homer; he liked the notes extremely, and could find no other fault with the verſion, but that he thought it approached too near a paraphraſe; which ſhews him not to be ſufficiently acquainted with our language. I wiſh you health to go on with that noble work, and when you have that, I need not wiſh you ſucceſs. You will do me the juſtice to believe, that whatever relates to your welfare is ſincerely wiſhed by your, &c.

§ 130. *The Earl of* OXFORD *to Mr.* POPE.

Brampton-Caſtle, Nov. 6, 1721.

Sir,

I received your packet, which could not but give me great pleaſure, to ſee you preſerve an old friend in your memory; for it muſt needs be very agreeable to be remembered by thoſe we highly value. But then how much ſhame did it cauſe me, when I read your very fine verſes incloſed! My mind reproached me how far ſhort I came of what your great friendſhip and delicate pen would partially deſcribe me. You aſk my conſent to publiſh it: to what ſtraights doth this reduce me! I look back indeed to thoſe evenings I have uſefully and pleaſantly ſpent with Mr. Pope, Mr. Parnelle, Dean Swift, the Doctor, &c. I ſhould be glad the world knew you admitted me to your friendſhip; and ſince your affection is too hard for your judgment, I am contented to let the world know how well Mr. Pope can write upon a barren ſubject. I return you an exact copy of the verſes, that I may keep the original as a teſtimony of the only error you have been guilty of. I hope very ſpeedily to embrace you in London, and to aſſure you of the particular eſteem and friendſhip wherewith I am your, &c.

§ 131. *From Mr.* BLOUNT *to Mr.* POPE.

Nov. 11, 1715.

It is an agreement of long date between you and me, that you ſhould do with my letters juſt as you pleaſed, and anſwer them at your leiſure; and that

is as ſoon as I ſhall think you ought. I have ſo true a taſte of the ſubſtantial part of your friendſhip, that I wave all ceremonials; and am ſure to make you as many viſits as I can, and leave you to return them whenever you pleaſe, aſſuring you they ſhall at all times be heartily welcome to me. The many alarms we have from your parts have no effect upon the genius that reigns in our country, which is happily turned to preſerve peace and quiet among us. What a diſmal ſcene has there been opened in the north! What ruin have thoſe unfortunate raſh gentlemen drawn upon themſelves and their miſerable followers! and perchance upon many others too, who upon no account would be their followers. However, it may look ungenerous to reproach people in diſtreſs. I don't remember you and I ever uſed to trouble ourſelves about politics; but when any matter happened to fall into our diſcourſe, we uſed to condemn all undertakings that tended towards diſturbing the peace and quiet of our country, as contrary to the notions we had of morality and religion, which oblige us on no pretence whatſoever to violate the laws of charity. How many lives have there been loſt in hot blood, and how many more are there like to be taken off in cold! If the broils of the nation affect you, come down to me; and, though we are farmers, you know Eumæus made his friends welcome. You ſhall here worſhip the echo at your eaſe; indeed we are forced to do ſo, becauſe we can't hear the firſt report, and therefore are obliged to liſten to the ſecond; which, for ſecurity ſake, I do not always believe neither.

'Tis a great many years ſince I fell in love with the character of Pomponius Atticus: I long'd to imitate him a little, and have contriv'd hitherto to be, like him, engaged in no party, but to be a faithful friend to ſome in both: I find myſelf very well in this way hitherto, and live in a certain peace of mind by it, which, I am perſuaded, brings a man more content than all the perquiſites of wild ambition. I with pleaſure join with you in wiſhing, nay, I am not aſhamed to ſay, in praying for the welfare, temporal and eternal, of all mankind. How much more affectionately then ſhall I do ſo for you, ſince I am in a moſt particular manner, and with all ſincerity, your, &c.

§ 132. *From the Same.*

Nov. 27, 1717.

The queſtion you propoſed to me is what, at preſent, I am the moſt unfit man in the world to anſwer, by my loſs of one of the beſt of fathers. He had lived in ſuch a courſe of temperance as was enough to make the longeſt life agreeable to him, and in ſuch a courſe of piety as ſufficed to make the moſt ſudden death ſo alſo. Sudden indeed it was: however, I heartily beg of God to give me ſuch a one, provided I can lead ſuch a life. I leave him to the mercy of God, and to the piety of a religion that extends beyond the grave; *ſi qua eſt ea cura, &c.* He has left me to the ticklish management of ſo narrow a fortune, that any one falſe ſtep would be fatal. My mother is in that diſpirited ſtate of reſignation, which is the effect of long life, and the loſs of what is dear to us. We are really each of us in want of a friend of ſuch an humane turn as yourſelf, to make almoſt any thing deſirable to us. I feel your abſence more than ever, at the ſame time I can leſs expreſs my regards to you than ever; and I ſhall make this, which is the moſt ſincere letter I ever writ to you, the ſhorteſt and fainteſt perhaps of any you ever received. 'Tis enough if you reflect, that barely to remember any perſon, when one's mind is taken up with a ſenſible ſorrow, is a great degree of friendſhip. I can ſay no more but that I love you, and all that are yours; and that I wiſh it may be very long before any of yours ſhall feel for you what I now feel for my father. Adieu!

§ 133. *Mr.* Pope *to* Edward Blount, *Eſq.*

June 2, 1724.

You ſhew yourſelf a juſt man and a friend in thoſe gueſſes and ſuppoſitions you make at the poſſible reaſons of my ſilence; every one of which is a true one. As to forgetfulneſs of you, or yours, I aſſure you the promiſcuous converſations of the town ſerve only to put me in

mind of better and more quiet to be had in a corner of the world (undiſturb'd, innocent, ſerene, and ſenſible) with ſuch as you. Let no acceſs of any diſtruſt make you think of me differently in a cloudy day from what you do in the moſt ſunſhiny weather. Let the young ladies be aſſured I make nothing new in my gardens, without wiſhing to ſee the print of their fairy ſteps in every part of them. I have put the laſt hand to my works of this kind, in happily finiſhing the ſubterraneous way and grotto: I there found a ſpring of the cleareſt water, which falls in a perpetual rill, that echoes through the cavern day and night. From the river Thames you ſee through my arch up a walk of the wilderneſs, to a kind of open temple, wholly compoſed of ſhells in the ruſtic manner; and from that diſtance, under the temple, you look down through a ſloping arcade of trees, and ſee the ſails on the river paſſing ſuddenly, and vaniſhing, as through a perſpective glaſs. When you ſhut the doors of this grotto, it becomes on the inſtant, from a luminous room, a *camera obſcura*; on the walls of which all objects of the river, hills, woods, and boats, are forming a moving picture in their viſible radiations: and when you have a mind to light it up, it affords you a very different ſcene; it is finiſhed with ſhells interſperſed with pieces of looking-glaſs in angular forms; and in the cieling is a ſtar of the ſame material, at which, when a lamp (of an orbicular figure of thin alabaſter) is hung in the middle, a thouſand pointed rays glitter, and are reflected over the place. There are connected to this grotto, by a narrow paſſage, two porches, one towards the river, of ſmooth ſtones, full of light, and open; the other towards the garden, ſhadowed with trees, rough with ſhells, flints, and iron ore. The bottom is paved with ſimple pebble, as is alſo the adjoining walk up the wilderneſs to the temple, in the natural taſte, agreeing not ill with the little dripping murmur, and the aquatic idea of the whole place. It wants nothing to complete it but a good ſtatue with an inſcription, like that beautiful antique one which you know I am ſo fond of:

Hujus nympha loci, ſacri cuſtodia fontis,
Dormio dum blandæ ſentio murmur aquæ.
Parce meum, quiſquis tangis cava marmora, ſomnum
Rumpere; ſive bibas, ſive lavere tace.

Nymph of the grot, this ſacred ſpring I keep,
And to the murmur of theſe waters ſleep:
O! ſpare my ſlumbers, gently tread the cave!
And drink in ſilence, or in ſilence lave!

You'll think I have been very poetical in this deſcription, but it is pretty near the truth. I wiſh you were here to bear teſtimony how little it owes to art, either the place itſelf, or the image I give of it. I am, &c.

§ 134. *Mr.* POPE *to the Biſhop of* ROCHESTER.

May, 1723.

Once more I write to you, as I promiſed, and this once, I fear, will be the laſt! The curtain will ſoon be drawn between my friend and me, and nothing left but to wiſh you a long good night. May you enjoy a ſtate of repoſe in this life, not unlike that ſleep of the ſoul which ſome have believed is to ſucceed it, where we lie utterly forgetful of that world from which we are gone, and ripening for that to which we are to go. If you retain any memory of the paſt, let it only image to you what has pleaſed you beſt; ſometimes preſent a dream of an abſent friend, or bring you back an agreeable converſation. But upon the whole, I hope you will think leſs of the time paſt than of the future; as the former has been leſs kind to you than the latter infallibly will be. Do not envy the world your ſtudies; they will tend to the benefit of men againſt whom you can have no complaint, I mean of all poſterity; and perhaps, at your time of life, nothing elſe is worth your care. What is every year of a wiſe man's life, but a cenſure or critique on the paſt? Thoſe, whoſe date is the ſhorteſt, live long enough to laugh at one half of it: the boy deſpiſes the infant, the man the boy, the philoſopher both, and the chriſtian all. You may now begin to think your manhood was too much a puerility, and you'll never ſuffer your age to be but a ſecond infancy. The toys and baubles of your childhood are hardly now more below you, than thoſe toys of our riper and of our declining years, the drums

drums and rattles of ambition, and the dirt and bubbles of avarice. At this time, when you are cut off from a little ſociety, and made a citizen of the world at large, you ſhould bend your talents not to ſerve a party, or a few, but all mankind. Your genius ſhould mount above that miſt in which its participation and neighbourhood with earth long involved it; to ſhine abroad and to heaven, ought to be the buſineſs and the glory of your preſent ſituation. Remember it was at ſuch a time, that the greateſt lights of antiquity dazzled and blazed the moſt, in their retreat, in their exile, or in their death: but why do I talk of dazzling or blazing? It was then that they did good, that they gave light, and that they became guides to mankind. Thoſe aims alone are worthy of ſpirits truly great, and ſuch I therefore hope will be yours. Reſentment indeed may remain, perhaps cannot be quite extinguiſhed in the nobleſt minds; but revenge never will harbour there; higher principles than thoſe of the firſt, and better principles than thoſe of the latter, will infallibly influence men, whoſe thoughts and whoſe hearts are enlarged, and cauſe them to prefer the whole to any part of mankind, eſpecially to ſo ſmall a part as one's ſingle ſelf. Believe me, my Lord, I look upon you as a ſpirit entered into another life, as one juſt upon the edge of immortality; where the paſſions and affections muſt be much more exalted, and where you ought to deſpiſe all little views and all mean retroſpects. Nothing is worth your looking back; and therefore look forward, and make (as you can) the world look after you: but take care that it be not with pity, but with eſteem and admiration.

I am, with the greateſt ſincerity, and paſſion for your fame, as well as happineſs, your, &c.

§ 135. *From the Biſhop of* ROCHESTER *to Mr.* POPE, *on the Death of his Daughter.*

Montpelier, Nov. 20, 1729.

I am not yet maſter enough of myſelf, after the late wound I have received, to open my very heart to you, and am not content with leſs than that, whenever I converſe with you. My thoughts are at preſent vainly, but pleaſingly employed, on what I have loſt, and can never recover. I know well I ought, for that reaſon, to call them off to other ſubjects, but hitherto I have not been able to do it. By giving them the rein a little, and ſuffering them to ſpend their force, I hope in ſome time to check and ſubdue them. *Multis fortunæ vulneribus perculſus, huic uni me imparem ſenſi, & pene ſuccubui:* This is weakneſs, not wiſdom, I own; and on that account fitter to be truſted to the boſom of a friend, where I may ſafely lodge all my infirmities. As ſoon as my mind is in ſome meaſure corrected and calm'd, I will endeavour to follow your advice, and turn it to ſomething of uſe and moment; if I have ſtill life enough left to do any thing that is worth reading and preſerving. In the mean time I ſhall be pleaſed to hear that you proceed in what you intend, without any ſuch melancholy interruption as I have met with. Your mind is as yet unbroken by age and ill accidents, your knowledge and judgment are at the height: uſe them in writing ſomewhat that may teach the preſent and future times, and if not gain equally the applauſe of both, may yet raiſe the envy of the one, and ſecure the admiration of the other. Employ not your precious moments and great talents on little men and little things; but chuſe a ſubject every way worthy of you, and handle it, as you can, in a manner which nobody elſe can equal or imitate. As for me, my abilities, if I ever had any, are not what they were, and yet I will endeavour to recollect and employ them.

———Gelidus tardante ſenecta
Sanguis hebet, frigentque effœto in corpore vires.

However, I ſhould be ungrateful to this place, if I did not own that I have gained upon the gout in the ſouth of France much more than I did at Paris; though even there I ſenſibly improved. I believe my cure had been perfected, but the earneſt deſire of meeting one I dearly loved, called me abruptly to Montpelier, where, after continuing two months, under the cruel torture of a ſad and fruitleſs expectation, I was forced at laſt to take a long journey to Toulouſe: and even there I had miſs'd the perſon I ſought,

fought, had ſhe not, with great ſpirit and courage, ventured all night up the Garonne to ſee me, which ſhe above all things deſired to do before ſhe died. By that means ſhe was brought where I was, between ſeven and eight in the morning, and lived twenty hours afterwards, which time was not loſt on either ſide, but paſſed in ſuch a manner as gave great ſatisfaction to both, and ſuch as, on her part, every way became her circumſtances and character: for ſhe had her ſenſes to the very laſt gaſp, and exerted them to give me, in thoſe few hours, greater marks of duty and love than ſhe had done in all her life-time, though ſhe had never been wanting in either. The laſt words ſhe ſaid to me were the kindeſt of all; a reflection on the goodneſs of God, which had allowed us in this manner to meet once more, before we parted for ever. Not many minutes after that, ſhe laid herſelf on her pillow in a ſleeping poſture,

Placidaque ibi demum morte quievit.

Judge you, Sir, what I felt, and ſtill feel on this occaſion, and ſpare me the trouble of deſcribing it. At my age, under my infirmities, among utter ſtrangers, how ſhall I find out proper reliefs and ſupports? I can have none, but thoſe with which reaſon and religion furniſh me, and thoſe I lay hold on, and graſp as faſt as I can. I hope that he who laid the burden upon me (for wiſe and good purpoſes no doubt) will enable me to bear it, in like manner as I have borne others, with ſome degree of fortitude and firmneſs. You ſee how ready I am to relapſe into an argument which I had quitted once before in this letter; I ſhall probably again commit the ſame fault, if I continue to write; and therefore I ſtop ſhort here, and with all ſincerity, affection, and eſteem, bid you adieu! till we meet either in this world (if God pleaſes) or elſe in another.

I am, &c.

§ 136. *Dr.* SWIFT *to the Earl of* PETERBOROUGH.

My LORD,

I never knew or heard of any perſon ſo volatile, and ſo fixed as your lordſhip. You, while your imagination is carrying you through every corner of the world, where you have or have not been, can at the ſame time remember to do offices of favour and kindneſs to the meaneſt of your friends; and in all the ſcenes you have paſſed, have not been able to attain that one quality peculiar to a great man, of forgetting every thing but injuries. Of this I am a living witneſs againſt you; for being the moſt inſignificant of all your humble ſervants, you were ſo cruel as never to give me time to aſk a favour, but prevented me in doing whatever you thought I deſired, or could be for my credit or advantage.

I have often admired at the capriciouſneſs of Fortune in regard to your lordſhip. She hath forced courts to act againſt their oldeſt and moſt conſtant maxims; to make you a general, becauſe you had courage and conduct; an ambaſſador, becauſe you had wiſdom and knowledge in the intereſt of Europe; and an admiral, on account of your ſkill in maritime affairs: whereas, according to the uſual method of court proceedings, I ſhould have been at the head of the army, and you of the church, or rather a curate under the dean of St. Patrick's. The archbiſhop of Dublin laments that he did not ſee your lordſhip till he was juſt upon the point of leaving the Bath: I pray God you may have found ſucceſs in that journey, elſe I ſhall continue to think that there is a fatality in all your lordſhip's undertakings, which only terminate in your own honour, and the good of the public, without the leaſt advantage to your health or fortune. I remember, Lord Oxford's miniſtry uſed to tell me, that not knowing where to write to you, they were forced to write *at* you. It is ſo with me, for you are in one thing an evangelical man, that you know not where to lay your head, and, I think, you have no houſe. Pray, my lord, write to me, that I may have the pleaſure in this country of going about, and ſhewing my depending parſons a letter from the Earl of Peterborough.

I am, &c.

§ 137. *Lord* BOLINGBROKE *to Dr.* SWIFT.

I am not ſo lazy as Pope, and therefore you muſt not expect from me the

ſame

ſame indulgence to lazineſs; in defending his own cauſe, he pleads yours, and becomes your advocate, while he appeals to you as his judge; you will do the ſame on your part; and I, and the reſt of your common friends, ſhall have great juſtice to expect from two ſuch righteous tribunals: You reſemble perfectly the two alehouſe-keepers in Holland, who were at the ſame time burgomaſters of the town, and taxed one another's bills alternately. I declare before-hand I will not ſtand to the award; my title to your friendſhip is good, and wants neither deeds nor writings to confirm it; but annual acknowledgments at leaſt are neceſſary to preſerve it: and I begin to ſuſpect, by your defrauding me of them, that you hope in time to diſpute it, and to urge preſcription againſt me. I would not ſay one word to you about myſelf (ſince it is a ſubject on which you appear to have no curioſity) was it not to try how far the contraſt between Pope's fortune and manner of life and mine, may be carried. I have been then infinitely more uniform and leſs diſſipated, than when you knew me and cared for me. That love which I uſed to ſcatter with ſome profuſion among the female kind, has been theſe many years devoted to one object. A great many misfortunes (for ſo they are called, though ſometimes very improperly) and a retirement from the world, have made that juſt and nice diſcrimination between my acquaintance and my friends, which we have ſeldom ſagacity enough to make for ourſelves; thoſe inſects of various hues which uſed to hum and buz about me while I ſtood in the ſunſhine, have diſappeared ſince I lived in the ſhade. No man comes to a hermitage but for the ſake of the hermit; a few philoſophical friends come often to mine, and they are ſuch as you would be glad to live with, if a dull climate, and duller company, have not altered you extremely from what you was nine years ago. The hoarſe voice of party was never heard in this quiet place; Gazettes and pamphlets are baniſhed from it; and if the lucubrations of Iſaac Bickerſtaff be admitted, this diſtinction is owing to ſome ſtrokes by which it is judged that this illuſtrious philoſopher had (like the Indian Fohu, the Grecian Pythagoras, the Perſian Zoroaſter, and others his precurſors among the Zabians, Magians, and the Egyptian ſeers) both his outward and his inward doctrine, and that he was of no ſide at the bottom. When I am there, I forget I ever was of any party myſelf; nay, I am often ſo happily abſorbed by the abſtracted reaſon of things, that I am ready to imagine there never was any ſuch monſter as party. Alas, I am ſoon awakened from that pleaſing dream by the Greek and Roman hiſtorians, by Guicciardine, by Machiavel, and Thuanus: for I have vowed to read no hiſtory of our own country, till that body of it, which you promiſe to finiſh, appears. I am under no apprehenſion that a glut of ſtudy and retirement ſhould caſt me back into the hurry of the world; on the contrary, the ſingle regret which I ever feel is, that I fell ſo late into this courſe of life; my philoſophy grows confirmed by habit, and if you and I meet again, I will extort this approbation from you: *Jam non conſilio bonus, ſed more eo perductus, ut non tantum recte facere poſſim, ſed niſi recte facere non poſſim.* The little incivilities I have met with from oppoſite ſets of people, have been ſo far from rendering me violent or ſour to any, that I think myſelf obliged to them all; ſome have cured me of my fears by ſhewing me how impotent the malice of the world is; others have cured me of my hopes, by ſhewing how precarious popular friendſhips are; all have cured me of ſurprize: in driving me out of party, they have driven me out of curſed company: and in ſtripping me of titles, and rank, and eſtate, and ſuch trinkets, which every man that will may ſpare, they have given me that which no man can be happy without. Reflection and habit have rendered the world ſo indifferent to me, that I am neither afflicted nor rejoiced, angry nor pleaſed, at what happens in it, any farther than perſonal friendſhips intereſt me in the affairs of it, and this principle extends my cares but a little way. Perfect tranquillity is the general tenour of my life; good digeſtion, ſerene weather, and ſome other mechanic ſprings, wind me above it now and then, but I never fall below it: I

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am ſometimes gay, but never ſad. I have gained new friends, and have loſt ſome old ones; my acquiſitions of this kind give me a good deal of pleaſure, becauſe they have not been made lightly: I know no vows ſo ſolemn as thoſe of friendſhip, and therefore a pretty long noviciate of acquaintance ſhould, methinks, precede them. My loſſes of this kind give me but little trouble, I contribute nothing to them; and a friend who breaks with me unjuſtly is not worth preſerving. As ſoon as I leave this town (which will be in a few days) I ſhall fall back into that courſe of life which keeps knaves and fools at a great diſtance from me: I have an averſion to them both, but in the ordinary courſe of life I think I can bear the ſenſible knave better than the fool. One muſt indeed, with the former, be in ſome or other of the attitudes of thoſe wooden men whom I have ſeen before a ſword-cutler's ſhop in Germany: but even in theſe conſtrained poſtures the witty raſcal will divert me; and he that diverts me does me a great deal of good, and lays me under an obligation to him, which I am not obliged to pay in another coin: the fool obliges me to be almoſt as much upon my guard as the knave; and he makes me no amends; he numbs me like the torpor, or he teazes me like a fly. This is the picture of an old friend, and more like him than that will be which you once aſked, and which he will ſend you if you continue ſtill to deſire it.—Adieu, dear Swift: with all thy faults, I love thee intirely; make an effort, and love me on with all mine.

§ 138. *Dr.* SWIFT *to Lord* BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, April 5, 1729.

I do not think it could be poſſible for me to hear better news than that of your getting over your ſcurvy ſuit, which always hung as a dead weight on my heart; I hated it in all its circumſtances, as it affected your fortune and quiet, and in a ſituation of life that muſt make it every way vexatious. And as I am infinitely obliged to you for the juſtice you do me in ſuppoſing your affairs do at leaſt concern me as much as my own, ſo I would never have pardoned your omitting it. But before I go on, I cannot forbear mentioning what I read laſt ſummer in a news-paper, that you were writing the hiſtory of your own times. I ſuppoſe ſuch a report might ariſe from what was not a ſecret among your friends, of your intention to write another kind of hiſtory, which you often promiſed Mr. Pope and me to do; I know he deſires it very much, and I am ſure I deſire nothing more, for the honour and love I bear you, and the perfect knowledge I have of your public virtue. My lord, I have no other notion of œconomy than that it is the parent of liberty and eaſe, and I am not the only friend you have who hath chid you in his heart for the neglect of it, though not with his mouth, as I have done. For there is a ſilly error in the world, even among friends otherwiſe very good, not to intermeddle with mens affairs in ſuch nice matters. And, my lord, I have made a maxim, that ſhould be writ in letters of diamonds, That a wiſe man ought to have money in his head, but not in his heart. Pray, my lord, enquire whether your prototype, my lord Digby, after the Reſtoration, when he was at Briſtol, did not take ſome care of his fortune notwithſtanding that quotation I once ſent you out of his ſpeech to the Houſe of Commons? In my conſcience, I believe Fortune, like other drabs, values a man gradually leſs for every year he lives. I have demonſtration for it; becauſe if I play at piquet for ſix-pence with a man or a woman two years younger than myſelf, I always loſe; and there is a young girl of twenty, who never fails of winning my money at back-gammon, though ſhe is a bungler, and the game be eccleſiaſtic. As to the public, I confeſs nothing could cure my itch of meddling with it but theſe frequent returns of deafneſs, which have hindered me from paſſing laſt winter in London; yet I cannot but conſider the perfidiouſneſs of ſome people, who, I thought when I was laſt there, upon a change that happened, were the moſt impudent in forgetting their profeſſions that I have ever known. Pray, will you pleaſe to take your pen, and blot me out that political maxim, from whatever book it is in, that

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Res nolunt diu male adminiſtrari; the commonneſs makes me not know who is the author, but ſure he muſt be ſome modern.

I am ſorry for lady Bolingbroke's ill health; but I proteſt I never knew a very deſerving perſon of that ſex, who had not too much reaſon to complain of ill health. I never wake without finding life a more inſignificant thing than it was the day before; which is one great advantage I get by living in this country, where there is nothing I ſhall be ſorry to loſe. But my greateſt miſery is recollecting the ſcene of twenty years paſt, and then all on a ſudden dropping into the preſent. I remember, when I was a little boy, I felt a great fiſh at the end of my line, which I drew up almoſt on the ground, but it dropt in, and the diſappointment vexes me to this very day, and, I believe, it was the type of all my future diſappointments. I ſhould be aſhamed to ſay this to you, if you had not a ſpirit fitter to bear your own misfortunes, than I have to think of them. Is there patience left to reflect by what qualities wealth and greatneſs are got, and by what qualities they are loſt? I have read my friend Congreve's verſes to lord Cobham, which end with a vile and falſe moral, and I remember is not in Horace to Tibullus, which he imitates, "that all times are equally "virtuous and vicious," wherein he differs from all poets, philoſophers, and chriſtians, that ever writ. It is more probable, that there may be an equal quantity of virtue always in the world, but ſometimes there may be a peck of it in Aſia, and hardly a thimble-full in Europe. But if there be no virtue, there is abundance of ſincerity; for I will venture all I am worth, that there is not one human creature in power, who will not be modeſt enough to confeſs that he proceeds wholly upon a principle of corruption. I ſay this, becauſe I have a ſcheme, in ſpite of your notions, to govern England upon the principles of virtue; and when the nation is ripe for it, I deſire you will ſend for me. I have learned this by living like a hermit, by which I am got backwards about 1900 years in the æra of the world, and begin to wonder at the wickedneſs of men. I dine alone upon half a diſh of meat, mix water with my wine, walk ten miles a day, and read Baronius.

§ 139. *From Mr.* POPE *to Dr.* SWIFT.

I now hold the pen for my lord Bolingbroke, who is reading your letter between two hay-cocks; but his intention is ſomewhat diverted by caſting his eyes on the clouds, not in admiration of what you ſay, but for fear of a ſhower. He is pleaſed with your placing him in the triumvirate between yourſelf and me; though he ſays that he doubts he ſhall fare like Lepidus, while one of us runs away with all the power, like Auguſtus, and another with all the pleaſures, like Anthony. It is upon a foreſight of this that he has fitted up his farm; and you will agree, that this ſcheme of retreat at leaſt is not founded upon weak appearances. Upon his return from the Bath, all peccant humours, he finds, are purged out of him; and his great temperance and œconomy are ſo ſignal, that the firſt is fit for my conſtitution, and the latter will enable you to lay up ſo much money as to buy a biſhoprick in England. As to the return of his health and vigour, were you here, you might enquire of his hay-makers; but as to his temperance, I can anſwer that (for one whole day) we have had nothing for dinner but mutton-broth, beans and bacon, and a barn-door fowl. Now his lordſhip is run after his cart, I have a moment left to myſelf to tell you, that I over-heard him yeſterday agree with a painter for 200 l. to paint his country-hall with trophies of rakes, ſpades, prongs, &c. and other ornaments, merely to countenance his calling this place a farm.—Now turn over a new leaf,—he bids me aſſure you, he ſhould be ſorry not to have more ſchemes of kindneſs for his friends, than of ambition for himſelf: there, though his ſchemes may be weak, the motives at leaſt are ſtrong; and he ſays further, if you could bear as great a fall and decreaſe of your revenues, as he knows by experience he can, you would not live in Ireland an hour.

The Dunciad is going to be printed in all pomp, with the inſcription, which makes

makes me proudeſt. It will be attended with Proeme, Prolegomena, Teſtimonia Scriptorum, Index Authorum, and Notes Variorum. As to the latter, I deſire you to read over the text, and make a few in any way you like beſt; whether dry raillery, upon the ſtyle and way of commenting of trivial critics; or humorous, upon the authors in the poem; or hiſtorical, of perſons, places, times; or explanatory; or collecting the parallel paſſages of the ancients. Adieu. I am pretty well, my mother not ill, Dr. Arbuthnot vexed with his fever by intervals; I am afraid he declines, and we ſhall loſe a worthy man: I am troubled about him very much.

I am, &c.

§ 140. *From Lord* BOLINGBROKE *to Dr.* SWIFT.

I did not take the pen out of Pope's hands; but ſince he will not fill the remainder of the page, I think I may without offence. I ſeek no epiſtolary fame, but am a good deal pleaſed to think that it will be known hereafter, that you and I lived in the moſt friendly intimacy together.—Pliny writ his letters for the public, ſo did Seneca, ſo did Balzac, Voiture, &c. Tully did not, and therefore theſe give us more pleaſure than any which have come down to us from antiquity. When we read them, we pry into a ſecret which was intended to have been kept from us. That is a pleaſure. We ſee Cato, and Brutus, and Pompey, and others, ſuch as they really were, and not ſuch as the gaping multitude of their own age took them to be, or as hiſtorians and poets have repreſented them to ours. That is another pleaſure. I remember to have ſeen a proceſſion at Aix-la-Chapelle, wherein an image of Charlemagne is carried on the ſhoulders of a man, who is hid by the long robe of the imperial ſaint. Follow him into the veſtry, you ſee the bearer ſlip from under the robe, and the gigantic figure dwindles into an image of the ordinary ſize, and is ſet by among other lumber.—I agree much with Pope, that our climate is rather better than that you are in, and perhaps your public ſpirit would be leſs grieved, or oftener comforted, here than there. Come to us therefore on a viſit at leaſt. It will not be the fault of ſeveral perſons here, if you do not come to live with us. But great goodwill and little power produce ſuch ſlow and feeble effects as can be acceptable to Heaven alone, and heavenly men.—I know you will be angry with me, if I ſay nothing to you of a poor woman, who is ſtill on the other ſide of the water in a moſt languiſhing ſtate of health. If ſhe regains ſtrength enough to come over, (and ſhe is better within a few weeks) I ſhall nurſe her in this farm with all the care and tenderneſs poſſible. If ſhe does not, I muſt pay her the laſt duty of friendſhip, wherever ſhe is, though I break through the whole plan of life which I have formed in my mind. Adieu. I am, &c.

§ 141. *Dr.* SWIFT *to Mr.* GAY.

Ever ſince I received your letter, I have been upon a balance about going to England, and landing at Briſtol to paſs a month at Ameſbury, as the ducheſs hath given me leave. But many difficulties have interfered; firſt, I thought I had done with my law-ſuit, and ſo did all my lawyers; but my adverſary, after being in appearance a proteſtant theſe twenty years, hath declared he was always a papiſt, and conſequently, by the law here, cannot buy, nor (I think) ſell; ſo that I am at ſea again, for almoſt all I am worth. But I have ſtill a worſe evil; for the giddineſs I was ſubject to, inſtead of coming ſeldom and violent, now conſtantly attends me more or leſs, though in a more peaceable manner, yet ſuch as will not qualify me to live among the young and healthy; and the ducheſs, in all her youth, ſpirit, and grandeur, will make a very ill nurſe, and her woman not much better. Valetudinarians muſt live where they can command and ſcold; I muſt have horſes to ride, I muſt go to bed and riſe when I pleaſe, and live where all mortals are ſubſervient to me. I muſt talk nonſenſe when I pleaſe, and all who are preſent muſt commend it. I muſt ride thrice a week, and walk three or four miles beſides every day. I always told you Mr. ——— was good for nothing but to be a rank courtier. I

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care not whether he ever writes to me or no. He and you may tell this to the ducheſs, and I hate to ſee you ſo charitable, and ſuch a cully: and yet I love you for it, becauſe I am one myſelf. You are the ſilliеſt lover in Chriſtendom. If you like Mrs. ——, why do you not command her to take you? If ſhe does not, ſhe is not worth purſuing; you do her too much honour; ſhe hath neither ſenſe or taſte, if ſhe dares to refuſe you, though ſhe had 10,000l. I do not remember to have told you of thanks that you have not given, nor do I underſtand your meaning, and I am ſure I had never the leaſt thoughts of myſelf. If I am your friend, it is for my own reputation, and from a principle of ſelf-love; and I do ſometimes reproach you for not honouring me by letting the world know we are friends.

I ſee very well how matters go with the ducheſs in regard to me. I heard her ſay, Mr. Gay, fill your letter to the dean, that there may be no room for me; the frolic is gone far enough, I have writ thrice, I will do no more; if the man has a mind to come, let him come; what a clutter is here! Poſitively I will not write a ſyllable more. She is an ungrateful ducheſs, conſidering how many adorers I have procured her here, over and above the thouſands ſhe had before.—I cannot allow you rich enough till you are worth 7000l. which will bring you 300l. per annum, and this will maintain you, with the perquiſite of ſpunging while you are young; and when you are old, will afford you a pint of port at night, two ſervants, and an old maid, a little garden, and pen and ink,—provided you live in the country.——Have you no ſcheme, either in verſe or proſe? The ducheſs ſhould keep you at hard meat, and by that means force you to write; and ſo I have done with you.

A Poſtſcript to the Ducheſs of QUEENSBERRY.

Madam,

Since I begin to grow old, I have found all ladies become inconſtant, without any reproach from their conſcience. If I wait on you, I declare that one of your women (whichever it is that has deſigns upon a chaplain) muſt be my nurſe, if I happen to be ſick or peeviſh at your houſe; and in that caſe you muſt ſuſpend your domineering claim till I recover. Your omitting the uſual appendix to Mr. Gay's letters hath done me infinite miſchief here; for while you continued them, you would wonder how civil the ladies here were to me, and how much they have altered ſince. I dare not confeſs that I have deſcended ſo low as to write to your grace, after the abominable neglect you have been guilty of; for if they but ſuſpected it, I ſhould loſe them all. One of them, who had an inkling of the matter (your grace will hardly believe it) refuſed to beg my pardon upon her knees, for once neglecting to make my rice-milk.—Pray conſider this, and do your duty, or dread the conſequence. I promiſe you ſhall have your ſix minutes every hour at Ameſbury, and ſeven in London, while I am in health; but if I happen to be ſick, I muſt govern to a ſecond. Yet, properly ſpeaking, there is no man alive with ſo much truth and reſpect,

Your grace's
moſt obedient ſervant.

§ 142. *From Dr.* SWIFT *to Mr.* GAY.

I know not what to ſay to the account of your ſtewardſhip, and it is monſtrous to me that the South Sea ſhould pay half their debts at one clap. But I will ſend the money when you put me into the way, for I ſhall want it here, my affairs being in a bad condition by the miſeries of the kingdom, and my own private fortune being wholly embroiled, and worſe than ever; ſo that I ſhall ſoon petition the ducheſs, as an object of charity, to lend me 3 or 4000l. to keep up my dignity. My 100l. will buy me ſix hogſheads of wine, which will ſupport me a year; *proviſæ frugis in annum copia.* Horace deſired no more: for I will conſtrue *frugis* to be wine. You are young enough to get ſome lucky hint, which muſt come by chance, and it ſhall be a thing of importance, *quod & hunc in annum vivat & in plures*, and you ſhall not finiſh it in haſte, and it ſhall be diverting, and uſefully

uſefully ſatirical, and the ducheſs ſhall be your critic; and, betwixt you and me, I do not find ſhe will grow weary of you till this time ſeven years. I had lately an offer to change for an Engliſh living, which is juſt too ſhort by 300 l. a year; and that muſt be made up out of the ducheſs's pin-money before I can conſent. I want to be miniſter of Ameſbury, Dawley, Twickenham, Riſkins, and prebendary of Weſtminſter, elſe I will not ſtir a ſtep, but content myſelf with making the ducheſs miſerable three months next ſummer. But I keep ill company; I mean the ducheſs and you, who are both out of favour; and ſo I find am I, by a few verſes, wherein Pope and you have your parts. You hear Dr. D——y has got a wife with 1600 l. a year; I, who am his governor, cannot take one under 2000; I wiſh you would enquire of ſuch a one in your neighbourhood. See what it is to write godly books! I profeſs I envy you above all men in England; you want nothing but 3000 l. more, to keep you in plenty when your friends grow weary of you. To prevent which laſt, while at Ameſbury, you muſt learn to domineer and be peeviſh, to find fault with their victuals and drink, to chide and direct the ſervants, with ſome other leſſons which I ſhall teach you, and always practiſed myſelf with ſucceſs. I believe I formerly deſired to know whether the vicar of Ameſbury can play at back-gammon? Pray aſk him the queſtion, and give him my ſervice.

A Poſtſcript to the Ducheſs of QUEENSBERRY.

Madam,

I was the moſt unwary creature in the world, when, againſt my old maxims, I writ firſt to you upon your return to Tunbridge. I beg that this condeſcenſion of mine may go no farther, and that you will not pretend to make a precedent of it. I never knew any man cured of any inattention, although the pretended cauſes were removed. When I was with Mr. Gay laſt in London, talking with him on ſome poetical ſubjects, "Well, I am determined not to accept the employment of gentleman-uſher;" and of the ſame diſpoſition were all my poetical friends, and if you cannot cure him, I utterly deſpair.—As to yourſelf, I will ſay to you (though compariſons be odious) what I ſaid to the ———, that your quality ſhould be never any motive of eſteem to me: my compliment was then loſt, but it will not be ſo to you. For I know you more by any one of your letters, than I could by ſix months converſing. Your pen is always more natural, and ſincere, and unaffected, than your tongue; in writing, you are too lazy to give yourſelf the trouble of acting a part, and have indeed acted ſo indiſcreetly, that I have you at mercy: and although you ſhould arrive to ſuch a height of immorality as to deny your hand, yet, whenever I produce it, the world will unite in ſwearing this muſt come from you only. I will anſwer your queſtion. Mr. Gay is not diſcreet enough to live alone, but he is too diſcreet to live alone: and yet (unleſs you mend him) he will live alone even in your grace's company. Your quarrelling with each other upon the ſubject of bread and butter, is the moſt uſual thing in the world: parliaments, courts, cities, and kingdoms, quarrel for no other cauſe: from hence, and from hence only, ariſe all the quarrels between whig and tory; between thoſe who are in the miniſtry, and thoſe who are out; between all pretenders to employment in the church, the law, and the army: even the common proverb teaches you this, when we ſay, "It is none of my bread and but-"ter," meaning it is no buſineſs of mine. Therefore I deſpair of any reconcilement between you till the affair of bread and butter be adjuſted, wherein I would gladly be a mediator. If Mahomet ſhould come to the mountain, how happy would an excellent lady be, who lives a few miles from this town! As I was telling of Mr. Gay's way of living at Ameſbury, ſhe offered fifty guineas to have you both at her houſe for one hour over a bottle of Burgundy, which we were then drinking. To your queſtion I anſwer, that your grace ſhould pull me by the ſleeve till you tore it off; and when you ſaid you were weary of me, I would pretend to be deaf, and think (according to another

proverb) that you tore my cloaths to keep me from going. I never will believe one word you ſay of my lord duke, unleſs I ſee three or four lines in his own hand at the bottom of yours. I have a concern in the whole family, and Mr. Gay muſt give me a particular account of every branch, for I am not aſhamed of you, though you be duke and ducheſs, though I have been of others who are, &c. and do not doubt but even your own ſervants love you, even down to the poſtilions; and when I come to Ameſbury, before I ſee your grace, I will have an hour's converſation with the vicar, who will tell me how familiarly you talk to goody Dobſon and all the neighbours, as if you were their equal, and that you were godmother to her ſon Jacky. I am, and ſhall be ever, with the greateſt reſpect,

Your grace's moſt obedient, &c.

§ 143. *To the Hon. Mr.* BERNARD GRANVILLE.

Mar, near Doncaſter, Oct. 6,
Sir, 1688.

Your having no proſpect of obtaining a commiſſion for me, can no way alter or cool my deſire, at this important juncture, to venture my life, in ſome manner or other, for my king and country.

I cannot bear living under the reproach of lying obſcure and idle in a country retirement, when every man, who has the leaſt ſenſe of honour, ſhould be preparing for the field.

You may remember, Sir, with what reluctance I ſubmitted to your commands upon Monmouth's rebellion, when no importunity could prevail with you to permit me to leave the academy; I was too young to be hazarded: but give me leave to ſay, it is glorious at any age to die for one's country, and the ſooner, the nobler the ſacrifice.

I am now older by three years. My uncle Bathe was not ſo old when he was left among the ſlain at the battle of Newbury: nor you yourſelf, Sir, when you made your eſcape from your tutors to join your brother at the defence of Scilly.

The ſame cauſe is now come round again; the king has been miſled; let thoſe who have miſled him be anſwerable for it: nobody can deny but he is ſacred in his own perſon, and it is every honeſt man's duty to defend it.

You are pleaſed to ſay, it is yet doubtful if the Hollanders are raſh enough to make ſuch an attempt; but be that as it will, I beg leave to inſiſt upon it, that I may be preſented to his majeſty as one whoſe utmoſt ambition is to devote his life to his ſervice and my country's, after the example of all my anceſtors.

The gentry aſſembled at York to agree upon the choice of repreſentatives for the county, have prepared an addreſs, to aſſure his majeſty they are ready to ſacrifice their lives and fortunes for him upon this and all other occaſions; but at the ſame time they humbly beſeech him to give them ſuch magiſtrates as may be agreeable to the laws of the land, for at preſent there is no authority to which they can legally ſubmit.

They have been beating for volunteers at York, and the towns adjacent, to ſupply the regiments at Hull, but nobody will liſt.

By what I can hear, every body wiſhes well to the king, but they would be glad his miniſters were hang'd.

The winds continue ſo contrary, that no landing can be ſo ſoon as was apprehended; therefore I may hope, with your leave and aſſiſtance, to be in readineſs before any action can begin. I beſeech you, Sir, moſt humbly and moſt earneſtly, to add this one act of indulgence more, to ſo many other teſtimonies which I have conſtantly received of your goodneſs; and be pleaſed to believe me always, with the utmoſt duty and ſubmiſſion, Sir,

Your moſt dutiful ſon,
George Granville.

§ 144. *To* WILLIAM HENRY, *Earl of* BATHE, &c. *at the Camp in* Flanders.

Sept. 4, 1713.

My dear Lord,

Whilſt you are purſuing honour in the field, in the earlieſt time of your life, after the example of your anceſtors, I am commanded by the queen to let you know, ſhe has declared you her lord lieutenant of the county of Cornwall;

the earl of Rocheſter to act for you till you are of age.

You will do well to write your moſt humble thanks to her majeſty, for ſo graciouſly remembering you, unſolicited, in your abſence; you ſhould likewiſe do the ſame to my lord Rocheſter, for accepting the trouble.

This, my dear lord, is a preparative to bring you upon the ſtage with ſome luſtre at your firſt appearance in the world. You are placed at the head of a body of gentry, entirely diſpoſed in affection to you and your family: you are born poſſeſſed of all thoſe amiable qualities which cannot fail of fixing their hearts: you have no other example to follow, but to tread in the ſteps of your anceſtors: it is all that is hoped or deſired from you.

You are upon an uncommon foundation in that part of the world; your anceſtors, for at leaſt 500 years, never made any alliance, male or female, out of the weſtern counties: thus there is hardly a gentleman, either in Cornwall or Devon, but has ſome of your blood, or you ſome of theirs. I remember the firſt time I accompanied your grandfather into the Weſt, upon holding his parliament of tinners, as warden of the Stannaries, when there was the moſt numerous appearance of gentry of both counties that had ever been remembered together: I obſerved there was hardly any one but whom he called couſin, and I could not but obſerve at the ſame time how well they were pleaſed with it. Let this be a leſſon for you when it comes to your turn to appear amongſt them. Nothing is more obliging than to ſeem to retain the memory of kindred and alliances, though never ſo remote; and by conſequence nothing more diſobliging than a forgetfulneſs of them, which is always imputed to an affected, diſdainful ſuperiority and pride.

There is another particular, in my opinion of no ſmall conſequence to the ſupport of your intereſt, which I would recommend to your imitation; and that is, to make Stowe your principal reſidence. I have heard your grandfather ſay, if ever he lived to be poſſeſſed of New-hall, he would pull it down, that your father might have no temptation to withdraw from the ancient ſeat of his family. From the conqueſt to the reſtoration your anceſtors conſtantly reſided amongſt their countrymen, except when the public ſervice called upon them to ſacrifice their lives for it.

Stowe, in your grandfather's time, till the civil wars broke out, was a kind of academy for all young men of family in the country; he provided himſelf with the beſt maſters, of all kinds, for education; and the children of his neighbours and friends ſhared the advantage with his own. Thus he, in a manner, became the father of his country, and not only engaged the affection of the preſent generation, but laid a foundation of friendſhip for poſterity, which is not worn out at this day.

Upon this foundation, my lord, you inherit friends without the trouble of making them, and have only to preſerve them: an eaſy taſk for you, to whom nature has been ſo liberal of every quality neceſſary to attract affection and gain the heart.

I muſt tell you, the generality of our countrymen have been always royaliſts; you inherit too much loyal blood to like them the worſe; there is an old ſaying amongſt them, "That a Godolphin "was never known to want wit; a "Trelawney courage; or a Granville "loyalty." Wit and courage are not to be miſtaken; and to give thoſe families their due, they ſtill keep up their character; but it is the misfortune of loyalty not to be ſo clearly underſtood, or defined. In a country ſubject to revolutions, what paſſes for loyalty to-day, may be treaſon to-morrow: but I make great difference between real and nominal treaſon. In the quarrel of the houſes of York and Lancaſter, both ſides were proclaimed traitors, as the other prevailed: even under Cromwell's uſurpation, all who adhered to the king were proclaimed traitors, and ſuffered as ſuch; but this makes no alteration in the thing itſelf: it may be enacted treaſon to call black, black; or, white, white; but black will be black, and white will be white, in ſpite of all the legiſlators in the world.

There can be no doubt about allegiance,

ance, unleſs princes become tyrants, and then they ceaſe to be kings: they will no longer be reſpected as God's vicegerents, who violate the laws they were ſworn to protect. The preacher may tell us of paſſive obedience; that tyrants are to be patiently ſuffered as ſcourges in the hands of a righteous God, to chaſtiſe a ſinful nation; and to be ſubmitted to, like plagues, famines, and ſuch like judgments from above. Such doctrines, were it true, could only ſerve to miſlead ill-judging princes into a falſe ſecurity; men are not to be reaſon'd out of their ſenſes: human nature and ſelf-preſervation will eternally arm againſt ſlavery and oppreſſion.

It is therefore not to be ſuppoſed, that even the weakeſt prince would run that hazard, unleſs ſeduced by advice wickedly palliated by evil counſellors. Nero himſelf, under the influence of a good miniſtry, was the mildeſt, the moſt gracious, and beſt beloved of the emperors; the moſt ſanguinary, the moſt profligate, and the moſt abhorred, under a bad one. A prince may be deceived, or miſtaken, in the choice of his favourites; but he has this advantage, he is ſure to hear of it from the voice of the public: if then he is deaf, he ſeems to take upon himſelf the blame and odium of thoſe actions, which were chargeable before but upon his adviſers.

Idle murmurs, groundleſs diſcontents, and pretended jealouſies and fears, the effect of private prejudice and reſentments, have been, and will ever be, under the wiſeſt adminiſtrations: we are peſtered with them even now, when we have a queen who is known to have nothing ſo much at heart as the contentment of her people: theſe are tranſitory vapours, which ſcatter at the firſt appearance of light; the infection ſpreads no farther than a particular ſet of ſour, ſplenetic enthuſiaſts in politics, not worth minding or correcting. Univerſal diſcontent can never happen, but from ſolid provocations.

Many well-meaning perſons, however, abounding in zeal, have been often unwarily caught by popular pretences, and not undeceived, till 'twas too late. Have a care, my dear couſin, of ſplitting upon that rock; there have been falſe patriots, as well as falſe prophets.

"To fear God, and honour the King," were injunctions ſo cloſely tack'd together, that they ſeem to make but one and the ſame command. A man may as well pretend to be a good chriſtian without fearing God, as a good ſubject without honouring the King.

"Deo, Patriæ, Amicis," was your great grandfather, Sir Bevil's, motto: in three words he has added to his example a rule which, in following, you can never err in any duty of life. The brighteſt courage, and the gentleſt diſpoſition, is part of the Lord Clarendon's character of him: ſo much of him you have begun to ſhew us already: and the beſt wiſh I can make for you, is, to reſemble him as much in all —but his untimely fate.

I am, my lord, for ever, &c.

§ 145. *Second Letter to the ſame.*

Sept. 22.

Every living creature, my dear lord, is entitled to offices of humanity. The diſtreſs, even of an enemy, ſhould reconcile us to him: if he thirſts, give him drink; if he hungers, give him food; overcome evil with good. It is with this diſpoſition I would have you enter into the exerciſe of that authority with which her majeſty has honoured you over your countrymen. Let nobody inſpire you with party prejudices and reſentments. Let it be your buſineſs to reconcile differences and heal diviſions; and to reſtore, if poſſible, harmony and good neighbourhood amongſt them. If then there ſhould be any left to wiſh you ill, make them aſhamed and confounded with your goodneſs and moderation. Not that I would ever adviſe you to ſacrifice one hair of the head of an old friend to your family to gain fifty new ones; but if you can increaſe the number by courteſy and moderation, it may be worth the trial.

Believe me, my dear lord, humanity and generoſity make the beſt foundation to build a character upon. A man may have birth, and riches, and power, wit, learning, courage; but without generoſity,

roſity, it is impoſſible to be a great man. Whatever the rich and powerful may think of themſelves; whatever value they may ſet upon their abundance and grandeur; they will find themſelves but the more hated and deſpiſed for the ill uſe they make of it. You ſhould look upon yourſelves but as ſtewards and truſtees for the diſtreſſed: your over-abundance is but a depoſit for the uſe and relief of the unhappy: you are anſwerable for all ſuperfluities miſ-ſpent. It is not to be ſuppoſed, that Providence would have made ſuch diſtinctions among men, ſuch unequal diſtributions, but that they might endear themſelves to one another by mutual helps and obligations. Gratitude is the ſureſt cement of love, friendſhip, and ſociety.

There are, indeed, rules to be obſerved, and meaſures to be kept, in the diſtribution of favours: we know who have both the power and inclination to do good; but, for want of judgment in the direction, they paſs only for good-natured fools, inſtead of generous benefactors.

My lord —— will grudge a guinea to an honeſt gentleman in diſtreſs, but readily give twenty to a common ſtrumpet. Another ſhall refuſe to lend fifty pounds to his beſt friend, without ſufficient ſecurity; and the next moment ſet his whole fortune upon a card or a die; a chance for which he can have no ſecurity. My lord —— is to be ſeen every day at a toy-ſhop, ſquandering away his money in trinkets and baubles; and, at the ſame time, leaves his brothers and ſiſters without common neceſſaries.

Generoſity does not conſiſt in a contempt of money, in throwing it away at random, without judgment or diſtinction; (though that indeed is better than locking it up, for multitudes have the benefit of it) but in a right diſpoſition to proper objects, in proportion to the merit, the circumſtances, the rank, and condition, of thoſe who ſtand in need of our ſervice.

Princes are more expoſed than any others to the miſplacing their favours. Merit is ever modeſt, and keeps its diſtance: the forward and importunate ſtand always neareſt in ſight, and are not to be put out of countenance, nor thruſt out of the way. I remember to have heard a ſaying of the late King James, "That he never knew a modeſt "man make his way in a court." David Floyd, whom you know, being then in waiting at his majeſty's elbow, replied bluntly, "Pray, Sir, whoſe fault's that?" The king ſtood corrected, and was ſilent.

If princes could ſee with their own eyes, and hear with their own ears, what a happy ſituation it would be, both for themſelves and their ſubjects! To reward merit, to redreſs the injured, to relieve the oppreſſed, to raiſe the modeſt, to humble the inſolent; what a godlike prerogative, were a right uſe made of it!

How happy are you, my dear lord, who are born with ſuch generous inclinations, with judgment to direct them, and the means to indulge them! Of all men, moſt miſerable is he who has the inclination without the means. To meet with a deſerving object of compaſſion, without having the power to give relief, of all the circumſtances in life is the moſt diſagreeable: to have the power is the greateſt pleaſure. Methinks I ſee you ready to cry out—"Good couſin, why this diſcourſe to "me? What occaſion have I for theſe "lectures?" None at all, my dear lord; I am only making my court to you, by letting you ſee I think as you do. But one word more, and I have done.—In truſt, intimacy, and confidence, be as particular as you pleaſe; in humanity, charity, and benevolence, univerſal.

I am for ever, &c.

§ 146. *To Mr.* Bevil Granville, *upon his entering into Holy Orders.*

When I look upon the date of your laſt letter, I muſt own myſelf blameable for not having ſooner returned you my thanks for it.

I approve very well of your reſolution of dedicating yourſelf to the ſervice of God; you could not chuſe a better maſter, provided you have ſo ſufficiently ſearched your heart, as to be perſuaded

you

you can ſerve him well: in ſo doing you may ſecure to yourſelf many bleſſings in this world, as well as a ſure expectation in the next.

There is one thing which I perceive you have not yet thoroughly purged yourſelf from, which is flattery: you have beſtowed ſo much of that upon me in your letter, that I hope you have no more left, and that you meant it only to take your leave of ſuch flights of fancy; which, however well meant, oftner put a man out of countenance than oblige him.

You are now become a ſearcher after truth: I ſhall hereafter take it more kindly to be juſtly reproved by you, than to be undeſervedly complimented.

I would not have you underſtand me, as if I recommended to you a ſour ſeverity, that is yet more to be avoided. Advice, like phyſic, ſhould be ſo ſweetened and prepared as to be made palatable, or nature may be apt to revolt againſt it. Be always ſincere, but at the ſame time always polite: be humble, without deſcending from your character: reprove and correct, without offending good-manners: to be a cynic is as bad as to be a ſycophant. You are not to lay aſide the gentleman with your ſword, nor to put on the gown to hide your birth and good-breeding, but to adorn it.

Such has been the malice of the world from the beginning, that pride, avarice, and ambition, have been charged upon the prieſthood in all ages, in all countries, and in all religions; what they are moſt obliged to combat againſt in their pulpits, they are moſt accuſed of encouraging in their conduct. It behoves you therefore to be more upon your guard in this, than in any other profeſſion. Let your example confirm your doctrine; and let no man ever have it in his power to reproach you with practiſing contrary to what you preach.

You had an uncle, Dr. Dennis Granville, dean of Durham, whoſe memory I ſhall ever revere, make him your example. Sanctity ſat ſo eaſy, ſo unaffected, and ſo graceful upon him, that in him we beheld the very beauty of holineſs: he was as chearful, as familiar, and condeſcending in his converſation, as he was ſtrict, regular, and exemplary in his piety: as well bred and accompliſhed as a courtier, as reverend and venerable as an apoſtle: he was indeed in every thing apoſtolical, for he abandoned all to follow his Lord and Maſter.

May you reſemble him! may he revive in you! may his ſpirit deſcend upon you, as Elijah's upon Eliſha! And may the great God of Heaven, in guiding, directing, and ſtrengthening your pious reſolutions, pour down his beſt and choiceſt bleſſings upon you! You ſhall ever find me, dear nephew,

Your affectionate uncle,

Lanſdowne.

§ 147. *A Letter from the Marquis* DE MONTESQUIEU *to a young Gentleman, on reading Hiſtory.*

Sir,

I have learnt with much pleaſure, that you have reſolved to exerciſe a regular courſe of ſtudy in the country, and to continue it even at Paris, and with the army, in proportion as you ſhall have time. But you do me too much honour, to conſult me about the reading you ſhould make choice of, being ſo capable of making that choice yourſelf. Nevertheleſs, ſince you abſolutely require that I ſhould explain myſelf thereupon, I ſhall not heſitate to tell you, that I ſhould prefer the reading of hiſtory to all other. It is an opinion of which I have given a public teſtimony, and that I ſhall never change. Inſtead of quoting the paſſage where I ſpeak advantageouſly of hiſtory, I had rather write it in this letter, for your eaſe and my own. You will not have the trouble to look for the book, and I ſhall not have that of recollecting the arguments I then advanced. That hiſtory inſtructs us in an engaging and agreeable manner; that the greater part of the other ſciences give precepts which our mind uſually ſlights, becauſe it loves freedom, and becauſe it takes pleaſure in oppoſing every thing that favours of command. I added, that inſtead of thoſe imperious maxims, hiſtory gives us only reflections to make upon

the events that ſhe diſplays before our eyes, and that thoſe events are ſo many examples which we have to follow or avoid. She makes us attend the councils of ſovereigns, and enables us to diſtinguiſh flattery from good advice. She deſcribes ſieges and battles to us, and makes us take notice of the faults or good conduct of the generals. In a word, ſhe gives us, in a few years, an experience that many years cannot give, without her aſſiſtance. Will you permit me, Sir, to improve upon what I have ſaid, and to take from a better fund than my own? A moſt eloquent prelate will ſupply me with two or three periods which you will be very glad to know. He ſpeaks of a great and ingenious princeſs, which we have juſt loſt, and ſays, that the reſolution of proſecuting the ſtudy of wiſdom, kept her engaged to the reading of which we ſpeak. That hiſtory is rightly called the wiſe counſellor of princes. It is there, continued he, that the greateſt kings have no more rank than by their virtues; and that, degraded for ever by the hands of death, they undergo, without court, and without retinue, the judgment of all people, and of all ages. It is there we diſcover that the gloſs of flattery is ſuperficial, and that falſe colours will not laſt, how ingeniouſly ſoever they be laid on. There our admirable princes ſtudied the duties of thoſe whoſe lives compoſe hiſtory, &c. You ſee, Sir, that I have kept my word, what I have borrowed is better than what is my own; and that I have thought of nothing but ſatisfying you, without conſidering that I was going to deſtroy the good opinion you might have of my writings. I will even tell you what hiſtorian I ſhould prefer for pleaſure and for inſtruction: it is Plutarch, whom the too ſevere critics will hardly acknowledge to be an hiſtorian. I muſt allow, indeed, that he has not made any body of hiſtory, and that he has left none but particular and unconnected lives: but what hiſtories can be found which pleaſe and inſtruct like theſe lives? At leaſt, what perſon can read them without reliſhing a thouſand beauties, and remarking every moment maxims of morality and politics? Plutarch introduces them naturally; he gathers none but flowers that grow under his feet, and does not go out of his way to gather others. He paints the man whoſe life he relates: he makes him known, ſuch as he was at the head of the armies, in the government of the people, in his own family, and in his pleaſures. In fine, Sir, I ſhould be of the opinion of an author, who ſaid, that if he was conſtrained to fling all the books of the ancients into the ſea, Plutarch ſhould be the laſt drowned. We will ſay more of this when we go to **** with the M. of M ****. If you would entertain your friends with leſs ceremony, we ſhould already have made you this viſit, but you treat at your houſe as ſumptuouſly as if the ſuperintendancy was ſtill in your family.

I am moſt abſolutely, Sir,

Your moſt humble, and moſt obedient ſervant.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

ELEGANT

ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

NARRATIVES, DIALOGUES, AND LETTERS;

WITH OTHER

HUMOROUS, FACETIOUS, AND ENTERTAINING PIECES.

§ 1. *The Story of* Le Fevre.

IT was ſome time in the ſummer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the allies,—which was about ſeven years before my father came into the country,—and about as many after the time that my uncle Toby and Trim had privately decamped from my father's houſe in town, in order to lay ſome of the fineſt ſieges to ſome of the fineſt fortified cities in Europe—When my uncle Toby was one evening getting his ſupper, with Trim ſitting behind him at a ſmall ſideboard;—The landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour with an empty phial in his hand to beg a glaſs or two of ſack; 'tis for a poor gentleman,—I think, of the army, ſaid the landlord, who has been taken ill at my houſe four days ago, and has never held up his head ſince, or had a deſire to taſte any thing, 'till juſt now, that he has a fancy for a glaſs of ſack and a thin toaſt.—*I think*, ſays he, taking his hand from his forehead, *it would comfort me.*——

——If I could neither beg, borrow, nor buy ſuch a thing,—added the landlord,—I would almoſt ſteal it for the poor gentleman, he is ſo ill.——I hope in God he will ſtill mend, continued he—we are all of us concerned for him.

Thou art a good-natured ſoul, I will anſwer for thee, cried my uncle Toby; and thou ſhalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glaſs of ſack thyſelf,—and take a couple of bottles, with my ſervice, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more, if they will do him good.

Though I am perſuaded, ſaid my uncle Toby, as the landlord ſhut the door, he is a very compaſſionate fellow—Trim,—yet I cannot help entertaining an high opinion of his gueſt too; there muſt be ſomething more than common in him, that in ſo ſhort a time ſhould win ſo much upon the affections of his hoſt;——And of his whole family, added the corporal, for they are all concerned for him.——Step after him, ſaid my uncle Toby,—do Trim,—and aſk if he knows his name.

——I have quite forgot it, truly, ſaid the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the corporal,—but I can aſk his ſon again:—Has he a ſon with him then? ſaid my uncle Toby.——A boy, replied the landlord, of about eleven or twelve years of age;—but the poor creature has taſted almoſt as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day;—he has not ſtirred from the bed-ſide theſe two days.

My uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thruſt his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took away without ſaying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

——Stay in the room a little, ſays my uncle Toby.——

Trim!—ſaid my uncle Toby, after he had lighted his pipe, and ſmoked about a dozen whiffs—Trim came in front of his maſter, and made his bow;—my uncle Toby ſmoked on, and ſaid no more.——Corporal! ſaid my uncle Toby—the corporal made his bow.——My uncle Toby proceeded no farther, but finiſhed his pipe.

Trim!—ſaid my uncle Toby, I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myſelf up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a viſit to this poor gentleman.—Your honour's roquelaure, replied the corporal, has not once been had on, ſince the night before your honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St. Nicholas;—and beſides, it is ſo cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure, and what with the weather, 'twill be enough to give your honour your death, and bring on your honour's torment in your groin.—I fear ſo, replyed my uncle Toby; but I am not at reſt in my mind, Trim, ſince the account the landlord has given me.—I wiſh I had not known ſo much of this affair,—added my uncle Toby,—or that I had known more of it:—How ſhall we manage it?—Leave it, an't pleaſe your honour, to me, quoth the corporal;—I'll take my hat and ſtick, and go to the houſe and reconnoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your honour a full account in an hour.—Thou ſhalt go, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby, and here's a ſhilling for thee to drink with his ſervant.—I ſhall get it all out of him, ſaid the corporal, ſhutting the door.

My uncle Toby filled his ſecond pipe; and had it not been, that he now and then wandered from the point, with conſidering whether it was not full as well to have the curtain of the tennaile a ſtraight line, as a crooked one,—he might be ſaid to have thought of nothing elſe but poor Le Fevre and his boy the whole time he ſmoked it.

It was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the aſhes out of his third pipe, that corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account.

I deſpaired at firſt, ſaid the corporal, of being able to bring back your honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor ſick lieutenant—Is he in the army then? ſaid my uncle Toby—He is, ſaid the corporal—And in what regiment? ſaid my uncle Toby—I'll tell your honour, replied the corporal, every thing ſtraight forwards, as I learnt it.—Then, Trim, I'll fill another pipe, ſaid my uncle Toby, and not interrupt thee till thou haſt done; ſo ſit down at thy eaſe, Trim, in the window-ſeat, and begin thy ſtory again. The corporal made his old bow, which generally ſpoke, as plain as a bow could ſpeak it—"Your honour is good:"—And having done that, he ſat down, as he was ordered,—and begun the ſtory to my uncle Toby over again in pretty near the ſame words.

I deſpaired at firſt, ſaid the corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour about the lieutenant and his ſon; for when I aſked where his ſervant was, from whom I made myſelf ſure of knowing every thing which was proper to be aſked.—That's a right diſtinction, Trim; ſaid my uncle Toby—I was anſwered, an' pleaſe your honour, that he had no ſervant with him;—that he had come to the inn with hired horſes, which, upon finding himſelf unable to proceed, (to join, I ſuppoſe the regiment) he had diſmiſſed the morning after he came.—If I get better, my dear, ſaid he, as he gave his purſe to his ſon to pay the man,—we can hire horſes from hence.—But alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence, ſaid the landlady to me,—for I heard the death-watch all night long;—and when he dies, the youth, his ſon, will certainly die with him; for he is broken-hearted already.

I was hearing this account, continued the corporal, when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toaſt the landlord ſpoke of;—but I will do it for my father myſelf, ſaid the youth.—Pray let me ſave you the trouble, young gentleman, ſaid I, taking up a fork for the purpoſe, and offering him my chair to ſit down upon by the fire, whilſt I did it.—I believe, ſir, ſaid he, very modeſtly, I can pleaſe him beſt myſelf.—I am ſure

ſaid

ſaid I, his honour will not like the toaſt the worſe for being toaſted by an old ſoldier.—The youth took hold of my hand, and inſtantly burſt into tears.—Poor youth! ſaid my uncle Toby,—he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a ſoldier, Trim, ſounded in his ears like the name of a friend;—I wiſh I had him here.

——I never in the longeſt march, ſaid the corporal, had ſo great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company:—What could be the matter with me, an' pleaſe your honour?—Nothing in the world, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby, blowing his noſe,—but that thou art a good-natured fellow.

When I gave him the toaſt, continued the corporal, I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain Shandy's ſervant, and that your honour (though a ſtranger) was extremely concerned for his father;—and that if there was any thing in your houſe or cellar—(and thou might'ſt have added my purſe too, ſaid my uncle Toby)—he was heartily welcome to it:—he made a very low bow, (which was meant to your honour) but no anſwer,—for his heart was full—ſo he went up ſtairs with the toaſt;—I warrant you, my dear, ſaid I, as I opened the kitchen-door, your father will be well again.—Mr. Yorick's curate was ſmoking a pipe by the kitchen fire,—but ſaid not a word good or bad to comfort the youth.——I thought it was wrong, added the corporal——I think ſo too, ſaid my uncle Toby.

When the lieutenant had taken his glaſs of ſack and toaſt, he felt himſelf a little revived, and ſent down into the kitchen, to let me know, that in about ten minutes he ſhould be glad if I would ſtep up ſtairs.—I believe, ſaid the landlord, he is going to ſay his prayers,—for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bed-ſide, and as I ſhut the door, I ſaw his ſon take up a cuſhion.—

I thought, ſaid the curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never ſaid your prayers at all.——I heard the poor gentleman ſay his prayers laſt night, ſaid the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.—Are you ſure of it? replied the curate:——A ſoldier, an' pleaſe your reverence, ſaid I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parſon;—and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the moſt reaſon to pray to God of any one in the whole world.—'Twas well ſaid of thee, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby.—But when a ſoldier, ſaid I, an' pleaſe your reverence, has been ſtanding for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water,—or engaged, ſaid I, for months together in long and dangerous marches;—harraſſed, perhaps, in his rear to-day;—harraſſing others to-morrow;—detached here;—countermanded there;—reſting this night upon his arms;—beat up in his ſhirt the next;—benumbed in his joints;—perhaps without ſtraw in his tent to kneel on;—he muſt ſay his prayers how and when he can.—I believe, ſaid I,—for I was piqued, quoth the corporal, for the reputation of the army,—I believe, an't pleaſe your reverence, ſaid I, that when a ſoldier gets time to pray,—he prays as heartily as a parſon—though not with all his fuſs and hypocriſy.——Thou ſhould'ſt not have ſaid that, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby,—for God only knows who is a hypocrite, and who is not:—At the great and general review of us all, corporal, at the day of judgment, (and not till then)—it will be ſeen who has done their duties in this world,—and who has not; and we ſhall be advanced, Trim, accordingly—I hope we ſhall, ſaid Trim.——It is in the Scripture, ſaid my uncle Toby; and I will ſhew it thee to-morrow:—In the mean time we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort, ſaid my uncle Toby, that God Almighty is ſo good and juſt a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it,—it will never be enquired into, whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one:—I hope not, ſaid the corporal.—But go on, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby, with thy ſtory.

When I went up, continued the corporal, into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes,—he was lying in his bed with his head raiſed upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beſide it:

—The

—The youth was juſt ſtooping down to take up the cuſhion, upon which I ſuppoſed he had been kneeling—the book was laid upon the bed,—and as he roſe, in taking up the cuſhion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the ſame time.———Let it remain there, my dear, ſaid the lieutenant.

He did not offer to ſpeak to me, till I had walked up cloſe to his bed-ſide: —If you are Captain Shandy's ſervant, ſaid he, you muſt preſent my thanks to your maſter, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courteſy to me, —if he was of Leven's—ſaid the lieutenant.——I told him your honour was. ——Then, ſaid he, I ſerved three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him—but 'tis moſt likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me. —You will tell him, however, that the perſon his good-nature has laid under obligations to him, is one Le Fevre, a lieutenant in Angus's——but he knows me not,—ſaid he, a ſecond time, muſing;—poſſibly he may my ſtory—added he—pray tell the captain, I was the enſign at Breda, whoſe wife was moſt unfortunately killed with a muſket-ſhot, as ſhe lay in my arms in my tent.——I remember the ſtory, an't pleaſe your honour, ſaid I, very well——Do you ſo? ſaid he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief,—then well may I.—In ſaying this, he drew a little ring out of his boſom, which ſeemed tied with a black ribband about his neck, and kiſſed it twice.——Here, Billy, ſaid he,—the boy flew acroſs the room to the bed-ſide, and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kiſſed it too,—then kiſſed his father, and ſat down upon the bed and wept.

I wiſh, ſaid my uncle Toby with a deep ſigh,——I wiſh, Trim, I was aſleep.

Your honour, replied the corporal, is too much concerned;—ſhall I pour your honour out a glaſs of ſack to your pipe? ——Do, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby.

I remember, ſaid my uncle Toby, ſighing again, the ſtory of the enſign and his wife, with a circumſtance his modeſty omitted;—and particularly well that he, as well as ſhe, upon ſome account or other, (I forget what) was univerſally pitied by the whole regiment; ——but finiſh the ſtory thou art upon: ——'Tis finiſhed already, ſaid the corporal,—for I could ſtay no longer,—ſo wiſhed his honour a good night; young Le Fevre roſe from off the bed, and ſaw me to the bottom of the ſtairs; and as we went down together, told me, they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join their regiment in Flanders—But alas! ſaid the corporal, —the lieutenant's laſt day's march is over.——Then what is to become of his poor boy? cried my uncle Toby.

It was to my uncle Toby's eternal honour,—though I tell it only for the ſake of thoſe, who, when cooped in betwixt a natural and a poſitive law, know not for their ſouls, which way in the world to turn themſelves——That notwithſtanding my uncle Toby was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the ſiege of Dendermond, parallel with the allies, who preſſed theirs on ſo vigorouſly that they ſcarce allowed him time to get his dinner——that nevertheleſs he gave up Dendermond, though he had already made a lodgment upon the counterſcarp; and bent his whole thoughts towards the private diſtreſſes at the inn; and, except that he ordered the garden-gate to be bolted up, by which he might be ſaid to have turned the ſiege of Dendermond into a blockade—he left Dendermond to itſelf,—to be relieved or not by the French king, as the French king thought good; and only conſidered how he himſelf ſhould relieve the poor lieutenant and his ſon.

———That kind Being, who is a friend to the friendleſs, ſhall recompenſe thee for this.

Thou haſt left this matter ſhort, ſaid my uncle Toby to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed,——and I will tell thee in what, Trim.—In the firſt place, when thou madeſt an offer of my ſervices to Le Fevre,——as ſickneſs and travelling are both expenſive, and thou knoweſt he was but a poor lieutenant, with a ſon to ſubſiſt as well as himſelf, out of his pay,—that thou didſt not make an offer to him of my purſe; becauſe, had he ſtood in need, thou knoweſt, Trim, he had been as welcome to it

as

as myſelf.——Your honour knows, ſaid the corporal, I had no orders;——True, quoth my uncle Toby,——thou didſt very right, Trim, as a ſoldier,——but certainly very wrong as a man.

In the ſecond place, for which, indeed, thou haſt the ſame excuſe, continued my uncle Toby,——when thou offeredſt him whatever was in my houſe,——thou ſhould'ſt have offered him my houſe too: —— A ſick brother officer ſhould have the beſt quarters, Trim; and if we had him with us,—we could tend and look to him:——thou art an excellent nurſe thyſelf, Trim,——and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and ſet him upon his legs.——

——In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle Toby, ſmiling,—he might march.—He will never march, an' pleaſe your honour, in the world, ſaid the corporal: —— He will march, ſaid my uncle Toby, riſing up from the ſide of the bed, with one ſhoe off:—An' pleaſe your honour, ſaid the corporal, he will never march but to his grave:—He ſhall march, cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a ſhoe on, though without advancing an inch,—he ſhall march to his regiment.—He cannot ſtand it, ſaid the corporal.—He ſhall be ſupported, ſaid my uncle Toby.—He'll drop at laſt, ſaid the corporal, and what will become of his boy? — He ſhall not drop, ſaid my uncle Toby, firmly.—A-well-o'day,—do what we can for him, ſaid Trim, maintaining his point,—the poor ſoul will die:—He ſhall not die, by G—, cried my uncle Toby.

——The *accuſing ſpirit* which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, bluſhed as he gave it in——and the *recording angel* as he wrote it down, dropp'd a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

——My uncle Toby went to his bureau,—put his purſe into his breeches pocket, and having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a phyſician,—he went to bed and fell aſleep.

The ſun looked bright the morning after, to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted ſon's; the hand of death preſs'd heavy upon his eyelids,—and hardly could the wheel at the ciſtern turn round its circle,—when my uncle Toby, who had roſe up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology ſat himſelf down upon the chair, by the bed-ſide, and independently of all modes and cuſtoms opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and aſked him how he did,—how he had reſted in the night,—what was his complaint,—where was his pain,—and what he could do to help him?——and without giving him time to anſwer any one of the enquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him.——

——You ſhall go home directly, Le Fevre, ſaid my uncle Toby, to my houſe, and we'll ſend for a doctor to ſee what's the matter,—and well have an apothecary,—and the corporal ſhall be your nurſe;——and I'll be your ſervant, Le Fevre.

There was a frankneſs in my uncle Toby,—not the effect of familiarity,—but the cauſe of it,—which let you at once into his ſoul, and ſhewed you the goodneſs of his nature; to this, there was ſomething in his looks, and voice, and manner, ſuperadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take ſhelter under him; ſo that before my uncle Toby had half finiſhed the kind offers he was making to the father, had the ſon inſenſibly preſſed up cloſe to his knees, and had taken hold of the breaſt of his coat, and was pulling it towards him.——The blood and ſpirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and ſlow within him, and were retreating to their laſt citadel, the heart,—rallied back, the film forſook his eyes for a moment,—he looked up wiſhfully in my uncle Toby's face,—then caſt a look upon his boy,—and that ligament, fine as it was,—was never broken.

Nature inſtantly ebb'd again,——the film returned to its place,——the pulſe flutter'd—ſtopp'd—went on—throbb'd—ſtopp'd again—moved—ſtopp'd—ſhall I go on?——No. *Sterne.*

§ 2. YORICK's

§ 2. YORICK's *Death.*

A few hours before Yorick breathed his laſt, Eugenius ſtept in, with an intent to take his laſt ſight and laſt farewel of him. Upon his drawing Yorick's curtain, and aſking how he felt himſelf, Yorick looking up in his face, took hold of his hand, —— and, after thanking him for the many tokens of his friendſhip to him, for which, he ſaid, if it was their fate to meet hereafter, he would thank him again and again; he told him, he was within a few hours of giving his enemies the ſlip for ever.—I hope not, anſwered Eugenius, with tears trickling down his cheeks, and with the tendereſt tone that ever man ſpoke,—I hope not, Yorick, ſaid he.——Yorick replied, with a look up, and a gentle ſqueeze of Eugenius's hand,—and that was all,—but it cut Eugenius to his heart.—Come, come, Yorick, quoth Eugenius, wiping his eyes, and ſummoning up the man within him, —— my dear lad, be comforted,—let not all thy ſpirits and fortitude forſake thee at this criſis when thou moſt wanteſt them;—who knows what reſources are in ſtore, and what the power of God may yet do for thee?—Yorick laid his hand upon his heart, and gently ſhook his head; for my part continued Eugenius, crying bitterly as he uttered the words,—I declare, I know not, Yorick, how to part with thee, and would gladly flatter my hopes, added Eugenius, chearing up his voice, that there is ſtill enough of thee left to make a biſhop,—and that I may live to ſee it.—I beſeech thee, Eugenius, quoth Yorick, taking off his night-cap as well as he could with his left hand,——his right being ſtill graſped cloſe in that of Eugenius,——I beſeech thee to take a view of my head.——I ſee nothing that ails it, replied Eugenius. Then, alas! my friend, ſaid Yorick, let me tell you, that it is ſo bruiſed and miſ-ſhapened with the blows which have been ſo unhandſomely given me in the dark, that I might ſay with Sancho Panca, that ſhould I recover, and "mitres there-"upon be ſuffered to rain down from "heaven as thick as hail, not one of "them would fit it.——Yorick's laſt breath was hanging upon his trembling lips, ready to depart as he uttered this;——yet ſtill it was uttered with ſomething of a Cervantic tone;—and as he ſpoke it, Eugenius could perceive a ſtream of lambent fire lighted up for a moment in his eyes;——faint picture of thoſe flaſhes of his ſpirit, which (as Shakeſpeare ſaid of his anceſtor) were wont to ſet the table on a roar!

Eugenius was convinced from this, that the heart of his friend was broke; he ſqueezed his hand,—— and then walked ſoftly out of the room, weeping as he walked. Yorick followed Eugenius with his eyes to the door,——he then cloſed them——and never opened them more.

He lies buried in a corner of his church-yard, under a plain marble-ſlab, which his friend Eugenius, by leave of his executors, laid upon his grave, with no more than theſe three words of inſcription, ſerving both for his epitaph, and elegy——

Alas, poor YORICK!

Ten times a day has Yorick's ghoſt the conſolation to hear his monumental inſcription read over with ſuch a variety of plaintive tones, as denote a general pity and eſteem for him;——a foot-way croſſing the church-yard cloſe by his grave,—not a paſſenger goes by, without ſtopping to caſt a look upon it,——and ſighing, as he walks on,

Alas, poor YORICK!

Sterne.

§ 3. *The Story of* ALCANDER *and* SEPTIMIUS. *Taken from a Byzantine Hiſtorian.*

Athens, long after the decline of the Roman empire, ſtill continued the ſeat of learning, politeneſs, and wiſdom. Theodoric the Oſtrogoth repaired the ſchools which barbarity was ſuffering to fall into decay, and continued thoſe penſions to men of learning which avaricious governors had monopolized.

In this city, and about this period, Alcander and Septimius were fellow-ſtudents together: the one the moſt ſubtle reaſoner of all the Lyceum, the other

the moſt eloquent ſpeaker in the
mic grove. Mutual admiration
begot a friendſhip. Their fortunes
nearly equal, and they were na-
of the two moſt celebrated cities in
orld; for Alcander was of Athens,
mius came from Rome.

this ſtate of harmony they lived for
time together; when Alcander, af-
ſſing the firſt part of his youth in
dolence of philoſophy, thought at
h of entering into the buſy world;
as a ſtep previous to this, placed
ſections on Hypatia, a lady of ex-
e beauty. The day of their in-
d nuptials was fixed; the previous
ıonies were performed; and no-
now remained but her being con-
d in triumph to the apartment of
ıtended bridegroom.

:ander's exultation in his own hap-
, or being unable to enjoy any
ıction without making his friend
mius a partner, prevailed upon
ɔ introduce Hypatia to his fellow-
ıt; which he did with all the
r of a man who found himſelf
ly happy in friendſhip and love.
his was an interview fatal to the
: peace of both; for Septimius no
r ſaw her, but he was ſmitten with
oluntary paſſion; and, though he
:very effort to ſuppreſs deſires at
ſo imprudent and unjuſt, the emo-
of his mind in a ſhort time became
ɔng, that they brought on a fe-
which the phyſicians judged in-
le,

ring this illneſs, Alcander watch-
n with all the anxiety of fondneſs,
rought his miſtreſs to join in thoſe
le offices of friendſhip. The ſa-
of the phyſicians, by theſe means,
iſcovered that the cauſe of their
:'s diſorder was love: and Alcan-
ing apprized of their diſcovery, at
ı extorted a confeſſion from the
ant dying lover.

/ould but delay the narrative to
ɔe the conflict between love and
ſhip in the breaſt of Alcander on
:caſion; it is enough to ſay, that
:henians were at that time arrived
h refinement in morals, that every
was carried to exceſs. In ſhort,
ful of his own felicity, he gave
up his intended bride, in all her charms,
to the young Roman. They were mar-
ried privately by his connivance, and this
unlooked-for change of fortune wrought
as unexpected a change in the conſtitu-
tion of the now happy Septimius: in a
few days he was perfectly recovered, and
ſet out with his fair partner for Rome.
Here, by an exertion of thoſe talents
which he was ſo eminently poſſeſſed of,
Septimius in a few years arrived at the
higheſt dignities of the ſtate, and was
conſtituted the city-judge, or prætor.

In the mean time Alcander not only
felt the pain of being ſeparated from his
friend and his miſtreſs, but a proſecution
was alſo commenced againſt him by the
relations of Hypatia, for having baſely
given up his bride, as was ſuggeſted, for
money. His innocence of the crime
laid to his charge, and even his elo-
quence in his own defence, were not
able to withſtand the influence of a pow-
erful party. He was caſt, and con-
demned to pay an enormous fine. How-
ever, being unable to raiſe ſo large a
ſum at the time appointed, his poſſeſ-
ſions were confiſcated, he himſelf was
ſtripped of the habit of freedom, ex-
poſed as a ſlave in the market-place,
and ſold to the higheſt bidder.

A merchant of Thrace becoming his
purchaſer, Alcander, with ſome other
companions of diſtreſs, was carried into
that region of deſolation and ſterility.
His ſtated employment was to follow the
herds of an imperious maſter, and his
ſucceſs in hunting was all that was al-
lowed him to ſupply his precarious ſub-
ſiſtence. Every morning awaked him
to a renewal of famine or toil, and every
change of ſeaſon ſerved but to aggravate
his unſheltered diſtreſs. After ſome
years of bondage, however, an opportu-
nity of eſcaping offered; he embraced
it with ardour; ſo that travelling by
night, and lodging in caverns by day,
to ſhorten a long ſtory, he at laſt arrived
in Rome. The ſame day on which Al-
cander arrived, Septimius ſate adminiſ-
tering juſtice in the forum, whither our
wanderer came, expecting to be inſtant-
ly known, and publicly acknowledged
by his former friend. Here he ſtood
the whole day amongſt the crowd,
watching the eyes of the judge, and

expecting

expecting to be taken notice of; but he was ſo much altered by a long ſucceſſion of hardſhips, that he continued unnoted among the reſt; and, in the evening, when he was going up to the prætor's chair, he was brutally repulſed by the attending lictors. The attention of the poor is generally driven from one ungrateful object to another; for night coming on, he now found himſelf under a neceſſity of ſeeking a place to lie in, and yet knew not where to apply. All emaciated, and in rags as he was, none of the citizens would harbour ſo much wretchedneſs; and ſleeping in the ſtreets might be attended with interruption or danger: in ſhort, he was obliged to take up his lodging in one of the tombs without the city, the uſual retreat of guilt, poverty, and deſpair. In this manſion of horror, laying his head upon an inverted urn, he forgot his miſeries for a while in ſleep; and found, on his flinty couch, more eaſe than beds of down can ſupply to the guilty.

As he continued here, about midnight two robbers came to make this their retreat; but happening to diſagree about the diviſion of their plunder, one of them ſtabbed the other to the heart, and left him weltering in blood at the entrance. In theſe circumſtances he was found next morning dead at the mouth of the vault. This naturally inducing a farther enquiry, an alarm was ſpread; the cave was examined; and Alcander being found, was immediately apprehended, and accuſed of robbery and murder. The circumſtances againſt him were ſtrong, and the wretchedneſs of his appearance confirmed ſuſpicion. Misfortune and he were now ſo long acquainted, that he at laſt became regardleſs of life. He deteſted a world where he had found only ingratitude, falſehood, and cruelty; he was determined to make no defence; and thus, lowering with reſolution, he was dragged, bound with cords, before the tribunal of Septimius. As the proofs were poſitive againſt him, and he offered nothing in his own vindication, the judge was proceeding to doom him to a moſt cruel and ignominious death, when the attention of the multitude was ſoon divided by another object. The robber, who had been really guilty, was apprehended ſelling his plunder, and, ſtruck with a panic, had confeſſed his crime. He was brought bound to the ſame tribunal, and acquitted every other perſon of any partnerſhip in his guilt. Alcander's innocence therefore appeared, but the ſullen raſhneſs of his conduct remained a wonder to the ſurrounding multitude; but their aſtoniſhment was ſtill farther encreaſed, when they ſaw their judge ſtart from his tribunal to embrace the ſuppoſed criminal: Septimius recollected his friend and former benefactor, and hung upon his neck with tears of pity and of joy. Need the ſequel be related? Alcander was acquitted; ſhared the friendſhip and honours of the principal citizens of Rome; lived afterwards in happineſs and eaſe; and left it to be engraved on his tomb, That no circumſtances are ſo deſperate, which Providence may not relieve.

§ 4. *The Monk.*

A poor Monk of the order of St. Francis came into the room to beg ſomething for his convent. The moment I caſt my eyes upon him, I was pre-determined not to give him a ſingle ſous, and accordingly I put my purſe into my pocket—buttoned it up—ſet myſelf a little more upon my center, and advanced up gravely to him: there was ſomething, I fear, forbidding in my look: I have his figure this moment before my eyes, and think there was that in it which deſerved better.

The Monk, as I judge from the break in his tonſure, a few ſcatterred white hairs upon his temples being all that remained of it, might be about ſeventy ——but from his eyes, and that ſort of fire which was in them, which ſeemed more tempered by courteſy than years, could be no more than ſixty——truth might lie between——He was certainly ſixty-five; and the general air of his countenance, notwithſtanding ſomething ſeemed to have been planting wrinkles in it before their time, agreed to the account.

It was one of thoſe heads which Guido has often painted—mild—pale—penetrating, free from all common-place ideas of fat contented ignorance looking downwards

downwards upon the earth—it look'd forwards; but look'd as if it look'd at ſomething beyond this world. How one of his order came by it, Heaven above, who let it fall upon a monk's ſhoulders, beſt knows; but it would have ſuited a Bramin, and had I met it upon the plains of Indoſtan, I had reverenced it.

The reſt of his outline may be given in a few ſtrokes; one might put it into the hands of any one to deſign, for 'twas neither elegant nor otherwiſe, but as character and expreſſion made it ſo: it was a thin, ſpare form, ſomething above the common ſize, if it loſt not the diſtinction by a bend forwards in the figure—but it was the attitude of intreaty; and as it now ſtands preſent to my imagination, it gain'd more than it loſt by it.

When he had entered the room three paces, he ſtood ſtill; and laying his left hand upon his breaſt (a ſlender white ſtaff with which he journeyed being in his right)—when I had got cloſe up to him, he introduced himſelf with the little ſtory of the wants of his convent, and the poverty of his order——and did it with ſo ſimple a grace—and ſuch an air of deprecation was there in the whole caſt of his look and figure—I was bewitched not to have been ſtruck with it——

—A better reaſon was, I had predetermined not to give him a ſingle ſous.

—'Tis very true, ſaid I, replying to a caſt upwards with his eyes, with which he had concluded his addreſs—'tis very true—and Heaven be their reſource who have no other but the charity of the world, the ſtock of which, I fear, is no way ſufficient for the many great claims which are hourly made upon it.

As I pronounced the words "great "claims," he gave a ſlight glance with his eye downwards upon the ſleeve of his tunic—I felt the full force of the appeal—I acknowledge it, ſaid I—a coarſe habit, and that but once in three years, with meagre diet—are no great matters: and the true point of pity is, as they can be earn'd in the world with ſo little induſtry, that your order ſhould wiſh to procure them by preſſing upon a fund which is the property of the lame, the blind, the aged, and the infirm: the captive, who lies down counting over and over again the days of his afflictions, languiſhes alſo for his ſhare of it; and had you been of the order of Mercy, inſtead of the order of St. Francis, poor as I am, continued I, pointing at my portmanteau, full cheerfully ſhould it have been opened to you for the ranſom of the unfortunate. The Monk made me a bow—but of all others, reſumed I, the unfortunate of our own country, ſurely, have the firſt rights; and I have left thouſands in diſtreſs upon our own ſhore——The Monk gave a cordial wave with his head—as much as to ſay, No doubt, there is miſery enough in every corner of the world, as well as within our convent——But we diſtinguiſh, ſaid I, laying my hand upon the ſleeve of his tunic, in return for his appeal—we diſtinguiſh, my good father! betwixt thoſe who wiſh only to eat the bread of their own labour—and thoſe who eat the bread of other people's, and have no other plan in life, but to get through it in ſloth and ignorance, for the love of God.

The poor Franciſcan made no reply: a hectic of a moment paſs'd acroſs his cheek, but could not tarry—Nature ſeemed to have had done with her reſentments in him; he ſhewed none—but letting his ſtaff fall within his arm, he preſſed both his hands with reſignation upon his breaſt, and retired.

My heart ſmote me the moment he ſhut the door——Pſha! ſaid I, with an air of careleſſneſs, three ſeveral times ——but it would not do; every ungracious ſyllable I had uttered, crowded back into my imagination; I reflected I had no right over the poor Franciſcan, but to deny him; and that the puniſhment of that was enough to the diſappointed, without the addition of unkind language—I conſidered his grey hairs—his courteous figure ſeemed to re-enter, and gently aſk me, what injury he had done me? and why I could uſe him thus? — I would have given twenty livres for an advocate — I have behaved very ill, ſaid I within myſelf; but I have only juſt ſet out upon my

travels;

travels; and ſhall learn better manners as I get along. *Sterne.*

§ 5. *Sir Bertrand. A Fragment.*

——— Sir Bertrand turned his ſteed towards the woulds, hoping to croſs theſe dreary moors before the curfew. But ere he had proceeded half his journey, he was bewildered by the different tracks; and not being able, as far as the eye could reach, to eſpy any object but the brown heath ſurrounding him, he was at length quite uncertain which way he ſhould direct his courſe. Night overtook him in this ſituation. It was one of thoſe nights when the moon gives a faint glimmering of light through the thick black clouds of a lowering ſky. Now and then ſhe ſuddenly emerged in full ſplendour from her veil, and then inſtantly retired behind it; having juſt ſerved to give the forlorn Sir Bertrand a wide extended proſpect over the deſolate waſte. Hope and native courage awhile urged him to puſh forwards, but at length the increaſing darkneſs and fatigue of body and mind overcame him; he dreaded moving from the ground he ſtood on, for fear of unknown pits and bogs, and alighting from his horſe in deſpair, he threw himſelf on the ground. He had not long continued in that poſture, when the ſullen toll of a diſtant bell ſtruck his ears—he ſtarted up, and turning towards the ſound, diſcerned a dim twinkling light. Inſtantly he ſeized his horſe's bridle, and with cautious ſteps advanced towards it. After a painful march, he was ſtopped by a moated ditch, ſurrounding the place from whence the light proceeded; and by a momentary glimpſe of moon-light he had a full view of a large antique manſion, with turrets at the corners, and an ample porch in the centre. The injuries of time were ſtrongly marked on every thing about it. The roof in various places was fallen in, the battlements were half demoliſhed, and the windows broken and diſmantled. A draw-bridge, with a ruinous gate-way at each end, led to the court before the building—He entered, and inſtantly the light, which proceeded from a window in one of the turrets, glided along and vaniſhed; at the ſame moment the moon ſunk beneath a black cloud, and the night was darker than ever. All was ſilent—Sir Bertrand faſtened his ſteed under a ſhed, and approaching the houſe traverſed its whole front with light and ſlow footſteps—All was ſtill as death—He looked in at the lower windows, but could not diſtinguiſh a ſingle object through the impenetrable gloom. After a ſhort parley with himſelf, he entered the porch, and ſeizing a maſſy iron knocker at the gate, lifted it up, and heſitating, at length ſtruck a loud ſtroke—the noiſe reſounded through the whole manſion with hollow echoes. All was ſtill again—he repeated the ſtrokes more boldly and louder—another interval of ſilence enſued—A third time he knocked, and a third time all was ſtill. He then fell back to ſome diſtance, that he might diſcern whether any light could be ſeen in the whole front—It again appeared in the ſame place, and quickly glided away, as before—at the ſame inſtant a deep ſullen toll ſounded from the turret. Sir Bertrand's heart made a fearful ſtop—he was a while motionleſs; then terror impelled him to make ſome haſty ſteps towards his ſteed—but ſhame ſtopt his flight; and urged by honour, and a reſiſtleſs deſire of finiſhing the adventure, he returned to the porch; and working up his ſoul to a full ſteadineſs of reſolution, he drew forth his ſword with one hand, and with the other lifted up the latch of the gate. The heavy door creaking upon its hinges reluctantly yielded to his hand—he applied his ſhoulder to it, and forced it open—he quitted it, and ſtept forward—the door inſtantly ſhut with a thundering clap. Sir Bertrand's blood was chilled—he turned back to find the door, and it was long ere his trembling hands could ſeize it—but his utmoſt ſtrength could not open it again. After ſeveral ineffectual attempts, he looked behind him, and beheld, acroſs a hall, upon a large ſtair-caſe, a pale bluiſh flame, which caſt a diſmal gleam of light around. He again ſummoned forth his courage,

and advanced towards it—it retired. He came to the foot of the ſtairs, and after a moment's deliberation aſcended. He went ſlowly up, the flame retiring before him, till he came to a wide gallery—The flame proceeded along it, and he followed in ſilent horror, treading lightly, for the echoes of his footſteps ſtartled him. It led him to the foot of another ſtair-caſe, and then vaniſhed—At the ſame inſtant another toll ſounded from the turret—Sir Bertrand felt it ſtrike upon his heart. He was now in total darkneſs, and, with his arms extended, began to aſcend the ſecond ſtair-caſe. A dead cold hand met his left-hand, and firmly graſped it, drawing him forcibly forwards—he endeavoured to diſengage himſelf, but could not—he made a furious blow with his ſword, and inſtantly a loud ſhriek pierced his ears, and the dead hand was left powerleſs with his—He dropt it, and ruſhed forwards with a deſperate valour. The ſtairs were narrow and winding, and interrupted by frequent breaches, and looſe fragments of ſtone. The ſtair-caſe grew narrower and narrower, and at length terminated in a low iron grate. Sir Bertrand puſhed it open—it led to an intricate winding paſſage, juſt large enough to admit a perſon upon his hands and knees. A faint glimmering of light ſerved to ſhew the nature of the place—Sir Bertrand entered—A deep hollow groan reſounded from a diſtance through the vault—He went forwards, and proceeding beyond the firſt turning, he diſcerned the ſame blue flame which had before conducted him—He followed it. The vault, at length, ſuddenly opened into a lofty gallery, in the midſt of which a figure appeared, completely armed, thruſting forwards the bloody ſtump of an arm, with a terrible frown and menacing geſture, and brandiſhing a ſword in his hand. Sir Bertrand undauntedly ſprung forwards; and aiming a fierce blow at the figure, it inſtantly vaniſhed, letting fall a maſſy iron key. The flame now reſted upon a pair of ample folding doors at the end of the gallery. Sir Bertrand went up to it, and applied the key to a brazen lock—with difficulty he turned the bolt—inſtantly the doors flew open, and diſcovered a large apartment, at the end of which was a coffin reſted upon a bier, with a taper burning on each ſide of it. Along the room, on both ſides, were gigantic ſtatues of black marble, attired in the Mooriſh habit, and holding enormous ſabres in their right hands. Each of them reared his arm, and advanced one leg forwards, as the knight entered; at the ſame moment the lid of the coffin flew open, and the bell tolled. The flame ſtill glided forwards, and Sir Bertrand reſolutely followed, till he arrived within ſix paces of the coffin. Suddenly a lady in a ſhroud and black veil roſe up in it, and ſtretched out her arms towards him—at the ſame time the ſtatues claſhed their ſabres and advanced. Sir Bertrand flew to the lady, and claſped her in his arms—ſhe threw up her veil, and kiſſed his lips; and inſtantly the whole building ſhook as with an earthquake, and fell aſunder with a horrible craſh. Sir Bertrand was thrown into a ſudden trance, and on recovering found himſelf ſeated on a velvet ſofa, in the moſt magnificent room he had ever ſeen, lighted with innumerable tapers, in luſtres of pure cryſtal. A ſumptuous banquet was ſet in the middle. The doors opening to ſoft muſic, a lady of incomparable beauty, attired with amazing ſplendour, entered, ſurrounded by a troop of gay nymphs more fair than the Graces—She advanced to the knight, and falling on her knees, thanked him as her deliverer. The nymphs placed a garland of laurel upon his head, and the lady led him by the hand to the banquet, and ſat beſide him. The nymphs placed themſelves at the table, and a numerous train of ſervants entering, ſerved up the feaſt; delicious muſic playing all the time. Sir Bertrand could not ſpeak for aſtoniſhment—he could only return their honours by courteous looks and geſtures. After the banquet was finiſhed, all retired but the lady, who leading back the knight to the ſofa, addreſſed him in theſe words: — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — —

Aikin's Miſcel.

§ 6. On

§ 6. *On Human Grandeur.*

An alehouſe-keeper near Iſlington, who had long lived at the ſign of the French King, upon the commencement of the laſt war pulled down his old ſign, and put up that of the Queen of Hungary. Under the influence of her red face and golden ſceptre, he continued to ſell ale, till ſhe was no longer the favourite of his cuſtomers; he changed her, therefore, ſome time ago, for the King of Pruſſia, who may probably be changed, in turn, for the next great man that ſhall be ſet up for vulgar admiration.

In this manner the great are dealt out, one after the other, to the gazing crowd. When we have ſufficiently wondered at one of them, he is taken in, and another exhibited in his room, who ſeldom holds his ſtation long; for the mob are ever pleaſed with variety.

I muſt own I have ſuch an indifferent opinion of the vulgar, that I am ever led to ſuſpect that merit which raiſes their ſhout: at leaſt I am certain to find thoſe great, and ſometimes good men, who find ſatisfaction in ſuch acclamations, made worſe by it; and hiſtory has too frequently taught me, that the head which has grown this day giddy with the roar of the million, has the very next been fixed upon a pole.

As Alexander VI. was entering a little town in the neighbourhood of Rome, which had been juſt evacuated by the enemy, he perceived the townſmen buſy in the market-place in pulling down from a gibbet a figure which had been deſigned to repreſent himſelf. There were ſome alſo knocking down a neighbouring ſtatue of one of the Orſini family, with whom he was at war, in order to put Alexander's effigy in its place. It is poſſible a man who knew leſs of the world would have condemned the adulation of thoſe bare-faced flatterers; but Alexander ſeemed pleaſed at their zeal; and, turning to Borgia, his ſon, ſaid with a ſmile, "Vides, mi "fili, quam leve diſcrimen patibulum "inter et ſtatuam." "You ſee, my ſon, "the ſmall difference between a gibbet "and a ſtatue." If the great could be taught any leſſon, this might ſerve to teach them upon how weak a foundation their glory ſtands; for, as popular applauſe is excited by what ſeems like merit, it as quickly condemns what has only the appearance of guilt.

Popular glory is a perfect coquet: her lovers muſt toil, feel every inquietude, indulge every caprice; and, perhaps, at laſt, be jilted for their pains. True glory, on the other hand, reſembles a woman of ſenſe; her admirers muſt play no tricks; they feel no great anxiety, for they are ſure, in the end, of being rewarded in proportion to their merit. When Swift uſed to appear in public, he generally had the mob ſhouting in his train. "Pox take theſe fools," he would ſay, "how much joy might all "this bawling give my lord-mayor!"

We have ſeen thoſe virtues which have, while living, retired from the public eye, generally tranſmitted to poſterity, as the trueſt objects of admiration and praiſe. Perhaps the character of the late duke of Marlborough may one day be ſet up, even above that of his more talked-of predeceſſor; ſince an aſſemblage of all the mild and amiable virtues are far ſuperior to thoſe vulgarly called the great ones. I muſt be pardoned for this ſhort tribute to the memory of a man who, while living, would as much deteſt to receive any thing that wore the appearance of flattery, as I ſhould to offer it.

I know not how to turn ſo trite a ſubject out of the beaten road of common-place, except by illuſtrating it, rather by the aſſiſtance of my memory than judgment; and, inſtead of making reflections, by telling a ſtory.

A Chineſe, who had long ſtudied the works of Confucius, who knew the characters of fourteen thouſand words, and could read a great part of every book that came in his way, once took it into his head to travel into Europe, and obſerve the cuſtoms of a people which he thought not very much inferior even to his own countrymen. Upon his arrival at Amſterdam, his paſſion for letters naturally led him to a bookſeller's ſhop; and, as he could ſpeak a little Dutch, he civilly aſked the bookſeller for the works of the immortal Xixofou. The bookſeller aſſured him he had never heard the

the book mentioned before. "Alas!" cries our traveller, "to what purpoſe, then, has he faſted to death, "to gain a renown which has never "travelled beyond the precincts of "China!"

There is ſcarce a village in Europe, and not one univerſity, that is not thus furniſhed with its little great men. The head of a petty corporation, who oppoſes the deſigns of a prince, who would tyranically force his ſubjects to ſave their beſt cloaths for Sundays; the puny pedant, who finds one undiſcovered quality in the polype, or deſcribes an unheeded proceſs in the ſkeleton of a mole; and whoſe mind, like his microſcope, perceives nature only in detail; the rhymer, who makes ſmooth verſes, and paints to our imagation, when he ſhould only ſpeak to our hearts; all equally fancy themſelves walking forward to immortality, and deſire the crowd behind them to look on. The crowd takes them at their word. Patriot, philoſopher, and poet, are ſhouted in their train. "Where was there ever "ſo much merit ſeen? no times ſo im-"portant as our own! ages, yet un-"born, ſhall gaze with wonder and "applauſe!" To ſuch muſic the important pigmy moves forward, buſtling and ſwelling, and aptly compared to a puddle in a ſtorm.

I have lived to ſee generals who once had crowds hallooing after them wherever they went, who were bepraiſed by news-papers and magazines, thoſe echoes of the voice of the vulgar, and yet they have long ſunk into merited obſcurity, with ſcarce even an epitaph left to flatter. A few years ago the herring-fiſhery employed all Grub-ſtreet; it was the topic in every coffee-houſe, and the burden of every ballad. We were to drag up oceans of gold from the bottom of the ſea; we were to ſupply all Europe with herrings upon our own terms. At preſent, we hear no more of all this. We have fiſhed up very little gold that I can learn; nor do we furniſh the world with herrings, as was expect-ed. Let us wait but a few years longer, and we ſhall find all our expectations an herring-fiſhery. *Goldſmith.*

§ 7. *A Dialogue between Mr.* ADDISON *and Dr.* SWIFT.

Dr. Swift. Surely, Addiſon, Fortune was exceedingly bent upon playing the fool (a humour her ladyſhip, as well as moſt other ladies of very great quality, is frequently in) when ſhe made you a miniſter of ſtate, and me a divine!

Addiſon. I muſt confeſs we were both of us out of our elements. But you do not mean to inſinuate, that, if our deſtinies had been reverſed, all would have been right?

Swift. Yes, I do.—You would have made an excellent biſhop, and I ſhould have governed Great Britain as I did Ireland, with an abſolute ſway, while I talked of nothing but liberty, property, and ſo forth.

Addiſon. You governed the mob of Ireland; but I never heard that you governed the kingdom. A nation and a mob are different things.

Swift. Aye, ſo you fellows that have no genius for politics may ſuppoſe. But there are times when, by putting himſelf at the head of the mob, an able man may get to the head of the nation. Nay, there are times when the nation itſelf is a mob, and may be treated as ſuch by a ſkilful obſerver.

Addiſon. I do not deny the truth of your axiom: but is there no danger that, from the viciſſitudes of human affairs, the favourite of the mob ſhould be mobbed in his turn?

Swift. Sometimes there may; but I riſked it, and it anſwered my purpoſe. Aſk the lord-lieutenants, who were forced to pay court to me inſtead of my courting them, whether they did not feel my ſuperiority. And if I could make myſelf ſo conſiderable when I was only a dirty dean of St. Patrick's, without a ſeat in either houſe of parliament, what ſhould I have done if fortune had placed me in England, unincumbered with a gown, and in a ſituation to make myſelf heard in the houſe of lords or of commons?

Addiſon. You would doubtleſs have done very marvellous acts! perhaps you might have then been as zealous a whig as lord Wharton himſelf: or, if the

whigs had offended the ſtateſman, as they unhappily did the doctor, who knows but you might have brought in the Pretender? Pray let me aſk you one queſtion, between you and me: If you had been firſt miniſter under that prince, would you have tolerated the Proteſtant religion, or not?

Swift. Ha! Mr. Secretary, are you witty upon me? Do you think, becauſe Sunderland took a fancy to make you a great man in the ſtate, that he could alſo make you as great in wit as nature made me? No, no; wit is like grace, it muſt come from above. You can no more get that from the king, than my lords the biſhops can the other. And tho' I will own you had ſome, yet believe me, my friend, it was no match for mine. I think you have not vanity enough to pretend to a competition with me.

Addiſon. I have been often told by my friends that I was rather too modeſt; ſo, if you pleaſe, I will not decide this diſpute for myſelf, but refer it to Mercury, the god of wit, who happens juſt now to be coming this way, with a ſoul he has newly brought to the ſhades.

Hail, divine Hermes! A queſtion of precedence in the claſs of wit and humour, over which you preſide, having ariſen between me and my countryman, Dr. Swift, we beg leave——

Mercury. Dr. Swift, I rejoice to ſee you.—How does my old lad? How does honeſt Lemuel Gulliver? Have you been in Lilliput lately, or in the Flying Iſland, or with your good nurſe Glumdalclitch? Pray, when did you eat a cruſt with Lord Peter? Is Jack as mad ſtill as ever? I hear the poor fellow is almoſt got well by more gentle uſage. If he had but more food he would be as much in his ſenſes as brother Martin himſelf. But Martin, they tell me, has ſpawned a ſtrange brood of fellows, called Methodiſts, Moravians, Hutchinſonians, who are madder than Jack was in his worſt days. It is a pity you are not alive again to be at them; they would be excellent food for your tooth; and a ſharp tooth it was, as ever was placed in the gum of a mortal; aye, and a ſtrong one too. The hardeſt food would not break it, and it could pierce the thickeſt ſkulls. Indeed it was like one of Cerberus's teeth: one ſhould not have thought it belonged to a man.——Mr. Addiſon, I beg your pardon, I ſhould have ſpoken to you ſooner; but I was ſo ſtruck with the ſight of the doctor, that I forgot for a time the reſpects due to you.

Swift. Addiſon, I think our diſpute is decided before the judge has heard the cauſe.

Addiſon. I own it is in your favour, and I ſubmit—but—

Mercury. Do not be diſcouraged, friend Addiſon. Apollo perhaps would have given a different judgment. I am a wit, and a rogue, and a foe to all dignity. Swift and I naturally like one another: he worſhips me more than Jupiter, and I honour him more than Homer; but yet, I aſſure you, I have a great value for you——Sir Roger de Coverley, Will Honeycomb, Will Wimble, the country gentleman in the Freeholder, and twenty more characters, drawn with the fineſt ſtrokes of natural wit and humour in your excellent writings, ſeat you very high in the claſs of my authors, though not quite ſo high as the dean of St. Patrick's. Perhaps you might have come nearer to him, if the decency of your nature and cautiouſneſs of your judgment would have given you leave. But if in the force and ſpirit of his wit he has the advantage, how much does he yield to you in all the polite and elegant graces; in the fine touches of delicate ſentiment; in developing the ſecret ſprings of the ſoul; in ſhewing all the mild lights and ſhades of a character; in marking diſtinctly every line, and every ſoft gradation of tints which would eſcape the common eye! Who ever painted like you the beautiful parts of human nature, and brought them out from under the ſhade even of the greateſt ſimplicity, or the moſt ridiculous weakneſſes; ſo that we are forced to admire, and feel that we venerate, even while we are laughing? Swift could do nothing that approaches to this.——He could draw an ill face very well, or caricature a good one with a maſterly hand: but there was all his power; and, if I am to ſpeak as a god, a worthleſs

power

power it is. Yours is divine: it tends to improve and exalt human nature.

Swift Pray, good Mercury, (if I may have leave to ſay a word for myſelf) do you think that my talent was of no uſe to correct human nature? Is whipping of no uſe to mend naughty boys?

Mercury. Men are not ſo patient of whipping as boys, and I ſeldom have known a rough ſatiriſt mend them. But I will allow that you have done ſome good in that way, though not half ſo much as Addiſon did in his. And now you are here, if Pluto and Proſerpine would take my advice, they ſhould diſpoſe of you both in this manner:— When any hero comes hither from earth, who wants to be humbled, (as moſt heroes do) they ſhould ſet Swift upon him to bring him down. The ſame good office he may frequently do to a ſaint ſwoln too much with the wind of ſpiritual pride, or to a philoſopher, vain of his wiſdom and virtue. He will ſoon ſhew the firſt that he cannot be holy without being humble; and the laſt, that, with all his boaſted morality, he is but a better kind of Yahoo. I would alſo have him apply his anticoſmetic waſh to the painted face of female vanity, and his rod, which draws blood at every ſtroke, to the hard back of inſolent folly or petulant wit. But you, Mr. Addiſon, ſhould be employed to comfort and raiſe the ſpirits of thoſe whoſe good and noble ſouls are dejected with a ſenſe of ſome infirmities in their nature. To them you ſhould hold your fair and charitable mirrour, which would bring to their ſight all their hidden perfections, caſt over the reſt a ſoftening ſhade, and put them in a temper fit for Elyſium.—— Adieu: I muſt now return to my buſineſs above. *Dialogues of the Dead.*

§ 8. *The Hill of Science. A Viſion.*

In that ſeaſon of the year when the ſerenity of the ſky, the various fruits which cover the ground, the diſcoloured foliage of the trees, and all the ſweet, but fading graces of inſpiring autumn, open the mind to benevolence, and diſpoſe it for contemplation, I was wandering in a beautiful and romantic country, till curioſity began to give way to wearineſs; and I ſat me down on the fragment of a rock overgrown with moſs, where the ruſtling of the falling leaves, the daſhing of waters, and the hum of the diſtant city, ſoothed my mind into the moſt perfect tranquillity, and ſleep inſenſibly ſtole upon me, as I was indulging the agreeable reveries which the objects around me naturally inſpired.

I immediately found myſelf in a vaſt extended plain, in the middle of which aroſe a mountain higher than I had before any conception of. It was covered with a multitude of people, chiefly youth; many of whom preſſed forwards with the livelieſt expreſſion of ardour in their countenance, though the way was in many places ſteep and difficult. I obſerved, that thoſe who had but juſt begun to climb the hill thought themſelves not far from the top; but as they proceeded, new hills were continually riſing to their view, and the ſummit of the higheſt they could before diſcern ſeemed but the foot of another, till the mountain at length appeared to loſe itſelf in the clouds. As I was gazing on theſe things with aſtoniſhment, my good genius ſuddenly appeared: The mountain before thee, ſaid he, is the Hill of Science. On the top is the temple of Truth, whoſe head is above the clouds, and a veil of pure light covers her face. Obſerve the progreſs of her votaries; be ſilent and attentive.

I ſaw that the only regular approach to the mountain was by a gate, called the gate of languages. It was kept by a woman of a penſive and thoughtful appearance, whoſe lips were continually moving, as though ſhe repeated ſomething to herſelf. Her name was Memory. On entering this firſt encloſure, I was ſtunned with a confuſed murmur of jarring voices, and diſſonant ſounds; which increaſed upon me to ſuch a degree, that I was utterly confounded, and could compare the noiſe to nothing but the confuſion of tongues at Babel. The road was alſo rough and ſtony; and rendered more difficult by heaps of rubbiſh continually tumbled down from the higher parts of the mountain; and broken ruins of ancient buildings, which the travellers were obliged to climb over at every ſtep; inſomuch that many, diſguſted with ſo rough a beginning, turned

back, and attempted the mountain no more: while others, having conquered this difficulty, had no ſpirits to aſcend further, and ſitting down on ſome fragment of the rubbiſh, harangued the multitude below with the greateſt marks of importance and ſelf-complacency.

About half way up the hill, I obſerved on each ſide the path a thick foreſt covered with continual fogs, and cut out into labyrinths, croſs alleys, and ſerpentine walks, entangled with thorns and briars. This was called the wood of Error: and I heard the voices of many who were loſt up and down in it, calling to one another, and endeavouring in vain to extricate themſelves. The trees in many places ſhot their boughs over the path, and a thick miſt often reſted on it; yet never ſo much but that it was diſcernible by the light which beamed from the countenance of Truth.

In the pleaſanteſt part of the mountain were placed the bowers of the Muſes, whoſe office it was to cheer the ſpirits of the travellers, and encourage their fainting ſteps with ſongs from their divine harps. Not far from hence were the fields of Fiction, filled with a variety of wild flowers ſpringing up in the greateſt luxuriance, of richer ſcents and brighter colours than I had obſerved in any other climate. And near them was the dark walk of Allegory, ſo artificially ſhaded, that the light at noon-day was never ſtronger than that of a bright moon-ſhine. This gave it a pleaſingly romantic air for thoſe who delighted in contemplation. The paths and alleys were perplexed with intricate windings, and were all terminated with the ſtatue of a Grace, a Virtue, or a Muſe.

After I had obſerved theſe things, I turned my eye towards the multitudes who were climbing the ſteep aſcent, and obſerved amongſt them a youth of a lively look, a piercing eye, and ſomething fiery and irregular in all his motions. His name was Genius. He darted like an eagle up the mountain, and left his companions gazing after him with envy and admiration: but his progreſs was unequal, and interrupted by a thouſand caprices. When Pleaſure warbled in the valley he mingled in her train. When Pride beckoned towards the precipice he ventured to the tottering edge. He delighted in devious and untried paths; and made ſo many excurſions from the road, that his feebler companions often outſtripped him. I obſerved that the Muſes beheld him with partiality; but Truth often frowned and turned aſide her face. While Genius was thus waſting his ſtrength in eccentric flights, I ſaw a perſon of a very different appearance, named Application. He crept along with a ſlow and unremitting pace, his eyes fixed on the top of the mountain, patiently removing every ſtone that obſtructed his way, till he ſaw moſt of thoſe below him who had at firſt derided his ſlow and toilſome progreſs. Indeed there were few who aſcended the hill with equal and uninterrupted ſteadineſs; for, beſide the difficulties of the way, they were continually ſolicited to turn aſide by a numerous crowd of Appetites Paſſions, and Pleaſures, whoſe importunity, when they had once complied with, they became leſs and leſs able to reſiſt; and though they often returned to the path, the aſperities of the road were more ſeverely felt, the hill appeared more ſteep and rugged, the fruits which were wholeſome and refreſhing ſeemed harſh and ill-taſted, their ſight grew dim, and their feet tript at every little obſtruction.

I ſaw, with ſome ſurprize, that the Muſes, whoſe buſineſs was to cheer and encourage thoſe who were toiling up the aſcent, would often ſing in the bowers of Pleaſure, and accompany thoſe who were enticed away at the call of the Paſſions; they accompanied them, however, but a little way, and always forſook them when they loſt ſight of the hill. The tyrants then doubled their chains upon the unhappy captives, and led them away, without reſiſtance, to the cells of Ignorance, or the manſions of Miſery. Amongſt the innumerable ſeducers, who were endeavouring to draw away the votaries of Truth from the path of Science, there was one, ſo little formidable in her appearance, and ſo gentle and languid in her attempts, that I ſhould ſcarcely have taken notice of her, but for the numbers ſhe had imperceptibly loaded with her chains. Indolence (for ſo ſhe was called) far from

proceeding

proceeding to open hoſtilities, did not attempt to turn their feet out of the path, but contented herſelf with retarding their progreſs; and the purpoſe ſhe could not force them to abandon, ſhe perſuaded them to delay. Her touch had a power like that of the torpedo, which withered the ſtrength of thoſe who came within its influence. Her unhappy captives ſtill turned their faces towards the temple, and always hoped to arrive there; but the ground ſeemed to ſlide from beneath their feet, and they found themſelves at the bottom, before they ſuſpected they had changed their place. The placid ſerenity, which at firſt appeared in their countenance, changed by degrees into a melancholy languor, which was tinged with deeper and deeper gloom, as they glided down the ſtream of Inſignificance; a dark and ſluggiſh water, which is curled by no breeze, and enlivened by no murmur, till it falls into a dead ſea, where ſtartled paſſengers are awakened by the ſhock, and the next moment buried in the gulph of Oblivion.

Of all the unhappy deſerters from the paths of Science, none ſeemed leſs able to return than the followers of Indolence. The captives of Appetite and Paſſion could often ſeize the moment when their tyrants were languid or aſleep to eſcape from their enchantment; but the dominion of Indolence was conſtant and unremitted, and ſeldom reſiſted, till reſiſtance was in vain.

After contemplating theſe things, I turned my eyes towards the top of the mountain, where the air was always pure and exhilarating, the path ſhaded with laurels and other ever-greens, and the effulgence which beamed from the face of the goddeſs ſeemed to ſhed a glory round her votaries. Happy, ſaid I, are they who are permitted to aſcend the mountain!—but while I was pronouncing this exclamation with uncommon ardour, I ſaw ſtanding beſide me a form of diviner features and a more benign radiance. Happier, ſaid ſhe, are thoſe whom Virtue conducts to the manſions of Content! What, ſaid I, does Virtue then reſide in the vale? I am found, ſaid ſhe, in the vale, and I illuminate the mountain: I cheer the cottager at his toil, and inſpire the ſage at his meditation. I mingle in the crowd of cities, and bleſs the hermit in his cell. I have a temple in every heart that owns my influence; and to him that wiſhes for me I am already preſent. Science may raiſe you to eminence, but I alone can guide you to felicity! While the goddeſs was thus ſpeaking, I ſtretched out my arms towards her with a vehemence which broke my ſlumbers. The chill dews were falling around me, and the ſhades of evening ſtretched over the landſcape. I haſtened homeward, and reſigned the night to ſilence and meditation. *Aikin's Miſcel.*

§ 9. *On the Love of Life.*

Age, that leſſens the enjoyment of life, encreaſes our deſire of living. Thoſe dangers which, in the vigour of youth, we had learned to deſpiſe, aſſume new terrors as we grow old. Our caution encreaſing as our years encreaſe, fear becomes at laſt the prevailing paſſion of the mind; and the ſmall remainder of life is taken up in uſeleſs efforts to keep off our end, or provide for a continued exiſtence.

Strange contradiction in our nature, and to which even the wiſe are liable! If I ſhould judge of that part of life which lies before me by that which I have already ſeen, the proſpect is hideous. Experience tells me, that my paſt enjoyments have brought no real felicity; and ſenſation aſſures me, that thoſe I have felt are ſtronger than thoſe which are yet to come. Yet experience and ſenſation in vain perſuade; hope, more powerful than either, dreſſes out the diſtant proſpect in fancied beauty; ſome happineſs, in long perſpective, ſtill beckons me to purſue; and, like a loſing gameſter, every new diſappointment encreaſes my ardour to continue the game.

Whence then is this encreaſed love of life, which grows upon us with our years? whence comes it, that we thus make greater efforts to preſerve our exiſtence, at a period when it becomes ſcarce worth the keeping? Is it that Nature, attentive to the preſervation of mankind, encreaſes our wiſhes to live,

while ſhe leſſens our enjoyments; and, as ſhe robs the ſenſes of every pleaſure, equips Imagination in the ſpoils? Life would be inſupportable to an old man, who, loaded with infirmities, feared death no more than when in the vigour of manhood; the numberleſs calamities of decaying nature, and the conſciouſneſs of ſurviving every pleaſure, would at once induce him, with his own hand, to terminate the ſcene of miſery; but happily the contempt of death forſakes him at a time when it could only be prejudicial; and life acquires an imaginary value, in proportion as its real value is no more.

Our attachment to every object around us encreaſes, in general, from the length of our acquaintance with it. "I would "not chuſe," ſays a French philoſopher, "to ſee an old poſt pulled up, with "which I had been long acquainted." A mind long habituated to a certain ſet of objects, inſenſibly becomes fond of ſeeing them; viſits them from habit, and parts from them with reluctance: from hence proceeds the avarice of the old in every kind of poſſeſſion; they love the world and all that it produces; they love life and all its advantages; not becauſe it gives them pleaſure, but becauſe they have known it long.

Chinvang the Chaſte, aſcending the throne of China, commanded that all who were unjuſtly detained in priſon during the preceding reigns ſhould be ſet free. Among the number who came to thank their deliverer on this occaſion, there appeared a majeſtic old man, who, falling at the emperor's feet, addreſſed him as follows: "Great father of Chi-"na, behold a wretch, now eighty-five "years old, who was ſhut up in a dun-"geon at the age of twenty-two. I "was impriſoned, though a ſtranger to "crime, or without being even con-"fronted by my accuſers. I have now "lived in ſolitude and darkneſs for "more than fifty years, and am grown "familiar with diſtreſs. As yet, dazzled "with the ſplendor of that ſun to which "you have reſtored me, I have been "wandering the ſtreets to find out ſome "friend that would aſſiſt, or relieve, "or remember me; but my friends, my "family, and relations, are all dead, "and I am forgotten. Permit me then, "O Chinvang, to wear out the wretch-"ed remains of life in my former pri-"ſon; the walls of my dungeon are to "me more pleaſing than the moſt ſplen-"did palace: I have not long to live, "and ſhall be unhappy except I ſpend "the reſt of my days where my youth "was paſſed; in that priſon from "whence you were pleaſed to releaſe "me."

The old man's paſſion for confinement is ſimilar to that we all have for life. We are habituated to the priſon, we look round with diſcontent, are diſpleaſed with the abode, and yet the length of our captivity only encreaſes our fondneſs for the cell. The trees we have planted, the houſes we have built, or the poſterity we have begotten, all ſerve to bind us cloſer to the earth, and embitter our parting. Life ſues the young like a new acquaintance; the companion, as yet unexhauſted, is at once inſtructive and amuſing; its company pleaſes, yet, for all this, it is but little regarded. To us, who are declined in years, life appears like an old friend; its jeſts have been anticipated in former converſation; it has no new ſtory to make us ſmile, no new improvement with which to ſurprize, yet ſtill we love it; deſtitute of every enjoyment, ſtill we love it, huſband the waſting treaſure with increaſing frugality, and feel all the poignancy of anguiſh in the fatal ſeparation.

Sir Philip Mordaunt was young, beautiful, ſincere, brave, an Engliſhman. He had a complete fortune of his own, and the love of the king his maſter, which was equivalent to riches. Life opened all her treaſures before him, and promiſed a long ſucceſſion of happineſs. He came, taſted of the entertainment, but was diſguſted even at the beginning. He profeſſed an averſion to living; was tired of walking round the ſame circle; had tried every enjoyment, and found them all grow weaker at every repetition. "If life be, in youth, ſo diſ-"pleaſing," cried he to himſelf, "what "will it appear when age comes on? "if it be at preſent indifferent, ſure it "will then be execrable." This thought embittered every reflection; till, at laſt, with

with all the ſerenity of perverted reaſon, he ended the debate with a piſtol! Had this ſelf-deluded man been apprized, that exiſtence grows more deſirable to us the longer we exiſt, he would have then faced old age without ſhrinking; he would have boldly dared to live; and ſerved that ſociety by his future aſſiduity, which he baſely injured by his deſertion. *Goldſmith.*

§ 10. *The Canal and the Brook. A Reverie.*

A delightfully pleaſant evening ſucceeding a ſultry ſummer-day, invited me to take a ſolitary walk; and, leaving the duſt of the highway, I fell into a path which led along a pleaſant little valley watered by a ſmall meandring brook. The meadow ground on its banks had been lately mown, and the new graſs was ſpringing up with a lively verdure. The brook was hid in ſeveral places by the ſhrubs that grew on each ſide, and intermingled their branches. The ſides of the valley were roughened by ſmall irregular thickets; and the whole ſcene had an air of ſolitude and retirement, uncommon in the neighbourhood of a populous town. The Duke of Bridgewater's canal croſſed the valley, high raiſed on a mound of earth, which preſerved a level with the elevated ground on each ſide. An arched road was carried under it, beneath which the brook that ran along the valley was conveyed by a ſubterraneous paſſage. I threw myſelf upon a green bank, ſhaded by a leafy thicket, and reſting my head upon my hand, after a welcome indolence had overcome my ſenſes, I ſaw, with the eyes of fancy, the following ſcene.

The firm-built ſide of the aqueduct ſuddenly opened, and a gigantic form iſſued forth, which I ſoon diſcovered to be the Genius of the Canal. He was clad in a cloſe garment of ruſſet hue. A mural crown, indented with battlements, ſurrounded his brow. His naked feet were diſcoloured with clay. On his left ſhoulder he bore a huge pick-axe; and in his right hand he held certain inſtruments, uſed in ſurveying and levelling. His looks were thoughtful, and his features harſh. The breach through which he proceeded inſtantly cloſed, and with a heavy tread he advanced into the valley. As he approached the brook, the Deity of the Stream aroſe to meet him. He was habited in a light green mantle, and the clear drops fell from his dark hair, which was encircled with a wreath of water-lily, interwoven with ſweet-ſcented flag: an angling-rod ſupported his ſteps. The Genius of the Canal eyed him with a contemptuous look, and in a hoarſe voice thus began:

"Hence, ignoble rill! with thy ſcanty tribute, to thy lord the Merſey; nor thus waſte thy almoſt-exhauſted urn in lingering windings along the vale. Feeble as thine aid is, it will not be unacceptable to that maſter ſtream himſelf; for, as I lately croſſed his channel, I perceived his ſands loaded with ſtranded veſſels. I ſaw, and pitied him, for undertaking a taſk to which he is unequal. But thou, whoſe languid current is obſcured by weeds, and interrupted by miſhapen pebbles; who loſeſt thyſelf in endleſs mazes, remote from any ſound but thy own idle gurgling; how canſt thou ſupport an exiſtence ſo contemptible and uſeleſs? For me, the nobleſt child of Art, who hold my unremitting courſe from hill to hill, over vales and rivers; who pierce the ſolid rock for my paſſage, and connect unknown lands with diſtant ſeas; wherever I appear I am viewed with aſtoniſhment, and exulting Commerce hails my waves. Behold my channel thronged with capacious veſſels for the conveyance of merchandize, and ſplendid barges for the uſe and pleaſure of travellers; my banks crowned with airy bridges and huge warehouſes, and echoing with the buſy ſounds of induſtry! Pay then the homage due from Sloth and Obſcurity to Grandeur and Utility."

"I readily acknowledge," replied the Deity of the Brook, in a modeſt accent, "the ſuperior magnificence and more extenſive utility of which you ſo proudly boaſt; yet, in my humble walk, I am not void of a praiſe leſs ſhining, but not leſs ſolid than yours. The nymph of this peaceful valley, rendered more fertile and beautiful by

my

" my ſtream; the neighbouring ſylvan
" deities, to whoſe pleaſure I contri-
" bute, will pay a grateful teſtimony to
" my merit. The windings of my courſe,
" which you ſo much blame, ſerve to
" diffuſe over a greater extent of ground
" the refreſhment of my waters; and
" the lovers of nature and the Muſes,
" who are fond of ſtraying on my
" banks, are better pleaſed that the
" line of beauty marks my way, than
" if, like yours, it were directed in
" a ſtraight, unvaried line. They prize
" the irregular wildneſs with which
" I am decked, as the charms of
" beauteous ſimplicity. What you call
" the weeds which darken and obſcure
" my waves, afford to the botaniſt
" a pleaſing ſpeculation of the works
" of nature; and the poet and pain-
" ter think the luſtre of my ſtream
" greatly improved by glittering thro'
" them. The pebbles which diverſify
" my bottom, and make theſe ripplings
" in my current, are pleaſing objects
" to the eye of taſte; and my ſimple
" murmurs are more melodious to the
" learned ear than all the rude noiſes
" of your banks, or even the muſic
" that reſounds from your ſtately barges.
" If the unfeeling ſons of Wealth and
" Commerce judge of me by the mere
" ſtandard of uſefulneſs, I may claim
" no undiſtinguiſhed rank. While your
" waters, confined in deep channels,
" or lifted above the vallies, roll on, a
" uſeleſs burden to the fields, and only
" ſubſervient to the drudgery of bearing
" temporary merchandizes, my ſtream
" will beſtow unvarying fertility on the
" meadows, during the ſummers of fu-
" ture ages. Yet I ſcorn to ſubmit
" my honours to the deciſion of thoſe
" whoſe hearts are ſhut up to taſte and
" ſentiment: let me appeal to nobler
" judges. The philoſopher and poet,
" by whoſe labours the human mind
" is elevated and refined, and opened
" to pleaſures beyond the conception of
" vulgar ſouls, will acknowledge that
" the elegant deities who preſide over
" ſimple and natural beauty have in-
" ſpired them with their charming and
" inſtructive ideas. The ſweeteſt and
" moſt majeſtic bard that ever ſung has
" taken a pride in owning his affection
" to woods and ſtreams; and, while
" the ſtupendous monuments of Roman
" grandeur, the columns which pierced
" the ſkies, and the aqueducts which
" poured their waves over mountains
" and vallies, are ſunk in oblivion, the
" gently-winding Mincius ſtill retains
" his tranquil honours. And when thy
" glories, proud Genius! are loſt and
" forgotten; when the flood of com-
" merce, which now ſupplies thy urn,
" is turned into another courſe, and
" has left thy channel dry and deſolate,
" the ſoftly-flowing Avon ſhall ſtill
" murmur in ſong, and his banks re-
" ceive the homage of all who are be-
" loved by Phœbus and the Muſes."

Aikin's Miſcell.

§ 11. *The Story of a diſabled Soldier.*

No obſervation is more common, and at the ſame time more true, than, That one half of the world are ignorant how the other half lives. The misfortunes of the great are held up to engage our attention; are enlarged upon in tones of declamation; and the world is called upon to gaze at the noble ſufferers: the great, under the preſſure of calamity, are conſcious of ſeveral others ſympathizing with their diſtreſs; and have, at once, the comfort of admiration and pity.

There is nothing magnanimous in bearing misfortunes with fortitude, when the whole world is looking on: men in ſuch circumſtances will act bravely, even from motives of vanity; but he who, in the vale of obſcurity, can brave adverſity; who, without friends to encourage, acquaintances to pity, or even without hope to alleviate, his misfortunes, can behave with tranquillity and indifference, is truly great; whether peaſant or courtier, he deſerves admiration, and ſhould be held up for our imitation and reſpect.

While the ſlighteſt inconveniencies of the great are magnified into calamities; while tragedy mouths out their ſufferings in all the ſtrains of eloquence; the miſeries of the poor are entirely diſregarded; and yet ſome of the lower ranks of people undergo more real hardſhips in one day than thoſe of a more exalted ſtation ſuffer in their whole lives. It is inconceivable

conceivable what difficulties the meaneſt of our common ſailors and ſoldiers endure without murmuring or regret; without paſſionately declaiming againſt Providence, or calling their fellows to be gazers on their intrepidity. Every day is to them a day of miſery, and yet they entertain their hard fate without repining.

With what indignation do I hear an Ovid, a Cicero, or a Rabutin, complain of their misfortunes and hardſhips, whoſe greateſt calamity was that of being unable to viſit a certain ſpot of earth, to which they had fooliſhly attached an idea of happineſs! Their diſtreſſes were pleaſures, compared to what many of the adventuring poor every day endure without murmuring. They ate, drank, and ſlept; they had ſlaves to attend them; and were ſure of ſubſiſtence for life: while many of their fellow-creatures are obliged to wander without a friend to comfort or aſſiſt them, and even without ſhelter from the ſeverity of the ſeaſon.

I have been led into theſe reflections from accidentally meeting, ſome days ago, a poor fellow, whom I knew when a boy, dreſſed in a ſailor's jacket, and begging at one of the outlets of the town with a wooden leg. I knew him to have been honeſt and induſtrious when in the country, and was curious to learn what had reduced him to his preſent ſituation. Wherefore, after having given him what I thought proper, I deſired to know the hiſtory of his life and misfortunes, and the manner in which he was reduced to his preſent diſtreſs. The diſabled ſoldier, for ſuch he was, though dreſſed in a ſailor's habit, ſcratching his head, and leaning on his crutch, put himſelf into an attitude to comply with my requeſt, and gave me his hiſtory, as follows:

"As for my misfortunes, maſter, I "can't pretend to have gone through "any more than other folks; for, ex- "cept the loſs of my limb, and my be- "ing obliged to beg, I don't know any "reaſon, thank Heaven, that I have to "complain: there is Bill Tibbs, of our "regiment, he has loſt both his legs, "and an eye to boot; but, thank "Heaven, it is not ſo bad with me "yet.

"I was born in Shropſhire; my fa- "ther was a labourer, and died when "I was five years old; ſo I was put "upon the pariſh. As he had been a "wandering ſort of a man, the pa- "riſhioners were not able to tell to "what pariſh I belonged, or where I "was born, ſo they ſent me to another "pariſh, and that pariſh ſent me to a "third. I thought in my heart, they "kept ſending me about ſo long, that "they would not let me be born in any "pariſh at all; but at laſt, however, "they fixed me. I had ſome diſpoſi- "tion to be a ſcholar, and was reſolved, "at leaſt, to know my letters; but the "maſter of the workhouſe put me to "buſineſs as ſoon as I was able to handle "a mallet; and here I lived an eaſy "kind of life for five years. I only "wrought ten hours in the day, and "had my meat and drink provided "for my labour. It is true, I was "not ſuffered to ſtir out of the houſe, "for fear, as they ſaid, I ſhould "run away; but what of that, I had "the liberty of the whole houſe, and "the yard before the door, and that "was enough for me. I was then "bound out to a farmer, where I was "up both early and late; but I ate "and drank well, and liked my buſi- "neſs well enough, till he died, when "I was obliged to provide for myſelf; "ſo I was reſolved to go ſeek my for- "tune.

"In this manner I went from town to "town, worked when I could get em- "ployment, and ſtarved when I could "get none: when happening one day "to go through a field belonging to a "juſtice of peace, I ſpy'd a hare croſſ- "ing the path juſt before me; and I "believe the devil put it in my head to "fling my ſtick at it:—well, what "will you have on't? I killed the "hare, and was bringing it away, "when the juſtice himſelf met me; he "called me a poacher and a villain; "and, collaring me, deſired I would "give an account of myſelf. I fell "upon my knees, begged his worſhip's "pardon, and began to give a full ac-

" count of all that I knew of my breed.
" ſeed, and generation; but, though I
" gave a very true account, the juſtice
" ſaid I could give no account; ſo I was
" indicted at ſeſſions, found guilty of
" being poor, and ſent up to London to
" Newgate, in order to be tranſported
" as a vagabond.

" People may ſay this and that of
" being in jail, but, for my part, I
" found Newgate as agreeable a place
" as ever I was in in all my life. I
" had my belly-full to eat and drink,
" and did no work at all. This kind
" of life was too good to laſt for ever;
" ſo I was taken out of priſon, after
" five months, put on board a ſhip, and
" ſent off, with two hundred more, to
" the plantations. We had but an in-
" different paſſage, for, being all con-
" fined in the hold, more than a hun-
" dred of our people died for want of
" ſweet air; and thoſe that remained
" were ſickly enough, God knows.
" When we came a-ſhore, we were ſold
" to the planters, and I was bound for
" ſeven years more. As I was no ſcholar,
" for I did not know my letters, I was
" obliged to work among the negroes;
" and I ſerved out my time, as in duty
" bound to do.

" When my time was expired, I
" worked my paſſage home, and glad I
" was to ſee Old England again, be-
" cauſe I loved my country. I was a-
" fraid, however, that I ſhould be in-
" dicted for a vagabond once more, ſo
" did not much care to go down into
" the country, but kept about the town,
" and did little jobbs when I could get
" them.

" I was very happy in this manner
" for ſome time, till one evening, com-
" ing home from work, two men knock-
" ed me down, and then deſired me to
" ſtand. They belonged to a preſs-
" gang: I was carried before the juſ-
" tice, and, as I could give no account
" of myſelf, I had my choice left, whe-
" ther to go on board a man of war,
" or liſt for a ſoldier: I choſe the lat-
" ter; and, in this poſt of a gentle-
" man, I ſerved two campaigns in
" Flanders, was at the battles of Val
" and Fontenoy, and received but one
" wound, through the breaſt here; but
" the doctor of our regiment ſoon made
" me well again.

" When the peace came on I was
" diſcharged; and, as I could not
" work, becauſe my wound was ſome-
" times troubleſome, I liſted for a land-
" man in the Eaſt India company's ſer-
" vice. I have fought the French in
" ſix pitched battles; and I verily be-
" lieve that, if I could read or write,
" our captain would have made me a
" corporal. But it was not my good
" fortune to have any promotion, for I
" ſoon fell ſick, and ſo got leave to re-
" turn home again with forty pounds in
" my pocket. This was at the begin-
" ning of the preſent war, and I hoped
" to be ſet on ſhore, and to have the
" pleaſure of ſpending my money; but
" the government wanted men, and ſo I
" was preſſed for a ſailor before ever I
" could ſet foot on ſhore.

" The boatſwain found me, as he
" ſaid, an obſtinate fellow: he ſwore
" he knew that I underſtood my buſi-
" neſs well, but that I ſhammed Abra-
" ham, to be idle; but, God knows,
" I knew nothing of ſea-buſineſs, and he
" beat me, without conſidering what he
" was about. I had ſtill, however, my
" forty pounds, and that was ſome
" comfort to me under every beating;
" and the money I might have had
" to this day, but that our ſhip was
" taken by the French, and ſo I loſt
" all.

" Our crew was carried into Breſt,
" and many of them died, becauſe they
" were not uſed to live in a jail; but,
" for my part, it was nothing to me,
" for I was ſeaſoned. One night, as I
" was aſleep on the bed of boards, with
" a warm blanket about me, for I al-
" ways loved to lie well, I was awa-
" kened by the boatſwain, who had a
" dark lanthorn in his hand: 'Jack,'
" ſays he to me, 'will you knock out
" the French centry's brains?' I don't
" care, ſays I, ſtriving to keep myſelf
" awake, if I lend a hand. 'Then
" follow me,' ſays he, 'and I hope
" we ſhall do buſineſs.' So up I got,
" and tied my blanket, which was all
" the cloaths I had, about my mid-
" dle,

" dle, and went with him to fight the " Frenchmen. I hate the French, be- " cauſe they are all ſlaves, and wear " wooden ſhoes.

" Though we had no arms, one " Engliſhman is able to beat five French " at any time; ſo we went down to the " door, where both the centries were " poſted, and, ruſhing upon them, " ſeized their arms in a moment, and " knocked them down. From thence " nine of us ran together to the quay, " and ſeizing the firſt boat we met, " got out of the harbour, and put to " ſea. We had not been here three " days before we were taken up by the " Dorſet privateer, who were glad of " ſo many good hands, and we con- " ſented to run our chance. However, " we had not as much luck as we ex- " pected. In three days we fell in " with the Pompadour privateer, of " forty guns, while we had but twenty- " three; ſo to it we went, yard-arm " and yard-arm. The fight laſted for " three hours, and I verily believe we " ſhould have taken the Frenchman, " had we but had ſome more men left " behind; but, unfortunately, we loſt " all our men juſt as we were going to " get the victory.

" I was once more in the power of " the French, and I believe it would " have gone hard with me had I been " brought back to Breſt; but, by good " fortune, we were retaken by the Vi- " per. I had almoſt forgot to tell " you that, in that engagement, I was " wounded in two places; I loſt four " fingers off the left hand, and my leg " was ſhot off. If I had had the good " fortune to have loſt my leg and uſe " of my hand on board a king's ſhip, " and not a-board a privateer, I ſhould " have been entitled to cloathing and " maintenance during the reſt of my " life! but that was not my chance: " one man is born with a ſilver ſpoon " in his mouth, and another with a " wooden ladle. However, bleſſed be " God, I enjoy good health, and will " for ever love liberty and Old Eng- " land. Liberty, property, and Old " England for ever, huzza!"

Thus ſaying, he limped off, leaving me in admiration at his intrepidity and content; nor could I avoid acknowledging, that an habitual acquaintance with miſery ſerves better than philoſophy to teach us to deſpiſe it. *Goldſmith.*

§ 12. *A Dialogue between* ULYSSES *and* CIRCE, *in* CIRCE's *Iſland.*

Circe. You will go then, Ulyſſes; but why will you go? I deſire you to ſpeak the thoughts of your heart. Speak without reſerve.—What carries you from me?

Ulyſſes. Pardon, goddeſs, the weakneſs of human nature. My heart will ſigh for my country. It is a tenderneſs which all my attachment to you cannot overcome.

Circe. This is not all. I perceive you are afraid to declare your whole mind: but what do you fear? my terrors are gone. The proudeſt goddeſs on earth, when ſhe has favoured a mortal as I have favoured you, has laid her divinity and power at his feet.

Ulyſſes. It may be ſo, while there ſtill remains in her heart the fondneſs of love, or in her mind the fear of ſhame. But you, Circe, are above thoſe vulgar ſenſations.

Circe. I underſtand your caution, it belongs to your character; and, therefore, to take all diffidence from you, I ſwear by Styx, I will do no harm to you or your friends for any thing which you ſay, though it ſhould offend me ever ſo much, but will ſend you away with all marks of my friendſhip. Tell me now, truly, what pleaſures you hope to enjoy in the barren iſland of Ithaca, which can compenſate for thoſe you leave in this paradiſe, exempt from all cares, and overflowing with all delights?

Ulyſſes. The pleaſures of virtue; the ſupreme happineſs of doing good. Here I do nothing: my mind is in a palſy; its faculties are benumbed. I long to return into action again, that I may employ thoſe talents and virtues which I have cultivated from the earlieſt days of my youth. Toils and cares fright not me: they are the exerciſe of my ſoul; they keep it in health and in vigour. Give me again the fields of Troy, rather than thoſe vacant groves; there I could reap the bright harveſt of glory; here I

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am hid from the eyes of mankind, and begin to appear contemptible in my own. The image of my former ſelf haunts and ſeems to upbraid me where-ever I go: I meet it under the gloom of every ſhade; it even intrudes itſelf into your preſence, and chides me from your arms. O goddeſs! unleſs you have power to lay that troubleſome ſpirit, unleſs you can make me forget myſelf, I cannot be happy here, I ſhall every day be more wretched.

Circe. May not a wife and good man who has ſpent all his youth in active life and honourable danger, when he begins to decline have leave to retire, and enjoy the reſt of his days in quiet and pleaſure?

Ulyſſes. No retreat can be honourable to a wiſe and good man, but in company with the Muſes; I am deprived of that ſacred ſociety here. The Muſes will not inhabit the abodes of voluptuouſneſs and ſenſual pleaſure. How can I ſtudy, how can I think, while ſo many beaſts (and the worſt beaſts I know are men turned into beaſts) are howling, or roaring, or grunting about me?

Circe. There is ſomething in this; but this is not all: you ſuppreſs the ſtrongeſt reaſon that draws you to Ithaca. There is another image, beſides that of your former ſelf, which appears to you in all parts of this iſland, which follows your walks, which interpoſes itſelf between you and me, and chides you from my arms: it is Penelope, Ulyſſes, I know it is.—Do not pretend to deny it: you ſigh for her in my boſom itſelf.—And yet ſhe is not an immortal.—She is not, as I am, endowed with the gift of unfading youth: ſeveral years have paſt ſince her's has been faded. I think, without vanity, that ſhe was never ſo handſome as I. But what is ſhe now?

Ulyſſes. You have told me yourſelf, in a former converſation, when I inquired of you about her, that ſhe is true to my bed, and as fond of me now, after twenty years abſence, as when I left her to go to Troy. I left her in the bloom of her youth and her beauty. How much muſt her conſtancy have been tried ſince that time! how meritorious is her fidelity! Shall I reward her with falſehood? ſhall I forget her who cannot forget me; who has nothing ſo dear to her as my remembrance?

Circe. Her love is preſerved by the continual hope of your ſpeedy return. Take that hope from her: let your companions return, and let her know that you have fixed your abode here with me; that you have fixed it for ever: let her know that ſhe is free to diſpoſe of her heart and her hand as ſhe pleaſes. Send my picture to her; bid her compare it with her own face.—If all this does not cure her of the remains of her paſſion, if you do not hear of her marrying Eurymachus in a twelvemonth, I underſtand nothing of womankind.

Ulyſſes. O cruel goddeſs! why will you force me to tell you thoſe truths I wiſh to conceal? If by ſuch unjuſt, ſuch barbarous uſage, I could loſe her heart, it would break mine. How ſhould I endure the torment of thinking that I had wronged ſuch a wife? what could make me amends for her not being mine, for her being another's? Do not frown, Circe; I own, (ſince you will have me ſpeak) I own you could not: with all your pride of immortal beauty, with all your magical charms to aſſiſt thoſe of nature, you are not ſuch a powerful charmer as ſhe. You feel deſire, and you give it; but you never felt love, nor can you inſpire it. How can I love one who would have degraded me into a beaſt? Penelope raiſed me into a hero: her love ennobled, invigorated, exalted my mind, She bid me go to the ſiege of Troy, tho' the parting with me was worſe than death to herſelf: ſhe bid me expoſe myſelf there to all perils among the foremoſt heroes of Greece, though her poor heart trembled to think of the leaſt I ſhould meet, and would have given all its own blood to ſave a drop of mine. Then there was ſuch a conformity in all our inclinations! when Minerva taught me the leſſons of wiſdom, ſhe loved to be preſent; ſhe heard, ſhe retained the moral inſtructions, the ſublime truths of nature, ſhe gave them back to me, ſoftened and ſweetened with the peculiar graces of her own mind. When we unbent our thoughts with the charms of poetry, when we read together the poems of Orpheus, Muſæus, and Linus, with what taſte did ſhe mark every excellence

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in them! My feelings were dull, compared to her's. She ſeemed herſelf to be the Muſe who had inſpired thoſe verſes, and had tuned their lyres to infuſe into the hearts of mankind the love of wiſdom and virtue, and the fear of the gods. How beneficent was ſhe, how good to my people! what care did ſhe take to inſtruct them in the finer and more elegant arts; to relieve the neceſſities of the ſick and the aged; to ſuperintend the education of children; to do my ſubjects every good office of kind interceſſion; to lay before me their wants; to aſſiſt their petitions; to mediate for thoſe who were objects of mercy; to ſue for thoſe who deſerved the favours of the crown! And ſhall I baniſh myſelf for ever from ſuch a conſort? ſhall I give up her ſociety for the brutal joys of a ſenſual life, keeping indeed the form of a man, but having loſt the human ſoul, or at leaſt all its noble and godlike powers? Oh, Circe, forgive me; I cannot bear the thought.

Circe. Begone—do not imagine I aſk you to ſtay. The daughter of the Sun is not ſo mean-ſpirited as to ſolicit a mortal to ſhare her happineſs with her. It is a happineſs which I find you cannot enjoy. I pity you and deſpiſe you. That which you ſeem to value ſo much I have no notion of. All you have ſaid ſeems to me a jargon of ſentiments fitter for a ſilly woman than for a great man. Go, read, and ſpin too, if you pleaſe, with your wife. I forbid you to remain another day in my iſland. You ſhall have a fair wind to carry you from it. After that, may every ſtorm that Neptune can raiſe purſue and overwhelm you! Begone, I ſay, quit my ſight.

Ulyſſes. Great goddeſs, I obey—but remember your oath.———

§ 13. *Love and Joy, a Tale.*

In the happy period of the golden age, when all the celeſtial inhabitants deſcended to the earth, and converſed familiarly with mortals, among the moſt cheriſhed of the heavenly powers were twins, the offspring of Jupiter, Love and Joy. Where they appeared the flowers ſprung up beneath their feet, the ſun ſhone with a brighter radiance, and all nature ſeemed embelliſhed by their preſence. They were inſeparable companions, and their growing attachment was favoured by Jupiter, who had decreed that a laſting union ſhould be ſolemnized between them ſo ſoon as they were arrived at maturer years: but in the mean time the ſons of men deviated from their native innocence; vice and ruin over-ran the earth with giant ſtrides; and Aſtrea, with her train of celeſtial viſitants, forſook their polluted abodes: Love alone remained, having been ſtolen away by Hope, who was his nurſe, and conveyed by her to the foreſts of Arcadia, where he was brought up among the ſhepherds. But Jupiter aſſigned him a different partner, and commanded him to eſpouſe Sorrow, the daughter of Até: he complied with reluctance; for her features were harſh and diſagreeable; her eyes ſunk, her forehead contracted into perpetual wrinkles, and her temples were covered with a wreath of cypreſs and wormwood. From this union ſprung a virgin, in whom might be traced a ſtrong reſemblance to both her parents; but the ſullen and unamiable features of her mother were ſo mixed and blended with the ſweetneſs of her father, that her countenance, though mournful, was highly pleaſing. The maids and ſhepherds of the neighbouring plains gathered round, and called her Pity. A red-breaſt was obſerved to build in the cabin where ſhe was born; and while ſhe was yet an infant, a dove purſued by a hawk flew into her boſom. This nymph had a dejected appearance, but ſo ſoft and gentle a mien, that ſhe was beloved to a degree of enthuſiaſm. Her voice was low and plaintive, but inexpreſſibly ſweet; and ſhe loved to lie for hours together on the banks of ſome wild and melancholy ſtream, ſinging to her lute. She taught men to weep, for ſhe took a ſtrange delight in tears; and often, when the virgins of the hamlet were aſſembled at their evening ſports, ſhe would ſteal in amongſt them, and captivate their hearts by her tales full of a charming ſadneſs. She wore on her head a garland compoſed of her father's myrtles twiſted with her mother's cypreſs.

One day, as ſhe ſat muſing by the waters of Helicon, her tears by chance fell

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into the fountain; and ever ſince the Muſes' ſpring has retained a ſtrong taſte of the infuſion. Pity was commanded by Jupiter to follow the ſteps of her mother through the world, dropping balm into the wounds ſhe made, and binding up the hearts ſhe had broken. She follows with her hair looſe, her boſom bare and throbbing, her garments torn by the briars, and her feet bleeding with the roughneſs of the path. The nymph is mortal, for her mother is ſo; and when ſhe has fulfilled her deſtined courſe upon the earth, they ſhall both expire together, and Love be again united to Joy, his immortal and long-betrothed bride.

Aikin's Miſcel.

§ 14. *Scene between Colonel* RIVERS *and Sir* HARRY; *in which the Colonel, from Principles of Honour, refuſes to give his Daughter to Sir* HARRY.

Sir *Har.* Colonel, your moſt obedient: I am come upon the old buſineſs; for, unleſs I am allowed to entertain hopes of Miſs Rivers, I ſhall be the moſt miſerable of all human beings.

Riv. Sir Harry, I have already told you by letter, and I now tell you perſonally, I cannot liſten to your propoſals.

Sir *Har.* No, Sir!

Riv. No, Sir: I have promiſed my daughter to Mr. Sidney. Do you know that, Sir?

Sir *Har.* I do: but what then? Engagements of this kind, you know——

Riv. So then, you do know I have promiſed her to Mr. Sidney?

Sir *Har.* I do—But I alſo know that matters are not finally ſettled between Mr. Sidney and you; and I moreover know, that his fortune is by no means equal to mine: therefore——

Riv. Sir Harry, let me aſk you one queſtion before you make your conſequence.

Sir *Har.* A thouſand, if you pleaſe, Sir.

Riv. Why then, Sir, let me aſk you, what you have ever obſerved in me, or my conduct, that you deſire me ſo familiarly to break my word? I thought, Sir, you conſidered me as a man of honour?

Sir *Har.* And ſo I do, Sir—a man of the niceſt honour.

Riv. And yet, Sir, you aſk me to violate the ſanctity of my word; and tell me directly, that it is my intereſt to be a raſcal.

Sir *Har.* I really don't underſtand you, Colonel; I thought, when I was talking to you, I was talking to a man who knew the world; and as you have not yet ſigned——

Riv. Why, this is mending matters with a witneſs! And ſo you think, becauſe I am not legally bound, I am under no neceſſity of keeping my word! Sir Harry, laws were never made for men of honour: they want no bond but the rectitude of their own ſentiments; and laws are of no uſe but to bind the villains of ſociety.

Sir *Har.* Well! but, my dear Colonel, if you have no regard for me, ſhew ſome little regard for your daughter.

Riv. I ſhew the greateſt regard for my daughter, by giving her to a man of honour; and I muſt not be inſulted with any farther repetition of your propoſals.

Sir *Har.* Inſult you, Colonel! Is the offer of my alliance an inſult? Is my readineſs to make what ſettlements you think proper——

Riv. Sir Harry, I ſhould conſider the offer of a kingdom an inſult, if it were to be purchaſed by the violation of my word. Beſides, though my daughter ſhall never go a beggar to the arms of her huſband, I would rather ſee her happy than rich; and if ſhe has enough to provide handſomely for a young family, and ſomething to ſpare for the exigencies of a worthy friend, I ſhall think her as affluent as if ſhe were miſtreſs of Mexico.

Sir *Har.* Well, Colonel, I have done; but I believe——

Riv. Well, Sir Harry, and as our conference is done, we will, if you pleaſe, retire to the ladies. I ſhall be always glad of your acquaintance, though I cannot receive you as a ſon-in-law; for a union of intereſt I look upon as a union of diſhonour, and conſider a marriage for money at beſt but a legal proſtitution.

§ 15.

§ 15. *On Dignity of Manners.*

There is a certain dignity of manners abſolutely neceſſary, to make even the moſt valuable character either reſpected or reſpectable.

Horſe-play, romping, frequent and loud fits of laughter, jokes, waggery, and indiſcriminate familiarity, will ſink both merit and knowledge into a degree of contempt. They compoſe at moſt a merry fellow; and a merry fellow was never yet a reſpectable man. Indiſcriminate familiarity either offends your ſuperiors, or elſe dubs you their dependent and led captain. It gives your inferiors juſt, but troubleſome and improper claims of equality. A joker is near akin to a buffoon; and neither of them is the leaſt related to wit. Whoever is admitted or ſought for, in company, upon any other account than that of his merit and manners, is never reſpected there, but only made uſe of. We will have ſuch-a-one, for he ſings prettily; we will invite ſuch-a-one to a ball, for he dances well; we will have ſuch-a-one at ſupper, for he is always joking and laughing; we will aſk another, becauſe he plays deep at all games, or becauſe he can drink a great deal. Theſe are all vilifying diſtinctions, mortifying preferences, and exclude all ideas of eſteem and regard. Whoever *is bad* (as it is called) in company, for the ſake of any one thing ſingly, is ſingly that thing, and will never be conſidered in any other light; conſequently never reſpected, let his merits be what they will.

This dignity of manners, which I recommend ſo much to you, is not only as different from pride, as true courage is from bluſtering, or true wit from joking, but is abſolutely inconſiſtent with it; for nothing vilifies and degrades more than pride. The pretenſions of the proud man are oftener treated with ſneer and contempt, than with indignation; as we offer ridiculouſly too little to a tradeſman, who aſks ridiculouſly too much for his goods; but we do not haggle with one who only aſks a juſt and reaſonable price.

Abject flattery and indiſcriminate aſſentation degrade, as much as indiſcriminate contradiction and noiſy debate diſguſt. But a modeſt aſſertion of one's own opinion, and a complaiſant acquieſcence in other people's, preſerve dignity.

Vulgar, low expreſſions, aukward motions and addreſs, vilify, as they imply either a very low turn of mind, or low education, and low company.

Frivolous curioſity about trifles, and a laborious attention to little objects, which neither require nor deſerve a moment's thought, lower a man; who from thence is thought (and not unjuſtly) incapable of greater matters. Cardinal de Retz, very ſagaciouſly, marked out Cardinal Chigi for a little mind, from the moment that he told him he had wrote three years with the ſame pen, and that it was an excellent good one ſtill.

A certain degree of exterior ſerioufneſs in looks and motions gives dignity, without excluding wit and decent cheerfulneſs, which are always ſerious themſelves. A conſtant ſmirk upon the face, and a whiffling activity of the body, are ſtrong indications of futility. Whoever is in a hurry, ſhews that the thing he is about is too big for him—haſte and hurry are very different things.

I have only mentioned ſome of thoſe things which may, and do, in the opinion of the world, lower and ſink characters, in other reſpects valuable enough; but I have taken no notice of thoſe that affect and ſink the moral characters: they are ſufficiently obvious. A man who has patiently been kicked, may as well pretend to courage, as a man blaſted by vices and crimes, to dignity of any kind. But an exterior decency and dignity of manners, will even keep ſuch a man longer from ſinking, than otherwiſe he would be: of ſuch conſequence is the το πρεπον, or decorum, even though affected and put on!

Lord Cheſterfield.

§ 16. *On Vulgarity.*

A vulgar, ordinary way of thinking, acting, or ſpeaking, implies a low education, and a habit of low company. Young people contract it at ſchool, or among ſervants, with whom they are too often uſed to converſe; but, after they

frequent good company, they muſt want attention and obſervation very much, if they do not lay it quite aſide; and indeed if they do not, good company will be very apt to lay them aſide. The various kinds of vulgariſms are infinite; I cannot pretend to point them out to you; but I will give ſome ſamples, by which you may gueſs at the reſt.

A vulgar man is captious and jealous; eager and impetuous about trifles: he ſuſpects himſelf to be ſlighted; thinks every thing that is ſaid meant at him; if the company happens to laugh, he is perſuaded they laugh at him; he grows angry and teſty, ſays ſomething very impertinent, and draws himſelf into a ſcrape, by ſhewing what he calls a proper ſpirit, and aſſerting himſelf. A man of faſhion does not ſuppoſe himſelf to be either the ſole or principal object of the thoughts, looks, or words of the company; and never ſuſpects that he is either ſlighted or laughed at, unleſs he is conſcious that he deſerves it. And if (which very ſeldom happens) the company is abſurd or ill-bred enough to do either, he does not care two-pence, unleſs the inſult be ſo groſs and plain as to require ſatisfaction of another kind. As he is above trifles, he is never vehement and eager about them; and, wherever they are concerned, rather acquieſces than wrangles. A vulgar man's converſation always ſavours ſtrongly of the lowneſs of his education and company: it turns chiefly upon his domeſtic affairs, his ſervants, the excellent order he keeps in his own family, and the little anecdotes of the neighbourhood; all which he relates with emphaſis, as intereſting matters.—He is a man-goſſip.

Vulgariſm in language is the next, and diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of bad company, and a bad education. A man of faſhion avoids nothing with more care than this. Proverbial expreſſions and trite ſayings are the flowers of the rhetoric of a vulgar man. Would he ſay, that men differ in their taſtes; he both ſupports and adorns that opinion, by the good old ſaying, as he reſpectfully calls it, that "what is one man's meat is another man's poiſon." If any body attempts being *ſmart*, as he calls it, upon him; he gives them *tit for tat*, aye, that he does. He has always ſome favourite word for the time being; which, for the ſake of uſing often, he commonly abuſes. Such as *vaſtly* angry, *vaſtly* kind, *vaſtly* handſome, and *vaſtly* ugly. Even his pronunciation of proper words carries the mark of the beaſt along with it. He calls the earth *yearth*; he is *obleiged* not *obliged* to you. He goes *to wards* and not *towards* ſuch a place. He ſometimes affects hard words, by way of ornament, which he always mangles. A man of faſhion never has recourſe to proverbs and vulgar aphoriſms; uſes neither favourite words nor hard words; but takes great care to ſpeak very correctly and grammatically, and to pronounce properly; that is, according to the uſage of the beſt companies.

An aukward addreſs, ungraceful attitudes and actions, and a certain left-handineſs (if I may uſe that word) loudly proclaim low education and low company; for it is impoſſible to ſuppoſe that a man can have frequented good company, without having catched ſomething, at leaſt, of their air and motions. A new-raiſed man is diſtinguiſhed in a regiment by his aukwardneſs; but he muſt be impenetrably dull, if, in a month or two's time, he cannot perform at leaſt the common manual exerciſe, and look like a ſoldier. The very accoutrements of a man of faſhion are grievous incumbrances to a vulgar man. He is at a loſs what to do with his hat, when it is not upon his head; his cane (if unfortunately he wears one) is at perpetual war with every cup of tea or coffee he drinks; deſtroys them firſt, and then accompanies them in their fall. His ſword is formidable only to his own legs, which would poſſibly carry him faſt enough out of the way of any ſword but his own. His cloaths fit him ſo ill, and conſtrain him ſo much, that he ſeems rather their priſoner than their proprietor. He preſents himſelf in company like a criminal in a court of juſtice; his very air condemns him; and people of faſhion will no more connect themſelves with the one, than people of character will with the other. This repulſe drives and ſinks him into low company; a gulph from whence no man, after a certain age, ever emerged.

Lord Cheſterfield.

§ 17.

§ 17. *On Good-breeding.*

A friend of yours and mine has very juſtly defined good-breeding to be, "the reſult of much good ſenſe, ſome good-nature, and a little ſelf-denial for the ſake of others, and with a view to obtain the ſame indulgence from them." Taking this for granted (as I think it cannot be diſputed) it is aſtoniſhing to me, that any body, who has good ſenſe and good-nature, can eſſentially fail in good-breeding. As to the modes of it, indeed, they vary according to perſons, places, and circumſtances; and are only to be acquired by obſervation and experience; but the ſubſtance of it is every where and eternally the ſame. Good manners are, to particular ſocieties, what good morals are to ſociety in general, their cement, and their ſecurity. And as laws are enacted to enforce good morals, or at leaſt to prevent the ill effects of bad ones; ſo there are certain rules of civility, univerſally implied and received, to enforce good manners, and puniſh bad ones. And indeed there ſeems to me to be leſs difference both between the crimes and puniſhments, than at firſt one would imagine. The immoral man, who invades another's property, is juſtly hanged for it; and the ill-bred man, who, by his ill-manners, invades and diſturbs the quiet and comforts of private life, is by common conſent as juſtly baniſhed ſociety. Mutual complaiſances, attentions, and ſacrifices of little conveniencies, are as natural an implied compact between civilized people, as protection and obedience are between kings and ſubjects: whoever, in either caſe, violates that compact, juſtly forfeits all advantages ariſing from it. For my own part, I really think, that, next to the conſciouſneſs of doing a good action, that of doing a civil one is the moſt pleaſing: and the epithet which I ſhould covet the moſt, next to that of Ariſtides, would be that of well-bred. Thus much for good-breeding in general; I will now conſider ſome of the various modes and degrees of it.

Very few, ſcarcely any, are wanting in the reſpect which they ſhould ſhew to thoſe whom they acknowledge to be infinitely their ſuperiors; ſuch as crowned heads, princes, and public perſons of diſtinguiſhed and eminent poſts. It is the manner of ſhewing that reſpect which is different. The man of faſhion, and of the world, expreſſes it in its fulleſt extent; but naturally, eaſily, and without concern: whereas a man, who is not uſed to keep good company, expreſſes it awkwardly; one ſees that he is not uſed to it, and that it coſts him a great deal: but I never ſaw the worſt-bred man living guilty of lolling, whiſtling, ſcratching his head, and ſuch like indecencies, in company that he reſpected. In ſuch companies, therefore, the only point to be attended to is, to ſhew that reſpect which every body means to ſhew, in an eaſy, unembarraſſed, and graceful manner. This is what obſervation and experience muſt teach you.

In mixed companies, whoever is admitted to make part of them, is for the time at leaſt, ſuppoſed to be upon a footing of equality with the reſt; and, conſequently, as there is no one principal object of awe and reſpect, people are apt to take a greater latitude in their behaviour, and to be leſs upon their guard; and ſo they may, provided it be within certain bounds, which are upon no occaſion to be tranſgreſſed. But, upon theſe occaſions, though no one is entitled to diſtinguiſhed marks of reſpect, every one claims, and very juſtly, every mark of civility and good-breeding. Eaſe is allowed, but careleſſneſs and negligence are ſtrictly forbidden. If a man accoſts you, and talks to you ever ſo dully or frivolouſly, it is worſe than rudeneſs, it is brutality, to ſhew him, by a manifeſt inattention to what he ſays, that you think him a fool or a blockhead, and not worth hearing. It is much more ſo with regard to women; who, of whatever rank they are, are entitled, in conſideration of their ſex, not only to an attentive, but an officious good-breeding from men. Their little wants, likings, diſlikes, preferences, antipathies, and fancies, muſt be officiouſly attended to, and, if poſſible, gueſſed at and anticipated, by a well-bred man. You muſt never uſurp to yourſelf thoſe conveniencies and gratifications which are of common right; ſuch as the beſt places, the beſt diſhes, &c. but on the contrary, always decline them yourſelf, and offer them to others; who, in their turns, will offer them

them to you: ſo that, upon the whole, you will, in your turn, enjoy your ſhare of the common right. It would be endleſs for me to enumerate all the particular inſtances in which a well-bred man ſhews his good-breeding in good company; and it would be injurious to you to ſuppoſe that your own good ſenſe will not point them out to you; and then your own good-nature will recommend, and your ſelf-intereſt enforce the practice.

There is a third ſort of good-breeding, in which people are the moſt apt to fail, from a very miſtaken notion that they cannot fail at all. I mean, with regard to one's moſt familiar friends and acquaintances, or thoſe who really are our inferiors; and there, undoubtedly, a greater degree of eaſe is not only allowed, but proper, and contributes much to the comforts of a private, ſocial life. But eaſe and freedom have their bounds, which muſt by no means be violated. A certain degree of negligence and careleſſneſs becomes injurious and inſulting, from the real or ſuppoſed inferiority of the perſons: and that delightful liberty of converſation among a few friends, is ſoon deſtroyed, as liberty often has been, by being carried to licentiouſneſs. But example explains things beſt, and I will put a pretty ſtrong caſe:—Suppoſe you and me alone together; I believe you will allow that I have as good a right to unlimited freedom in your company, as either you or I can poſſibly have in any other; and I am apt to believe, too, that you would indulge me in that freedom, as far as any body would. But, notwithſtanding this, do you imagine that I ſhould think there was no bounds to that freedom? I aſſure you, I ſhould not think ſo; and I take myſelf to be as much tied down by a certain degree of good manners to you, as by other degrees of them to other people. The moſt familiar and intimate habitudes, connections, and friendſhips, require a degree of good-breeding, both to preſerve and cement them. The beſt of us have our bad ſides; and it is as imprudent as it is ill-bred, to exhibit them. I ſhall not uſe ceremony with you; it would be miſplaced between us: but I ſhall certainly obſerve that degree of good-breeding with you, which is, *in the firſt place*, decent, and which, I am ſure, is abſolutely neceſſary to make us like one another's company long. *Lord Cheſterfield.*

§ 18. *A Dialogue betwixt* MERCURY, *an Engliſh Duelliſt, and a North-American Savage.*

Duelliſt. Mercury, Charon's boat is on the other ſide of the water; allow me, before it returns, to have ſome converſation with the North American Savage, whom you brought hither at the ſame time as you conducted me to the ſhades. I never ſaw one of that ſpecies before, and am curious to know what the animal is. He looks very grim.—Pray, Sir, what is your name? I underſtand you ſpeak Engliſh.

Savage. Yes, I learned it in my childhood, having been bred up for ſome years in the town of New-York: but before I was a man I returned to my countrymen, the valiant Mohawks; and being cheated by one of yours in the ſale of ſome rum, I never cared to have any thing to do with them afterwards. Yet I took up the hatchet for them with the reſt of my tribe in the war againſt France, and was killed while I was out upon a ſcalping party. But I died very well ſatisfied: for my friends were victorious, and before I was ſhot I had ſcalped ſeven men and five women and children. In a former war I had done ſtill greater exploits. My name is The Bloody Bear: it was given me to expreſs my fierceneſs and valour.

Duelliſt. Bloody Bear, I reſpect you, and am much your humble ſervant. My name is Tom Puſhwell, very well known at Arthur's. I am a gentleman by my birth, and by profeſſion a gameſter, and man of honour. I have killed men in fair fighting, in honourable ſingle combat, but do not underſtand cutting the throats of women and children.

Savage. Sir, that is our way of making war. Every nation has its own cuſtoms. But by the grimneſs of your countenance, and that hole in your breaſt, I preſume you were killed, as I was myſelf, in ſome ſcalping party. How happened it that your enemy did not take off your ſcalp?

Duelliſt. Sir, I was killed in a duel. A friend of mine had lent me ſome money; after two or three years, being in great

great want himſelf, he aſked me to pay him; I thought his demand an affront to my honour, and ſent him a challenge. We met in Hyde-Park: the fellow could not fence: I was the adroiteſt ſwordſman in England. I gave him three or four wounds; but at laſt he run upon me with ſuch impetuoſity, that he put me out of my play, and I could not prevent him from whipping me through the lungs. I died the next day, as a man of honour ſhould, without any ſniveling ſigns of repentance: and he will follow me ſoon, for his ſurgeon has declared his wounds to be mortal. It is ſaid that his wife is dead of her fright, and that his family of ſeven children will be undone by his death. So I am well revenged; and that is a comfort. For my part, I had no wife.—I always hated marriage: my whore will take good care of herſelf, and my children are provided for at the Foundling Hoſpital.

Savage. Mercury, I won't go in a boat with that fellow. He has murdered his countryman: he has murdered his friend: I ſay, I won't go in a boat with that fellow. I will ſwim over the river: I can ſwim like a duck.

Mercury. Swim over the Styx! it muſt not be done; it is againſt the laws of Pluto's empire. You muſt go in the boat, and be quiet.

Savage. Do not tell me of laws: I am a Savage: I value no laws. Talk of laws to the Engliſhman: there are laws in his country, and yet you ſee he did not regard them. For they could never allow him to kill his fellow-ſubject in time of peace, becauſe he aſked him to pay a debt. I know that the Engliſh are a barbarous nation; but they cannot be ſo brutal as to make ſuch things lawful.

Mercury. You reaſon well againſt him. But how comes it that you are ſo offended with murder: you, who have maſſacred women in their ſleep, and children in their cradle?

Savage. I killed none but my enemies: I never killed my own countrymen: I never killed my friend. Here, take my blanket, and let it come over in the boat; but ſee that the murderer does not ſit upon it, or touch it; if he does I will burn it in the fire I ſee yonder. Farewell.—I am reſolved to ſwim over the water.

Mercury. By this touch of my wand I take all thy ſtrength from thee.—Swim now if thou canſt.

Savage. This is a very potent enchanter. —— Reſtore me my ſtrength, and I will obey thee.

Mercury. I reſtore it; but be orderly, and do as I bid you; otherwiſe worſe will befal you.

Duelliſt. Mercury, leave him to me. I will tutor him for you. Sirrah, Savage, doſt thou pretend to be aſhamed of my company? Doſt thou know that I have kept the beſt company in England?

Savage. I know thou art a ſcoundrel. —Not pay thy debts! kill thy friend, who lent thee money, for aſking thee for it! Get out of my ſight. I will drive thee into Styx.

Mercury. Stop—I command thee. No violence.—Talk to him calmly.

Savage. I muſt obey thee.—Well, Sir, let me know what merit you had to introduce you into good company? What could you do?

Duelliſt. Sir, I gamed, as I told you. —Beſides, I kept a good table.—I eat as well as any man in England or France.

Savage. Eat! Did you ever eat the chine of a Frenchman, or his leg, or his ſhoulder? there is fine eating! I have eat twenty.—My table was always well ſerved. My wife was the beſt cook for dreſſing of man's fleſh in all North America. You will not pretend to compare your eating with mine.

Duelliſt. I danced very finely.

Savage. I will dance with thee for thy ears.—I can dance all day long. I can dance the war-dance with more ſpirit and vigour than any man of my nation: let us ſee thee begin it. How thou ſtandeſt like a poſt! Has Mercury ſtruck thee with his enfeebling rod? or art thou aſhamed to let us ſee how awkward thou art? If he would permit me, I would teach thee to dance in a way that thou haſt not yet learnt. I would make thee caper and leap like a buck. But what elſe canſt thou do, thou bragging raſcal?

Duelliſt. Oh, heavens! muſt I bear

this? what can I do with this fellow? I have neither ſword nor piſtol; and his ſhade ſeems to be twice as ſtrong as mine.

Mercury. You muſt anſwer his queſtions. It was your own deſire to have a converſation with him. He is not well-bred; but he will tell you ſome truths which you muſt hear in this place. It would have been well for you if you had heard them above. He aſked you what you could do beſides eating and dancing.

Duelliſt. I ſung very agreeably.

Savage. Let me hear you ſing your death-ſong, or the war-hoop. I challenge you to ſing. — The fellow is mute.—Mercury, this is a liar. — He tells us nothing but lies. Let me pull out his tongue.

Duelliſt. The lie given me!—and, alas! I dare not reſent it. Oh, what a diſgrace to the family of the Puſhwells! this indeed is damnation.

Mercury. Here, Charon, take theſe two ſavages to your care. How far the barbariſm of the Mohawk will excuſe his horrid acts, I leave Minos to judge; but the Engliſhman, what excuſe can he plead? The cuſtom of duelling? A bad excuſe at the beſt! but in his caſe cannot avail. The ſpirit that made him draw his ſword in this combat againſt his friend is not that of honour; it is the ſpirit of the furies, of Alecto herſelf. To her he muſt go, for ſhe hath long dwelt in his mercileſs boſom.

Savage. If he is to be puniſhed, turn him over to me. I underſtand the art of tormenting. Sirrah, I begin with this kick on your breech. Get you into the boat, or I'll give you another. I am impatient to have you condemned.

Duelliſt. Oh, my honour, my honour, to what infamy art thou fallen!

Dialogues of the Dead.

§ 19. BAYES's *Rules for Compoſition.*

Smith. How, Sir, helps for wit!

Bayes. Ay, Sir, that's my poſition: and I do here aver, that no man the ſun e'er ſhone upon, has parts ſufficient to furniſh out a ſtage, except it were by the help of theſe my rules.

Smith. What are thoſe rules, I pray?

Bayes. Why, Sir, my firſt rule is the rule of tranſverſion, or *regula duplex*, changing verſe into proſe, and proſe into verſe, alternately, as you pleaſe.

Smith. Well, but how is this done by rule, Sir?

Bayes. Why thus, Sir; nothing ſo eaſy, when underſtood. I take a book in my hand, either at home or elſewhere (for that's all one); if there be any wit in't (as there is no book but has ſome) I tranſverſe it; that is, if it be proſe, put it into verſe (but that takes up ſome time); and if it be verſe, put it into proſe.

Smith. Methinks, Mr. Bayes, that putting verſe into proſe, ſhould be called tranſproſing.

Bayes. By my troth, Sir, it is a very good notion, and hereafter it ſhall be ſo.

Smith. Well, Sir, and what d'ye do with it then?

Bayes. Make it my own: 'tis ſo changed, that no man can know it.—My next rule is the rule of concord, by way of table-book. Pray obſerve.

Smith. I hear you, Sir: go on.

Bayes. As thus: I come into a coffee-houſe, or ſome other place where witty men reſort; I make as if I minded nothing (do ye mark?) but as ſoon as any one ſpeaks—pop, I flap it down, and make that too my own.

Smith. But, Mr. Bayes, are you not ſometimes in danger of their making you reſtore by force, what you have gotten thus by art?

Bayes. No, Sir, the world's unmindful; they never take notice of theſe things.

Smith. But pray, Mr. Bayes, among all your other rules, have you no one rule for invention?

Bayes. Yes, Sir, that's my third rule: that I have here in my pocket.

Smith. What rule can that be, I wonder?

Bayes. Why, Sir, when I have any thing to invent, I never trouble my head about it, as other men do, but preſently turn over my book of Drama common-places, and there I have, at one view, all that Perſius, Montaigne, Seneca's tragedies, Horace, Juvenal, Claudian,

Claudian, Pliny, Plutarch's Lives, and the reſt, have ever thought upon this ſubject; and ſo, in a trice, by leaving out a few words, or putting in others of my own—the buſineſs is done.

Smith. Indeed, Mr. Bayes, this is as ſure and compendious a way of wit as ever I heard of.

Bayes. Sir, if you make the leaſt ſcruple of the efficacy of theſe my rules, do but come to the play-houſe, and you ſhall judge of them by the effects.—But now, pray, Sir, may I aſk how do you do when you write?

Smith. Faith, Sir, for the moſt part, I am in pretty good health.

Bayes. Ay, but I mean, what do you do when you write?

Smith. I take pen, ink, and paper, and ſit down.

Bayes. Now I write ſtanding; that's one thing: and then another thing is—with what do you prepare yourſelf?

Smith. Prepare myſelf! What the devil does the fool mean?

Bayes. Why I'll tell you now what I do:—If I am to write familiar things, as ſonnets to Armida, and the like, I make uſe of ſtew'd prunes only; but when I have a grand deſign in hand, I ever take phyſic, and let blood: for when you would have pure ſwiftneſs of thought, and fiery flights of fancy, you muſt have a care of the penſive part. In fine—you muſt purge the belly.

Smith. By my troth, Sir, this is a moſt admirable receipt for writing.

Bayes. Aye, 'tis my ſecret; and, in good earneſt, I think one of the beſt I have.

Smith. In good faith, Sir, and that may very well be.

Bayes. May be, Sir! I'm ſure on't. *Experto crede Roberto.* But I muſt give you this caution by the way—be ſure you never take ſnuff when you write.

Smith. Why ſo, Sir?

Bayes. Why, it ſpoiled me once one of the ſparkiſheſt plays in all England. But a friend of mine, at Greſham-college, has promiſed to help me to ſome ſpirit of brains—and that ſhall do my buſineſs.

§ 20. *The Art of Pleaſing.*

The deſire of being pleaſed is univerſal: the deſire of pleaſing ſhould be ſo too. It is included in that great and fundamental principle of morality, of doing to others what one wiſhes they ſhould do to us. There are indeed ſome moral duties of a much higher nature, but none of a more amiable; and I do not heſitate to place it at the head of the minor virtues.

The manner of conferring favours or benefits is, as to pleaſing, almoſt as important as the matter itſelf. Take care, then, never to throw away the obligations, which perhaps you may have it in your power to confer upon others, by an air of inſolent protection, or by a cold and comfortleſs manner, which ſtifles them in their birth. Humanity inclines, religion requires, and our moral duties oblige us, as far as we are able, to relieve the diſtreſſes and miſeries of our fellow-creatures: but this is not all; for a true heart-felt benevolence and tenderneſs will prompt us to contribute what we can to their eaſe, their amuſement, and their pleaſure, as far as innocently we may. Let us then not only ſcatter benefits, but even ſtrew flowers for our fellow-travellers, in the rugged ways of this wretched world.

There are ſome, and but too many in this country particularly, who, without the leaſt viſible taint of ill-nature or malevolence, ſeem to be totally indifferent, and do not ſhew the leaſt deſire to pleaſe; as, on the other hand, they never deſignedly offend. Whether this proceeds from a lazy, negligent, and liſtleſs diſpoſition, from a gloomy and melancholic nature, from ill health, low ſpirits, or from a ſecret and ſullen pride, ariſing from the conſciouſneſs of their boaſted liberty and independency, is hard to determine, conſidering the various movements of the human heart, and the wonderful errors of the human head. But, be the cauſe what it will, that neutrality, which is the effect of it, makes theſe people, as neutralities do, deſpicable, and mere blanks in ſociety. They would ſurely be rouſed from their indifference, if they would ſeriouſly conſider the infinite utility of pleaſing.

The perſon who manifeſts a conſtant deſire to pleaſe, places his, perhaps,

haps, ſmall ſtock of merit, at great intereſt. What vaſt returns, then, muſt real merit, when thus adorned, neceſſarily bring in! A prudent uſurer would with tranſport place his laſt ſhilling at ſuch intereſt, and upon ſo ſolid a ſecurity.

The man who is amiable, will make almoſt as many friends as he does acquaintances. I mean in the current acceptation of the word, but not ſuch ſentimental friends, as Pylades or Oreſtes, Nyſus and Euryalus, &c. but he will make people in general wiſh him well, and inclined to ſerve him in any thing not inconſiſtent with their own intereſt.

Civility is the eſſential article towards pleaſing, and is the reſult of good-nature and of good ſenſe; but good-breeding is the decoration, the luſtre of civility, and only to be acquired by a minute attention to, and experience of, good company. A good-natured ploughman or fox-hunter, may be intentionally as civil as the politeſt courtier; but their manner often degrades and vilifies the matter; whereas, in good-breeding, the manner always adorns and dignifies the matter to ſuch a degree, that I have often known give currency to baſe coin.

Civility is often attended by a ceremoniouſneſs, which good-breeding corrects, but will not quite aboliſh. A certain degree of ceremony is a neceſſary out-work of manners, as well as of religion: it keeps the forward and petulant at a proper diſtance, and is a very ſmall reſtraint to the ſenſible, and to the well-bred part of the world. *Cheſterfield.*

§ 21. *A Dialogue between* PLINY *the Elder and* PLINY *the Younger.*

Pliny the Elder. The account that you give me, nephew, of your behaviour amidſt the terrors and perils that accompanied the firſt eruption of Veſuvius, does not pleaſe me much. There was more of vanity in it than true magnanimity. Nothing is great that is unnatural and affected. When the earth ſhook beneath you, when the heavens were obſcured with ſulphureous clouds, full of aſhes and cinders thrown up from the bowels of the new-formed volcano, when all nature ſeemed on the brink of deſtruction, to be reading Livy, and making extracts, as if all had been ſafe and quiet about you, was an abſurd affectation.—To meet danger with courage is the part of a man, but to be inſenſible of it, is brutal ſtupidity; and to pretend inſenſibility where it cannot exiſt, is ridiculous falſeneſs. When you afterwards refuſed to leave your aged mother, and ſave yourſelf without her by flight, you indeed acted nobly. It was alſo becoming a Roman to keep up her ſpirits, amidſt all the horrors of that dreadful ſcene, by ſhewing yourſelf undiſmayed and courageous. But the merit and glory of this part of your conduct is ſunk by the other, which gives an air of oſtentation and vanity to the whole.

Pliny the Younger. That vulgar minds ſhould ſuppoſe my attention to my ſtudies in ſuch a conjuncture unnatural and affected, I ſhould not much wonder: but that you would blame it as ſuch, I did not expect; you, who approached ſtill nearer than I to the fiery ſtorm, and died by the ſuffocating heat of the vapour.

Pliny the Elder. I died, as a good and brave man ought to die, in doing my duty. Let me recall to your memory all the particulars, and then you ſhall judge yourſelf on the difference of your conduct and mine. I was the præfect of the Roman fleet, which then lay at Miſenum. Upon the firſt account I received of the very unuſual cloud that appeared in the air, I ordered a veſſel to carry me out to ſome diſtance from the ſhore, that I might the better obſerve the phenomenon, and try to diſcover its nature and cauſe. This I did as a philoſopher, and it was a curioſity proper and natural to a ſearching, inquiſitive mind. I offered to take you with me, and ſurely you ſhould have deſired to go; for Livy might have been read at any other time, and ſuch ſpectacles are not frequent: but you remained fixed and chained down to your book with a pedantic attachment. When I came out from my houſe, I found all the people forſaking their dwellings, and flying to the ſea, as the ſafeſt retreat. To aſſiſt them, and all others

who

who dwelt on the coaſt, I immediately ordered the fleet to put out, and ſailed with it round the whole bay of Naples, ſteering particularly to thoſe parts of the ſhore where the danger was greateſt, and from whence the inhabitants were endeavouring to eſcape with the moſt trepidation. Thus I ſpent the whole day, and preſerved by my care ſome thouſands of lives; noting, at the ſame time, with a ſteady compoſure and freedom of mind, the ſeveral forms and phenomena of the eruption. Towards night, as we approached to the foot of Veſuvius, all the gallies were covered with aſhes and embers, which grew hotter and hotter; then ſhowers of pumice-ſtones, and burnt and broken pyrites, began to fall on our heads: and we were ſtopped by the obſtacles which the ruins of the mountain had ſuddenly formed by falling into the ſea, and almoſt filling it up on that part of the coaſt. I then commanded my pilot to ſteer to the villa of my friend Pomponianus, which you know was ſituated in the inmoſt receſs of the bay. The wind was very favourable to carry me thither, but would not allow him to put off from the ſhore, as he wiſhed to have done. We were therefore conſtrained to paſs the night in his houſe. They watched, and I ſlept, until the heaps of pumice-ſtones, which fell from the clouds, that had now been impelled to that ſide of the bay, roſe ſo high in the area of the apartment I lay in, that I could not have got out had I ſtaid any longer; and the earthquakes were ſo violent, as to threaten every moment the fall of the houſe: we therefore thought it more ſafe to go into the open air, guarding our heads as well as we could with pillows tied upon them. The wind continuing adverſe, and the ſea very rough, we remained on the ſhore, until a ſulphureous and fiery vapour oppreſſed my weak lungs, and ended my life.—In all this I hope that I acted as the duty of my ſtation required, and with true magnanimity. But on this occaſion, and in many other parts of your life, I muſt ſay, my dear nephew, that there was a vanity mixed with your virtue, which hurt and diſgraced it. Without that, you would have been one of the worthieſt men that Rome has produced; for none ever excelled you in the integrity of your heart and greatneſs of your ſentiments. Why would you loſe the ſubſtance of glory by ſeeking the ſhadow? Your eloquence had the ſame fault as your manners: it was too affected. You profeſſed to make Cicero your guide and your pattern: but when one reads his panegyric upon Julius Cæſar, in his oration for Marcellus, and yours upon Trajan; the firſt ſeems the language of nature and truth, raiſed and dignified with all the majeſty of the moſt ſublime eloquence; the latter appears the ſtudied harangue of a florid rhetorician, more deſirous to ſhine and ſet off his own wit, than to extol the great man he was praiſing.

Pliny the Younger. I have too high a reſpect for you, uncle, to queſtion your judgment either of my life or my writings; they might both have been better, if I had not been too ſolicitous to render them perfect. But it is not for me to ſay much on that ſubject: permit me therefore to return to the ſubject on which we began our converſation. What a direful calamity was the eruption of Veſuvius, which you have now been deſcribing! Do not you remember the beauty of that charming coaſt, and of the mountain itſelf, before it was broken and torn with the violence of thoſe ſudden fires that forced their way through it, and carried deſolation and ruin over all the neighbouring country? The foot of it was covered with corn-fields and rich meadows, interſperſed with fine villas and magnificent towns; the ſides of it were cloathed with the beſt vines in Italy, producing the richeſt and nobleſt wines. How quick, how unexpected, how dreadful the change! all was at once overwhelmed with aſhes, and cinders, and fiery torrents, preſenting to the eye the moſt diſmal ſcene of horror and deſtruction!

Pliny the Elder. You paint it very truly.—But has it never occurred to your mind that this change is an emblem of that which muſt happen to every rich, luxurious ſtate? While the inhabitants of it are ſunk in voluptuouſneſs, while all is ſmiling around

them,

them, and they think that no evil, no danger is nigh, the ſeeds of deſtruction are fermenting within; and, breaking out on a ſudden, lay waſte all their opulence, all their delights; till they are left a ſad monument of divine wrath, and of the fatal effects of internal corruption.

Dialogues of the Dead.

§ 22. *Humorous Scene at an Inn between* BONIFACE *and* AIMWELL.

Bon. This way, this way, Sir.

Aim. You're my landlord, I ſuppoſe?

Bon. Yes, Sir, I'm old Will Boniface; pretty well known upon this road, as the ſaying is.

Aim. O, Mr. Boniface, your ſervant.

Bon. O, Sir—What will your honour pleaſe to drink, as the ſaying is?

Aim. I have heard your town of Litchfield much famed for ale; I think I'll taſte that.

Bon. Sir, I have now in my cellar ten tun of the beſt ale in Staffordſhire: 'tis ſmooth as oil, ſweet as milk, clear as amber, and ſtrong as brandy; and will be juſt fourteen years old the fifth day of next March, old ſtyle.

Aim. You're very exact, I find, in the age of your ale.

Bon. As punctual, Sir, as I am in the age of my children: I'll ſhew you ſuch ale!—Here, Tapſter, broach number 1706, as the ſaying is.—Sir, you ſhall taſte my anno domini.—I have lived in Litchfield, man and boy, above eight-and-fifty years, and, I believe, have not conſumed eight-and-fifty ounces of meat.

Aim. At a meal, you mean, if one may gueſs by your bulk.

Bon. Not in my life, Sir: I have fed purely upon ale: I have eat my ale, drank my ale, and I always ſleep upon my ale.

Enter Tapſter *with a Tankard.*

Now, Sir, you ſhall ſee——Your worſhip's health: [*Drinks*]—Ha! delicious, delicious!—Fancy it Burgundy, only fancy it—and 'tis worth ten ſhillings a quart.

Aim. [*Drinks*] 'Tis confounded ſtrong.

Bon. Strong! it muſt be ſo, or how would we be ſtrong that drink it?

Aim. And have you lived ſo long upon this ale, landlord?

Bon. Eight-and-fifty-years, upon my credit, Sir: but it kill'd my wife, poor woman! as the ſaying is

Aim. How came that to paſs?

Bon. I don't know how, Sir,—ſhe would not let the ale take its natural courſe, Sir: ſhe was for qualifying it every now and then with a dram, as the ſaying is; and an honeſt gentleman that came this way from Ireland, made her a preſent of a dozen bottles of uſquebaugh—but the poor woman was never well after—but, however, I was obliged to the gentleman, you know.

Aim. Why, was it the uſquebaugh that killed her.

Bon. My lady Bountiful ſaid ſo—She, good lady, did what could be done: ſhe cured her of three tympanies: but the fourth carried her off: but ſhe's happy, and I'm contented, as the ſaying is.

Aim. Who's that lady Bountiful you mentioned?

Bon. Ods my life, Sir, we'll drink her health; [*Drinks*]—My lady Bountiful is one of the beſt of women. Her laſt huſband, Sir Charles Bountiful, left her worth a thouſand pounds a year; and, I believe, ſhe lays out one-half on't in charitable uſes for the good of her neighbours.

Aim. Has the lady any children?

Bon. Yes, Sir, ſhe has a daughter by Sir Charles; the fineſt woman in all our county, and the greateſt fortune. She has a ſon too, by her firſt huſband, 'ſquire Sullen, who married a fine lady from London t'other day: if you pleaſe, Sir, we'll drink his health. [*Drinks.*]

Aim. What ſort of a man is he?

Bon. Why, Sir, the man's well enough; ſays little, thinks leſs, and does nothing at all, faith: but he's a man of great eſtate, and values nobody.

Aim. A ſportſman, I ſuppoſe?

Bon. Yes, he's a man of pleaſure; he plays at whiſt, and ſmokes his pipe eight-and-forty hours together ſometimes.

Aim.

Aim. A fine ſportſman, truly!—and married, you ſay?

Bon. Ay; and to a curious woman, Sir.—But he's my landlord, and ſo a man, you know, would not.——Sir, my humble ſervice to you. [*Drinks.*]—Tho' I value not a farthing what he can do to me: I pay him his rent at quarter-day; I have a good running trade; I have but one daughter, and I can give her——but no matter for that.

Aim. You're very happy, Mr. Boniface: pray, what other company have you in town?

Bon. A power of fine ladies; and then we have the French officers.

Aim. O, that's right, you have a good many of thoſe gentlemen: pray, how do you like their company?

Bon. So well, as the ſaying is, that I could wiſh we had as many more of 'em. They're full of money, and pay double for every thing they have. They know, Sir, that we paid good round taxes for the taking of 'em; and ſo they are willing to reimburſe us a little: one of 'em lodges in my houſe. [*Bell rings.*]—I beg your worſhip's pardon—I'll wait on you in half a minute.

§ 23. *Endeavour to pleaſe, and you can ſcarcely fail to pleaſe.*

The means of pleaſing vary according to time, place, and perſon; but the general rule is the trite one, Endeavour to pleaſe, and you will infallibly pleaſe to a certain degree: conſtantly ſhew a deſire to pleaſe, and you will engage people's ſelf-love in your intereſt; a moſt powerful advocate. This, as indeed almoſt every thing elſe, depends on attention.

Be therefore attentive to the moſt trifling thing that paſſes where you are; have, as the vulgar phraſe is, your eyes and your ears always about you. It is a very fooliſh, though a very common ſaying, "I really did not mind it," or, "I was thinking of quite another "thing at that time." The proper anſwer to ſuch ingenious excuſes, and which admits of no reply, is, Why did you not mind it? you was preſent when it was ſaid or done. Oh! but you may ſay, you was thinking of quite another thing; if ſo, why was you not in quite another place proper for that important other thing, which you ſay you was thinking of? But you will ſay perhaps, that the company was ſo ſilly, that it did not deſerve your attention: that, I am ſure, is the ſaying of a ſilly man; for a man of ſenſe knows that there is no company ſo ſilly, that ſome uſe may not be made of it by attention.

Let your addreſs, when you firſt come into company, be modeſt, but without the leaſt baſhfulneſs or ſheepiſhneſs; ſteady, without impudence; and unembarraſſed, as if you were in your own room. This is a difficult point to hit, and therefore deſerves great attention; nothing but a long uſage in the world, and in the beſt company, can poſſibly give it.

A young man, without knowledge of the world, when he firſt goes into a faſhionable company, where moſt are his ſuperiors, is commonly either annihilated by baſhfulneſs, or, if he rouſes and laſhes himſelf up to what he only thinks a modeſt aſſurance, he runs into impudence and abſurdity, and conſequently offends inſtead of pleaſing. Have always, as much as you can, that gentleneſs of manner, which never fails to make favourable impreſſions, provided it be equally free from an inſipid ſmile, or a pert ſmirk.

Carefully avoid an argumentative and diſputative turn, which too many people have, and ſome even value themſelves upon, in company; and, when your opinion differs from others, maintain it only with modeſty, calmneſs, and gentleneſs; but never be eager, loud, or clamorous; and, when you find your antagoniſt begining to grow warm, put an end to the diſpute by ſome genteel ſtroke of humour. For, take it for granted, if the two beſt friends in the world diſpute with eagerneſs upon the moſt trifling ſubject imaginable, they will, for the time, find a momentary alienation from each other. Diſputes upon any ſubject are a ſort of trial of the underſtanding, and muſt end in the mortification of one or other of the diſputants. On the other hand, I am far from meaning

that you ſhould give an univerſal aſſent to all that you hear ſaid in company; ſuch an aſſent would be mean, and in ſome caſes criminal; but blame with indulgence, and correct with gentleneſs.

Always look people in the face when you ſpeak to them; the not doing it is thought to imply conſcious guilt; beſides that, you loſe the advantage of obſerving by their countenances, what impreſſion your diſcourſe makes upon them. In order to know people's real ſentiments, I truſt much more to my eyes than to my ears; for they can ſay whatever they have a mind I ſhould hear; but they can ſeldom help looking what they have no intention that I ſhould know.

If you have not command enough over yourſelf to conquer your humours, as I am ſure every rational creature may have, never go into company while the fit of ill-humour is upon you. Inſtead of company's diverting you in thoſe moments, you will diſpleaſe, and probably ſhock them; and you will part worſe friends than you met: but whenever you find in yourſelf a diſpoſition to ſullenneſs, contradiction, or teſtineſs, it will be in vain to ſeek for a cure abroad. Stay at home, let your humour ferment and work itſelf off. Cheerfulneſs and good-humour are of all qualifications the moſt amiable in company; for, though they do not neceſſarily imply good-nature and good-breeding, they repreſent them, at leaſt, very well, and that is all that is required in mixt company.

I have indeed known ſome very ill-natured people, who were very good-humoured in company; but I never knew any one generally ill-humoured in company, who was not eſſentially ill-natured. When there is no malevolence in the heart, there is always a cheerfulneſs and eaſe in the countenance and manners. By good-humour and cheerfulneſs, I am far from meaning noiſy mirth and loud peals of laughter, which are the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtics of the vulgar and of the ill-bred, whoſe mirth is a kind of ſtorm. Obſerve it, the vulgar often laugh, but never ſmile; whereas, well-bred people often ſmile, but ſeldom laugh. A witty thing never excited laughter; it pleaſes only the mind, and never diſtorts the countenance: a glaring abſurdity, a blunder, a ſilly accident, and thoſe things that are generally called comical, may excite a laugh, though never a loud nor a long one, among well-bred people.

Sudden paſſion is called ſhort-lived madneſs; it is a madneſs indeed, but the fits of it return ſo often in choleric people, that it may well be called a continual madneſs. Should you happen to be of this unfortunate diſpoſition, make it your conſtant ſtudy to ſubdue, or, at leaſt, to check it; when you find your choler riſing, reſolve neither to ſpeak to, nor anſwer the perſon who excites it; but ſtay till you find it ſubſiding, and then ſpeak deliberately. Endeavour to be cool and ſteady upon all occaſions; the advantages of ſuch a ſteady calmneſs are innumerable, and would be too tedious to relate. It may be acquired by care and reflection; if it could not, that reaſon which diſtinguiſhes men from brutes would be given us to very little purpoſe: as a proof of this, I never ſaw, and ſarcely ever heard of a Quaker in a paſſion. In truth, there is in that ſect a decorum and decency, and an amiable ſimplicity, that I know in no other. *Cheſterfield.*

§ 24. *A Dialogue between* M. APICIUS *and* DARTENEUF.

Darteneuf. Alas! poor Apicius.—I pity thee much, for not having lived in my age and my country. How many good diſhes have I eat in England, that were unknown at Rome in thy days!

Apicius. Keep your pity for yourſelf. —How many good diſhes have I eat in Rome, the knowledge of which has been loſt in theſe latter degenerate days! the fat paps of a ſow, the livers of ſcari, the brains of phenicopters, and the tripotanum, which conſiſted of three ſorts of fiſh for which you have no names, the lupus marinus, the myxo, and the murænus.

Darteneuf. I thought the muræna had been our lamprey. We have excellent ones in the Severn,

Apicius,

Apicius. No:—the muræna was a ſalt-water fiſh, and kept in ponds into which the ſea was admitted.

Darteneuf. Why then I dare ſay our lampreys are better. Did you ever eat any of them potted or ſtewed?

Apicius. I was never in Britain. Your country then was too barbarous for me to go thither. I ſhould have been afraid that the Britons would have eat me.

Darteneuf. I am ſorry for you, very ſorry: for if you never were in Britain, you never eat the beſt oyſters in the whole world.

Apicius. Pardon me, Sir, your Sandwich oyſters were brought to Rome in my time.

Darteneuf. They could not be freſh: they were good for nothing there:—You ſhould have come to Sandwich to eat them: it is a ſhame for you that you did not. — An epicure talk of danger when he is in ſearch of a dainty! did not Leander ſwim over the Helleſpont to get to his miſtreſs? and what is a wench to a barrel of excellent oyſters?

Apicius. Nay—I am ſure you cannot blame me for any want of alertneſs in ſeeking fine fiſhes. I ſailed to the coaſt of Afric, from Minturnæ in Campania, only to taſte of one ſpecies, which I heard was larger there than it was on our coaſt, and finding that I had received a falſe information, I returned again without deigning to land.

Darteneuf. There was ſome ſenſe in that: but why did you not alſo make a voyage to Sandwich? Had you taſted thoſe oyſters in their perfection, you would never have come back: you would have eat till you burſt.

Apicius. I wiſh I had:—It would have been better than poiſoning myſelf, as I did, becauſe, when I came to make up my accounts, I found I had not much above the poor ſum of fourſcore thouſand pounds left, which would not afford me a table to keep me from ſtarving.

Darteneuf. A ſum of fourſcore thouſand pounds not keep you from ſtarving! would I had had it! I ſhould not have ſpent it in twenty years, though I had kept the beſt table in London, ſuppoſing I had made no other expence.

Apicius. Alas, poor man! this ſhews that you Engliſh have no idea of the luxury that reigned in our tables. Before I died, I had ſpent in my kitchen 807,291 *l.* 13 *s.* 4 *d.*

Darteneuf. I do not believe a word of it: there is an error in the account.

Apicius. Why, the eſtabliſhment of Lucullus for his ſuppers in the Apollo, I mean for every ſupper he eat in the room which he called by that name, was 5000 drachms, which is in your money 161 4 *l.* 11 *s.* 8 *d.*

Darteneuf. Would I had ſupped with him there! But is there no blunder in theſe calculations?

Apicius. Aſk your learned men that.—I count as they tell me.—But perhaps you may think that theſe feaſts were only made by great men, like Lucullus, who had plundered all Aſia to help him in his houſe-keeping. What will you ſay when I tell you, that the player Æſopus had one diſh that coſt him 6000 ſeſtertia, that is, 4843 *l.* 10 *s.* Engliſh.

Darteneuf. What will I ſay! why, that I pity poor Cibber and Booth; and that, if I had known this when I was alive, I ſhould have hanged myſelf for vexation that I did not live in thoſe days.

Apicius. Well you might, well you might.—You do not know what eating is. You never could know it. Nothing leſs than the wealth of the Roman empire is ſufficient to enable a man to keep a good table. Our players were richer by far than your princes.

Darteneuf. Oh that I had but lived in the bleſſed reign of Caligula, or of Vitellius, or of Heliogabalus, and had been admitted to the honour of dining with their ſlaves!

Apicius. Aye, there you touch me.—I am miſerable that I died before their good times. They carried the glories of their table much farther than the beſt eaters of the age that I lived in. Vitellius ſpent in eating and drinking, within one year, what would amount in your money to above ſeven millions two hundred thouſand pounds. He told me ſo himſelf in a converſation I had with

him.

him not long ago. And the others you mentioned did not fall ſhort of his royal magnificence.

Darteneuf. Theſe indeed were great princes. But what affects me moſt is the diſh of that player, that d——d fellow Æſopus. I cannot bear to think of his having lived ſo much better than I. Pray, of what ingredients might the diſh he paid ſo much for conſiſt?

Apicius. Chiefly of ſinging birds. It was that which ſo greatly enhanced the price.

Darteneuf. Of ſinging birds! choak him!—I never eat but one, which I ſtole from a lady of my acquaintance, and all London was in an uproar about it, as if I had ſtolen and roaſted a child. But, upon recollection, I begin to doubt whether I have ſo much reaſon to envy Æſopus; for the ſinging bird which I eat was no better in its taſte than a fat lark or thruſh; it was not ſo good as a wheatear or becafigue; and therefore I ſuſpect that all the luxury you have bragged of was nothing but vanity and fooliſh expence. It was like that of the ſon of Æſopus, who diſſolved pearls in vinegar, and drunk them at ſupper. I will be d——d, if a haunch of veniſon, and my favourite ham-pye, were not much better diſhes than any at the table of Vitellius himſelf. I do not find that you had ever any good ſoups, without which no man of taſte can poſſibly dine. The rabbits in Italy are not fit to eat; and what is better than the wing of one of our Engliſh wild rabbits? I have been told that you had no turkies. The mutton in Italy is very ill flavoured; and as for your boars roaſted whole, I deſpiſe them; they were only fit to be ſerved up to the mob at a corporation feaſt, or election dinner. A ſmall barbecued hog is worth a hundred of them; and a good collar of Shrewſbury brawn is a much better diſh.

Apicius. If you had ſome kinds of meat that we wanted, yet our cookery muſt have been greatly ſuperior to yours. Our cooks were ſo excellent, that they could give to hog's fleſh the taſte of all other meats.

Darteneuf. I ſhould not have liked their d——d imitations. You might as eaſily have impoſed on a good connoiſſeur the copy of a fine picture for the original. Our cooks, on the contrary, give to all other meats a rich flavour of bacon, without deſtroying that which makes the diſtinction of one from another. I have not the leaſt doubt that our eſſence of hams is a much better ſauce than any that ever was uſed by the ancients. We have a hundred ragouts, the compoſition of which exceeds all deſcription. Had yours been as good, you could not have lolled, as you did, upon couches, while you were eating; they would have made you ſit up and attend to your buſineſs. Then you had a cuſtom of hearing things read to you while you were at ſupper. This ſhews you were not ſo well entertained as we are with our meat. For my own part, when I was at table, I could mind nothing elſe: I neither heard, ſaw, nor ſpoke: I only ſmelt and taſted. But the worſt of all is, that you had no wine fit to be named with good claret or Burgundy, or Champagne, or old hock, or Tokay. You boaſted much of your Falernum; but I have taſted the Lachrymæ Chriſti, and other wines that grow upon the ſame coaſt, not one of which would I drink above a glaſs or two of if you would give me the kingdom of Naples. You boiled your wines and mixed water with them, which ſhews that in themſelves they were not fit to drink.

Apicius. I am afraid you beat us in wines, not to mention your cyder, perry, and beer, of all which I have heard great fame from ſome Engliſh with whom I have talked; and their report has been confirmed by the teſtimony of their neighbours who have travelled into England. Wonderful things have been alſo ſaid to me of a liquor called punch.

Darteneuf. Aye—to have died without taſting that is unhappy indeed! There is rum-punch and arrack-punch; it is hard to ſay which is beſt: but Jupiter would have given his nectar for either of them, upon my word and honour?

Apicius. The thought of it puts me into a fever with thirſt. From whence do you get your arrack and your rum?

Darteneuf.

Darteneuf. Why, from the Eaſt and Weſt Indies, which you knew nothing of. That is enough to decide the diſpute. Your trade to the Eaſt Indies was very far ſhort of what we carry on, and the Weſt Indies were not diſcovered. What a new world of good things for eating and drinking has Columbus opened to us! Think of that, and deſpair.

Apicius. I cannot indeed but lament my ill fate, that America was not found before I was born. It tortures me when I hear of chocolate, pine-apples, and twenty other fine meats or fine fruits produced there, which I have never taſted. What an advantage it is to you, that all your ſweetmeats, tarts, cakes, and other delicacies of that nature, are ſweetened with ſugar inſtead of honey, which we were obliged to make uſe of for want of that plant! but what grieves me moſt is, that I never eat a turtle; they tell me that it is abſolutely the beſt of all foods.

Darteneuf. Yes, I have heard the Americans ſay ſo:—but I never eat any; for, in my time, they were not brought over to England.

Apicius. Never eat any turtle! how didſt thou dare to accuſe me of not going to Sandwich to eat oyſters, and didſt not thyſelf take a trip to America to riot on turtles? but know, wretched man, that I am informed they are now as plentiful in England as ſturgeon. There are turtle-boats that go regularly to London and Briſtol from the Weſt Indies. I have juſt ſeen a fat alderman, who died in London laſt week of a ſurfeit he got at a turtle feaſt in that city.

Darteneuf. What does he ſay? Does he tell you that turtle is better than veniſon?

Apicius. He ſays there was a haunch of veniſon untouched, while every mouth was employed on the turtle; that he ate till he fell aſleep in his chair; and, that the food was ſo wholeſome he ſhould not have died, if he had not unluckily caught cold in his ſleep, which ſtopped his perſpiration, and hurt his digeſtion.

Darteneuf. Alas! how imperfect is human felicity! I lived in an age when the pleaſure of eating was thought to be carried to its higheſt perfection in England and France; and yet a turtle feaſt is a novelty to me! Would it be impoſſible, do you think, to obtain leave from Pluto of going back for one day, juſt to taſte of that food? I would promiſe to kill myſelf by the quantity I would eat before the next morning.

Apicius. You have forgot, Sir, that you have no body: that which you had has been rotten a great while ago; and you can never return to the earth with another, unleſs Pythagoras carries you thither to animate that of a hog. But comfort yourſelf, that, as you have ate dainties which I never taſted, ſo the next generation will eat ſome unknown to the preſent. New diſcoveries will be made, and new delicacies brought from other parts of the world. We muſt both be philoſophers. We muſt be thankful for the good things we have had, and not grudge others better, if they fall to their ſhare. Conſider that, after all, we could but have eat as much as our ſtomachs would hold, and that we did every day of our lives.—But ſee, who comes hither? I think it is Mercury.

Mercury. Gentlemen, I muſt tell you that I have ſtood near you inviſible, and heard your diſcourſe; a privilege which we deities uſe when we pleaſe. Attend therefore to a diſcovery which I ſhall make to you, relating to the ſubject upon which you were talking. I know two men, one of whom lived in ancient, and the other in modern times, that had more pleaſure in eating than either of you ever had in your lives.

Apicius. One of theſe, I preſume, was a Sybarite, and the other a French gentleman ſettled in the Weſt-Indies.

Mercury. No; one was a Spartan ſoldier, and the other an Engliſh farmer.—I ſee you both look aſtoniſhed; but what I tell you is truth. The ſoldier never ate his black broth till the exerciſes, to which by their diſcipline the Spartan troops were obliged, had got him ſuch an appetite, that he could have gnawed a bone like a dog. The farmer was out at the tail of his plough, or ſome other wholeſome labour, from morning till night; and when he came home his wife dreſſed him a piece of

good

good beef, or a fine barn-door fowl and a pudding, for his dinner, which he ate much more ravenouſly, and conſequently with a great deal more reliſh and pleaſure, than you did your tripotanum or your ham-pye. Your ſtomachs were always ſo overcharged, that I queſtion if ever you felt real hunger, or eat one meal in twenty years without forcing your appetites, which makes all things inſipid. I tell you therefore again, that the ſoldier and the farmer had much more of the joy of eating than you.

Darteneuf. This is more mortifying than not to have ſhared a turtle feaſt. I fear indeed we have been in quite a wrong ſyſtem, and never had any true notions of pleaſure.

Apicius. It is a ſad thing not to know what good living is before one is dead. I wiſh, Mercury, you had taught me your art of cookery in my life-time, or held your tongue about it here.

Dialogues of the Dead.

§ 25. *Scene between* IAGO *and* CASSIO, *in which* CASSIO *regrets his Folly in getting drunk.*

Iago. What! are you hurt, Lieutenant?

Caſ. Paſt all ſurgery.

Iago. Marry, Heav'n forbid!

Caſ. Reputation, reputation, reputation! Oh I have loſt my reputation! I have loſt the immortal part of myſelf, and what remains is beſtial. My reputation! Iago, my reputation——

Iago. As I am an honeſt man, I thought you had received ſome bodily wound: there is more ſenſe in that, than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and moſt falſe impoſition: oft got without merit, and loſt without deſerving. What, man!—there are ways to recover the general again. Sue to him, and he's yours.

Caſ. I will rather ſue to be deſpis'd. ——Drunk! and ſquabble! ſwagger! ſwear! and diſcourſe fuſtian with one's own ſhadow! Oh thou invincible ſpirit of wine! if thou haſt no name to be known by, let us call thee Devil.

Iago. What was he that you follow'd with your ſword? what had he done to you?

Caſ. I know not.

Iago. Is't poſſible?

Caſ. I remember a maſs of things, but nothing diſtinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that men ſhould put an enemy in their mouths to ſteal away their brains! that we ſhould with joy, pleaſance, revel, and applauſe, transform ourſelves into beaſts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered?

Caſ. It has pleaſed the devil Drunkenneſs to give place to the devil Wrath; one imperfectneſs ſhews me another, to make me frankly deſpiſe myſelf.

Iago. Come, you are too ſevere a moraler. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country ſtands, I could heartily wiſh this had not befallen; but ſince it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Caſ. I will aſk him for my place again—he ſhall tell me I am a drunkard!——Had I as many mouths as Hydra, ſuch an anſwer would ſtop them all. To be now a ſenſible man, by and by a fool, and preſently a beaſt! ——Every inordinate cup is unbleſs'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well us'd; exclaim no more againſt it. And, good Lieutenant, I think you think I love you?

Caſ. I have well approv'd it, Sir.—I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at ſome time, man. I tell you what you ſhall do. Our general's wife is now the general. Confeſs yourſelf freely to her: importune her help, to put you in your place again. She is of ſo free, ſo kind, ſo apt, ſo bleſſed a diſpoſition, ſhe holds it a vice in her goodneſs not to do more than ſhe is requeſted. This broken joint between you and her huſband, entreat her to ſplinter; and, my fortunes againſt any lay worth naming, this crack of your love ſhall grow ſtronger than it was before.

Caſ. You adviſe me well.

Iago. I proteſt, in the ſincerity of love and honeſt kindneſs.

Caſ. I think it freely; and, betimes in the morning, I will beſeech the

virtuous

virtuous Deſdemona to undertake for me.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, Lieutenant: I muſt to the watch.

Caſ. Good night, honeſt Iago.

Shakeſpear.

§ 26. *A Dialogue between* MERCURY *and a modern fine Lady.*

Mrs. Modiſh. Indeed, Mr. Mercury, I cannot have the pleaſure of waiting upon you now. I am engaged, abſolutely engaged.

Mercury. I know you have an amiable affectionate huſband, and ſeveral fine children: but you need not be told, that neither conjugal attachments, maternal affections, nor even the care of a kingdom's welfare or a nation's glory, can excuſe a perſon who has received a ſummons to the realms of death. If the grim meſſenger was not as peremptory as unwelcome, Charon would not get a paſſenger (except now and then an hypochondriacal Engliſhman) once in a century. You muſt be content to leave your huſband and family, and paſs the Styx.

Mrs. Modiſh. I did not mean to inſiſt on any engagement with my huſband and children; I never thought myſelf engaged to them. I had no engagements but ſuch as were common to women of my rank. Look on my chimney-piece, and you will ſee I was engaged to the play on Mondays, balls on Tueſdays, the opera on Saturdays, and to card aſſemblies the reſt of the week, for two months to come; and it would be the rudeſt thing in the world not to keep my appointments. If you will ſtay for me till the ſummer ſeaſon, I will wait on you with all my heart. Perhaps the Elyſian fields may be leſs deteſtable than the country in our world. Pray, have you a fine Vauxhall and Ranelagh? I think I ſhould not diſlike drinking the Lethe waters, when you have a full ſeaſon.

Mercury. Surely you could not like to drink the waters of oblivion, who have made pleaſure the buſineſs, end, and aim of your life! It is good to drown cares: but who would waſh away the remembrance of a life of gaiety and pleaſure?

Mrs. Modiſh. Diverſion was indeed the buſineſs of my life; but as to pleaſure, I have enjoyed none ſince the novelty of my amuſements was gone off. Can one be pleaſed with ſeeing the ſame thing over and over again? Late hours and fatigue gave me the vapours, ſpoiled the natural chearfulneſs of my temper, and even in youth wore away my youthful vivacity.

Mercury. If this way of life did not give you pleaſure, why did you continue in it? I ſuppoſe you did not think it was very meritorious?

Mrs. Modiſh. I was too much engaged to think at all: ſo far indeed my manner of life was agreeable enough. My friends always told me diverſions were neceſſary, and my doctor aſſured me diſſipation was good for my ſpirits; my huſband inſiſted that it was not; and you know that one loves to oblige one's friends, comply with one's doctor, and contradict one's huſband; and beſides, I was ambitious to be thought *du bon ton* *.

Mercury. Bon ton! what's that, Madam? Pray define it.

Mrs. Modiſh. Oh, Sir, excuſe me; it is one of the privileges of the *bon ton* never to define or be defined. It is the child and the parent of jargon. It is—I can never tell you what it is; but I will try to tell you what it is not. In converſation it is not wit; in manners it is not politeneſs; in behaviour it is not addreſs; but it is a little like them all. It can only belong to people of a certain rank, who live in a certain manner, with certain perſons who have not certain virtues, and who have certain vices, and who inhabit a certain part of the town. Like a place by courteſy, it gets an higher rank than the perſon can claim, but which thoſe who have a legal title to precedency dare not diſpute, for fear of being thought not to underſtand the rules of politeneſs. Now, Sir, I have told you as much as I know of it, though I have admired and aimed at it all my life.

Mercury. Then, Madam, you have

* *Du bon ton* is a cant phraſe in the modern French language, for the faſhionable air of converſation and manners.

waſted your time, faded your beauty, and deſtroyed your health, for the laudable purpoſes of contradicting your huſband, and being this ſomething and this nothing called the *bon ton*?

Mrs. Modiſh. What would you have had me do?

Mercury. I will follow your mode of inſtructing: I will tell you what I would not have had you do. I would not have had you ſacrifice your time, your reaſon, and your duties, to faſhion and folly. I would not have had you neglect your huſband's happineſs, and your children's education.

Mrs. Modiſh. As to my daughters' education I ſpared no expence: they had a dancing-maſter, muſic-maſter, and drawing-maſter, and a French governeſs to teach them behaviour and the French language.

Mercury. So their religion, ſentiments, and manners, were to be learnt from a dancing-maſter, muſic-maſter, and a chamber-maid! perhaps they might prepare them to catch the *bon ton*. Your daughters muſt have been ſo educated as to fit them to be wives without conjugal affection, and mothers without maternal care. I am ſorry for the ſort of life they are commencing, and for that which you have juſt concluded. Minos is a ſour old gentleman, without the leaſt ſmattering of the *bon ton*; and I am in a fright for you. The beſt thing I can adviſe you is, to do in this world as you did in the other, keep happineſs in your view, but never take the road that leads to it. Remain on this ſide Styx; wander about without end or aim; look into the Elyſian fields, but never attempt to enter into them, leſt Minos ſhould puſh you into Tartarus: for duties neglected may bring on a ſentence not much leſs ſevere than crimes committed.

Dialogues of the Dead.

§ 27. *Pliny to Paternus.*

The ſickneſs which has run through my family, and carried off ſeveral of my domeſtics, ſome of them too in the prime of their years, has deeply afflicted me, I have two conſolations, however, which, though they are not equal to ſo conſiderable a grief, ſtill they are conſolations: one is, that as I have always very readily manumiſed my ſlaves, their death does not altogether ſeem immature, if they lived long enough to received their freedoms; the other, that I have allowed them to make a kind of a will *, which I obſerve as religiouſly as if they were legally entitled to that privilege. I receive and obey their laſt requeſts as ſo many authoritative commands, ſuffering them to diſpoſe of their effects to whom they pleaſe; with this ſingle reſtriction, that they leave them to ſome in my family, which, to perſons in their ſtations, is to be eſteemed as a ſort of commonwealth. But though I endeavour to acquieſce under theſe reflections, yet the ſame tenderneſs which led me to ſhew them theſe indulgences ſtill breaks out and overpowers my ſtrongeſt reſolutions. However, I would not wiſh to be inſenſible to theſe ſoft impreſſions of humanity; though the generality of the world, I know, look upon loſſes of this kind in no other view than as a diminution of their property; and fancy, by cheriſhing ſuch an unfeeling temper, they diſcover a ſuperior fortitude and good ſenſe. Their wiſdom and magnanimity I ſhall not diſpute, but manly I am ſure they are not; for it is the very criterion of true manhood to feel thoſe impreſſions of ſorrow which it endeavours to reſiſt, and to admit not to be above the want of conſolation. But perhaps I have detained you too long upon this ſubject, though not ſo long as I would. There is a certain pleaſure in giving vent to one's grief: eſpecially when we pour out our ſorrows in the boſom of a friend, who will approve, at leaſt pardon, our tears. Farewell.

Melmoth.

§ 28. *Scene between the Jews* SHYLOCK *and* TUBAL; *in which the latter alternately torments and pleaſes the former, by giving him an Account of the Extravagance of his Daughter* JESSICA, *and the Misfortunes of* ANTONIO.

Shy. How now, Tubal? What news

* A ſlave could acquire no property, and conſequently was incapable by law of making a will.

from

from Genoa? haſt thou heard of my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there! a diamond gone that coſt me two thouſand ducats in Francfort! The curſe never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now. Two thouſand ducats in that, and other precious, precious jewels! I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! O would ſhe were hears'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them; and I know not what ſpent in the ſearch: loſs upon loſs! the thief gone with ſo much, and ſo much to find the thief; and no ſatisfaction, no revenge; no ill luck ſtirring but what lights on my ſhoulders; no ſighs, but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my ſhedding!

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too; Antonio, as I heard in Genoa——

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. Hath an argoſie caſt away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. Thank God! thank God! is it true? is it true?

Tub. I ſpoke with ſome of the ſailors that eſcaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal; good news, good news!

Tub. Your daughter ſpent in Genoa, as I heard, in one night, fourſcore ducats.

Shy. Thou ſtick'ſt a dagger in me; I ſhall never ſee my gold again: fourſcore ducats at a ſitting! fourſcore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that ſwear he cannot but break.

Shy. I am glad of it: I'll plague him, I'll torture him: I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them ſhew'd me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! thou tortureſt me, Tubal; it was my ruby, I had it of Leah when I was a batchelor; I would not have given it for a wilderneſs of monkies.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true; go ſee me an officer, beſpeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our ſynagogue; go, good Tubal; at our ſynagogue, Tubal. *Shakeſpeare.*

§ 29. *Humorous Scene between Prince* HENRY *and* FALSTAFF, *in which the Prince detects* FALSTAFF's *monſtrous Lies.*

P. Henry. Welcome, Jack!—Where haſt thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I ſay, and a vengeance too, marry and amen! Give me a cup of ſack, boy:—ere I lead this life long, I'll ſew nether ſocks and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! give me a cup of ſack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*]—You rogue, here's lime in this ſack too. There is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man; yet a coward is worſe than a cup of ſack with lime in it. A villainous coward! —Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a ſhotten herring. There live not three good men unhang'd in England, and one of them is fat, and grows old, Heaven help the while! A bad world! I ſay—A plague of all cowards! I ſay ſtill.

P. Henry. How now, Woolſack! what mutter you?

Fal. A king's ſon! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy ſubjects afore thee like a flock of wild geeſe, I'll never wear hair on my face more! You Prince of Wales!

P. Henry. Why, what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? anſwer me that.

P. Henry. Ye fat paunch, an' ye call me coward, I'll ſtab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll ſee thee hang'd ere I'll call thee coward; but I would give a thouſand pound I could run as faſt as thou canſt. You are ſtrait enough in the ſhoulders; you care not who ſees your back. Call you that backing of your friends? a plague upon

ſuch backing! give me them that will face me—give me a cup of ſack: I am a rogue if I drank to-day.

P. Henry. O villain! thy lips are ſcarce wip'd ſince thou drank'ſt laſt.

Fal. All's one for that. [*He drinks.* A plague of all cowards! ſtill, ſay I.

P. Henry. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter! here be four of us have ta'en a thouſand pound this morning.

P. Henry. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it! taken from us, it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Henry. What! a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue if I were not at half-ſword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have eſcaped by miracle. I am eight times thruſt through the doublet, four through the hoſe, my buckler cut through and through, my ſword hack'd like a hand-ſaw, *ecce ſignum!* I never dealt better ſince I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!

P. Henry. What, fought you with them all?

Fal. All! I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radiſh; if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then I am no two-legg'd creature.

P. Henry. Pray Heav'n you have not murder'd ſome of them!

Fal. Nay, that's paſt praying for. I have pepper'd two of them; two, I am ſure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram ſuits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, ſpit in my face, call me horſe. Thou knoweſt my old ward: here I lay, and thus I bore my point: four rogues in buckram let drive at me.

P. Henry. What, four! thou ſaidſt but two even now.

Fal. Four, Hal, I told thee four.—Theſe four came all a-front, and mainly thruſt at me: I made no more ado, but took all their ſeven points in my target, thus.

P. Henry. Seven! why they were but four even now.

Fal. In buckram?

P. Henry. Ay, four, in buckram ſuits.

Fal. Seven by theſe hilts, or I am a villain elſe. Doſt thou hear me, Hal?

P. Henry. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do ſo, for it is worth the liſtening to. Theſe nine in buckram, that I told thee of——

P. Henry. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken, began to give me ground; but I follow'd me cloſe, came in foot and hand, and, with a thought—ſeven of the eleven I paid.

P. Henry. O monſtrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two.

Fal. But as the devil would have it, three miſbegotten knaves, in Kendal-green, came at my back, and let drive at me; (for it was ſo dark, Hal, that thou couldſt not ſee thy hand.)

P. Henry. Theſe lies are like the father that begets them, groſs as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool; thou obſcene greaſy tallow-catch—

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

P. Henry. Why, how couldſt thou know theſe men in Kendal-green, when it was ſo dark thou couldſt not ſee thy hand? Come, tell us your reaſon: what ſay'ſt thou to this? Come, your reaſon, Jack, your reaſon.

Fal. What upon compulſion!—No: were I at the ſtrappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulſion. Give you a reaſon on compulſion! If reaſons were as plenty as black-berries, I would give no man a reaſon upon compulſion.

P. Henry. I'll be no longer guilty of this ſin. This ſanguine coward, this bed-preſſer, this horſe-back-breaker, this huge hill of fleſh—

Fal. Away, you ſtarveling, you elf-ſkin, you dry'd neat's tongue, you ſtock-fiſh! O, for breath to utter! what is like thee? you taylor's yard, you ſheath, you bow-caſe, you vile ſtanding tuck—

P. Henry. Well, breathe a while, and then to't again; and when thou haſt tir'd thyſelf in baſe compariſons, hear me ſpeak but this:—Poins and I ſaw you four ſet on four; you bound them, and were maſters of their wealth: mark now,

now, how a plain tale ſhall put you down. Then did we two ſet on you four, and with a word out-fac'd you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can ſhew it you here in the houſe. And, Falſtaff, you carry'd your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roar'd for mercy, and ſtill ran and roar'd, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a ſlave art thou, to hack thy ſword as thou haſt done, and then ſay it was in fight! What trick, what device, what ſtarting-hole canſt thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent ſhame?

Fal. Ha! ha! ha!—D'ye think I did not know you?—By the Lord, I knew you as well as he that made you. Why, hear ye, my maſter, was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? ſhould I turn upon the true prince? why, thou knoweſt I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware inſtinct; the lion will not touch the true prince; inſtinct is a great matter. I was a coward on inſtinct, I grant you: and I ſhall think the better of myſelf and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But I am glad you have the money. Let us clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow. What, ſhall we be merry? ſhall we have a play extempore?

P. Henry. Content!—and the argument ſhall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah!—no more of that, Hal, if thou loveſt me. *Shakeſpeare.*

§ 30. *Scene in which* MOODY *gives* MANLY *an Account of the Journey to* LONDON.

Manly. Honeſt John!—

Moody. Meaſter Manly! I'm glad I ha' ſun ye.—Well, and how d'ye do, Meaſter?

Manly. I am glad to ſee you in London. I hope all the good family are well.

Moody. Thanks be prais'd, your honour, they are all in pretty good heart; thof' we have had a power of croſſes upo' the road.

Manly. What has been the matter, John?

Moody. Why, we came up in ſuch a hurry, you mun think, that our tackle was not ſo tight as it ſhould be.

Manly. Come, tell us all—Pray, how do they travel?

Moody. Why, i'the awld coach, Meaſter; and 'cauſe my Lady loves to do things handſome, to be ſure, ſhe would have a cuple of cart-horſes clapt to the four old geldings, that neighbours might ſee ſhe went up to London in her coach and ſix; and ſo Giles Joulter, the ploughman, rides poſtilion.

Manly. And when do you expect them here, John?

Moody. Why, we were in hopes to ha' come yeſterday, an' it had no' been that th'awld weazle-belly horſe tired; and then we were ſo cruelly loaden, that the two fore-wheels came craſh down at once, in Waggon-rut-lane, and there we loſt four hours 'fore we could ſet things to rights again.

Manly. So they bring all their baggage with the coach, then?

Moody. Ay, ay, and good ſtore on't there is—Why, my lady's gear alone were as much as filled four portmantel trunks, beſides the great deal box that heavy Ralph and the monkey ſit upon behind.

Manly. Ha, ha, ha!—And, pray, how many are they within the coach?

Moody. Why, there's my lady and his worſhip, and the younk 'ſquoire, and Miſs Jenny, and the fat lap-dog, and my lady's maid Mrs. Handy, and Doll Tripe the cook, that's all—only Doll puked a little with riding backward; ſo they hoiſted her into the coach-box, and then her ſtomach was eaſy.

Manly. Ha, ha, ha!

Moody. Then you mun think, Meaſter, there was ſome ſtowage for the belly, as well as th' back too; children are apt to be famiſh'd upo' the road; ſo we had ſuch cargoes of plumb-cake, and baſkets of tongues, and biſcuits, and cheeſe, and cold boil'd beef—and then, in caſe of ſickneſs, bottles of cherry-brandy, plague-water, ſack, tent, and ſtrong beer ſo plenty, as made th' awld coach crack again. Mercy upon them! and ſend them all well to town, I ſay.

Manly. Ay, and well out on't again, John.

Moody. Meaſter! you're a wiſe man; and,

and, for that matter, ſo am I—Whoam's whoam, I ſay: I am ſure we ha' got but little good e'er ſin' we turn'd our backs on't. Nothing but miſchief! ſome devil's trick or other plagued us aw th' day lung. Crack, goes one thing! bawnce, goes another! Woa! ſays Roger—Then, ſowſe! we are all ſet faſt in a ſlough. Whaw! cries Miſs: Scream! go the maids; and bawl juſt as thof they were ſtuck. And ſo, mercy on us! this was the trade from morning to night.

Manly. Ha, ha, ha!

Moody. But I mun hie me whoam; the coach will be coming every hour naw.

Manly. Well, honeſt John——

Moody. Dear Meaſter Manly! the goodneſs of goodneſs bleſs and preſerve you!

§ 31. *From Mr.* GAY *to Mr.* F.

Stanton-Harcourt, Aug. 9, 1718.

The only news that you can expect from me here, is news from heaven, for I am quite out of the world; and there is ſcarce any thing that can reach me except the noiſe of thunder, which undoubtedly you have heard too. We have read, in old authors, of high towers levelled by it to the ground, while the humble valleys have eſcaped: the only thing that is proof againſt it is the laurel, which, however, I take to be no great ſecurity to the brains of modern authors. But to let you ſee that the contrary to this often happens, I muſt acquaint you, that the higheſt and moſt extravagant heap of towers which is in this neighbourhood ſtand ſtill undefaced, while a cock of barley in our next field has been conſumed to aſhes. Would to God that this heap of barley had been all that had periſhed! for unhappily beneath this little ſhelter ſat two much more conſtant lovers than ever were found in romance under the ſhade of a beech-tree. John Hewit was a well-ſet man of about five-and-twenty; Sarah Drew might be rather called comely than beautiful, and was about the ſame age. They had paſſed through the various labours of the year together, with the greateſt ſatisfaction. If ſhe milked, it was his morning and evening care to bring the cows to her hand. It was but laſt fair that he bought her a preſent of green ſilk for her ſtraw hat, and the poſy on her ſilver ring was of his chooſing. Their love was the talk of the whole neighbourhood; for ſcandal never affirmed that he had any other views than the lawful poſſeſſion of her in marriage. It was that very morning that he had obtained the conſent of her parents, and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy: perhaps in the intervals of their work they were now talking of their wedding-cloaths, and John was ſuiting ſeveral ſorts of poppies and field-flowers to her complexion, to chooſe her a knot for her wedding-day. While they were thus buſied (it was on the laſt of July, between two and three in the afternoon) the clouds grew black, and ſuch a ſtorm of lightning and thunder enſued, that all the labourers made the beſt of their way to what ſhelter the trees and hedges afforded.

Sarah was frighted, and fell down in a ſwoon on a heap of barley. John, who never ſeparated from her, ſat down by her ſide, having raked together two or three heaps, the better to ſecure her from the ſtorm. Immediately there was heard ſo loud a crack, as if heaven had ſplit aſunder; every one was now ſolicitous for the ſafety of his neighbour, and called for one another throughout the field: no anſwer being returned to thoſe who called to our lovers, they ſtept to the place where they lay; they perceived the barley all in a ſmoke, and ſpied this faithful pair, John with one arm about Sarah's neck, and the other held over, as to ſcreen her from the lightning. They were ſtruck dead, and ſtiffened in this tender poſture. Sarah's left eyebrow was ſinged, and there appeared a black ſpot on her breaſt: her lover was all over black; but not the leaſt ſign of life was found in either. Attended by their melancholy companions, they were conveyed to the town, and the next day interred in Stanton-Harcourt church-yard.

§ 32. *Directions for the Management of Wit.*

If you have wit (which I am not ſure that

that I wiſh you, unleſs you have at the ſame time at leaſt an equal portion of judgment to keep it in good order) wear it, like your ſword, in the ſcabbard, and do not brandiſh it to the terror of the whole company. Wit is a ſhining quality, that every body admires; moſt people aim at it, all people fear it, and few love it, unleſs in themſelves:—a man muſt have a good ſhare of wit himſelf, to endure a great ſhare in another. When wit exerts itſelf in ſatire, it is a moſt malignant diſtemper: wit, it is true, may be ſhewn in ſatire, but ſatire does not conſtitute wit, as many imagine. A man of wit ought to find a thouſand better occaſions of ſhewing it.

Abſtain, therefore, moſt carefully from ſatire; which, though it fall on no particular perſon in company, and momentarily, from the malignancy of the human heart, pleaſes all; yet, upon reflection, it frightens all too. Every one thinks it may be his turn next; and will hate you for what he finds you could ſay of him, more than be obliged to you for what you do not ſay. Fear and hatred are next-door neighbours: the more wit you have, the more good-nature and politeneſs you muſt ſhew, to induce people to pardon your ſuperiority; for that is no eaſy matter.

Appear to have rather leſs than more wit than you really have. A wiſe man will live at leaſt as much within his wit as his income. Content yourſelf with good ſenſe and reaſon, which at the long run are ever ſure to pleaſe every body who has either: if wit comes into the bargain, welcome it, but never invite it. Bear this truth always in your mind, that you may be admired for your wit, if you have any; but that nothing but good ſenſe and good qualities can make you be beloved. Theſe are ſubſtantial every day's wear; whereas wit is a holiday-ſuit, which people put on chiefly to be ſtared at.

There is a ſpecies of minor wit, which is much uſed, and much more abuſed; I mean raillery. It is a moſt miſchievous and dangerous weapon, when in unſkilful or clumſy hands; and it is much ſafer to let it quite alone than to play with it; and yet almoſt every body do play with it, though they ſee daily the quarrels and heart-burnings that it occaſions.

The injuſtice of a bad man is ſooner forgiven than the inſults of a witty one; the former only hurts one's liberty and property, but the latter hurts and mortifies that ſecret pride which no human breaſt is free from. I will allow that there is a ſort of raillery which may not only be inoffenſive, but even flattering; as when, by a genteel irony, you accuſe people of thoſe imperfections which they are moſt notoriouſly free from, and conſequently inſinuate that they poſſeſs the contrary virtues. You may ſafely call Ariſtides a knave, or a very handſome woman an ugly one. Take care, however, that neither the man's character nor the lady's beauty be in the leaſt doubtful. But this ſort of raillery requires a very light and ſteady hand to adminiſter it. A little too ſtrong, it may be miſtaken into an offence; and a little too ſmooth, it may be thought a ſneer, which is a moſt odious thing.

There is another ſort, I will not call it wit, but merriment and buffoonery, which is mimicry. The moſt ſucceſsful mimic in the world is always the moſt abſurd fellow, and an ape is infinitely his ſuperior. His profeſſion is to imitate and ridicule thoſe natural defects and deformities for which no man is in the leaſt accountable, and in the imitation of which he makes himſelf, for the time, as diſagreeable and ſhocking as thoſe he mimics. But I will ſay no more of theſe creatures, who only amuſe the loweſt rabble of mankind.

There is another ſort of human animals, called wags, whoſe profeſſion is to make the company laugh immoderately; and who always ſucceed, provided the company conſiſt of fools; but who are equally diſappointed in finding that they never can alter a muſcle in the face of a man of ſenſe. This is a moſt contemptible character, and never eſteemed, even by thoſe who are ſilly enough to be diverted by them.

Be content for yourſelf with ſound good ſenſe and good manners, and let wit be thrown into the bargain, where it is proper and inoffenſive. Good ſenſe will make you eſteemed; good manners

will make you beloved; and wit will give a luſtre to both. *Cheſterfield.*

§ 33. *Egotiſm to be avoided.*

The egotiſm is the moſt uſual and favourite figure of moſt people's rhetoric, and which I hope you will never adopt, but, on the contrary, moſt ſcrupulouſly avoid. Nothing is more diſagreeable or irkſome to the company, than to hear a man either praiſing or condemning himſelf; for both proceed from the ſame motive, vanity. I would allow no man to ſpeak of himſelf, unleſs in a court of juſtice, in his own defence, or as a witneſs. Shall a man ſpeak in his own praiſe? No; the hero of his own little tale always puzzles and diſguſts the company; who do not know what to ſay, or how to look. Shall he blame himſelf? No: vanity is as much the motive of his condemnation as of his panegyric.

I have known many people take ſhame to themſelves, and, with a modeſt contrition, confeſs themſelves guilty of moſt of the cardinal virtues. They have ſuch a weakneſs in their nature, that they cannot help being too much moved with the misfortunes and miſeries of their fellow-creatures; which they feel perhaps more, but at leaſt as much, as they do their own. Their generoſity, they are ſenſible, is imprudence; for they are apt to carry it too far, from the weak, the irreſiſtible beneficence of their nature. They are poſſibly too jealous of their honour, too iraſcible when they think it is touched; and this proceeds from their unhappy warm conſtitution, which makes them too ſenſible upon that point; and ſo poſſibly with reſpect to all the virtues. A poor trick, and a wretched inſtance of human vanity, and what defeats its own purpoſe.

Do you be ſure never to ſpeak of yourſelf, for yourſelf, nor againſt yourſelf; but let your character ſpeak for you: whatever that ſays will be believed; but whatever you ſay of it will not be believed, and only make you odious and ridiculous.

I know that you are generous and benevolent in your nature; but that, tho' the principal point, is not quite enough; you muſt ſeem ſo too. I do not mean oſtentatiouſly; but do not be aſhamed, as many young fellows are, of owning the laudable ſentiments of good-nature and humanity, which you really feel. I have known many young men, who deſired to be reckoned men of ſpirit, affect a hardneſs and unfeelingneſs which in reality they never had; their converſation is in the deciſive and menacing tone, mixed with horrid and ſilly oaths; and all this to be thought men of ſpirit. Aſtoniſhing error this! which neceſſarily reduces them to this dilemma: If they really mean what they ſay, they are brutes; and if they do not, they are fools for ſaying it. This, however, is a common character among young men; carefully avoid this contagion, and content yourſelf with being calmly and mildly reſolute and ſteady, when you are thoroughly convinced you are in the right; for this is true ſpirit.

Obſerve the *à-propos* in every thing you ſay or do. In converſing with thoſe who are much your ſuperiors, however eaſy and familiar you may and ought to be with them, preſerve the reſpect that is due to them. Converſe with your equals with an eaſy familiarity, and, at the ſame time, great civility and decency: but too much familiarity, according to the old ſaying, often breeds contempt, and ſometimes quarrels. I know nothing more difficult in common behaviour, than to fix due bounds to familiarity; too little implies an unſociable formality; too much deſtroys friendly and ſocial intercourſe. The beſt rule I can give you to manage familiarity is, never to be more familiar with any body than you would be willing, and even wiſh, that he ſhould be with you. On the other hand, avoid that uncomfortable reſerve and coldneſs which is generally the ſhield of cunning or the protection of dulneſs. To your inferiors you ſhould uſe a hearty benevolence in your words and actions, inſtead of a refined politeneſs, which would be apt to make them ſuſpect that you rather laughed at them.

Carefully avoid all affectation either of body or of mind. It is a very true and a very trite obſervation, That no man is ridiculous for being what he really is, but for affecting to be what he is not. No man is awkward by nature, but by affecting

affecting to be genteel. I have known many a man of common ſenſe paſs generally for a fool, becauſe he affected a degree of wit that nature had denied him. A plowman is by no means aukward in the exerciſe of his trade, but would be exceedingly ridiculous, if he attempted the air and graces of a man of faſhion. You learned to dance; but it was not for the ſake of dancing; it was to bring your air and motions back to what they would naturally have been, if they had had fair play, and had not been warped in youth by bad examples, and aukward imitations of other boys.

Nature may be cultivated and improved, both as to the body and the mind; but it is not to be extinguiſhed by art; and all endeavours of that kind are abſurd, and an inexpreſſible fund for ridicule. Your body and mind muſt be at eaſe to be agreeable; but affectation is a particular reſtraint, under which no man can be genteel in his carriage, or pleaſing in his converſation. Do you think your motions would be eaſy or graceful if you wore the cloaths of another man much ſlenderer or taller than yourſelf? Certainly not: it is the ſame thing with the mind, if you affect a character that does not fit you, and that nature never intended for you.

In fine, it may be laid down as a general rule, that a man who deſpairs of pleaſing will never pleaſe; a man that is ſure that he ſhall always pleaſe wherever he goes, is a coxcomb; but the man who hopes and endeavours to pleaſe, will moſt infallibly pleaſe.

Cheſterfield.

§ 34. *Extract from Lord* BOLINGBROKE's *Letters.*

My Lord, 1736.

You have engaged me on a ſubject which interrupts the ſeries of thoſe letters I was writing to you; but it is one which, I confeſs, I have very much at heart. I ſhall therefore explain myſelf fully, nor bluſh to reaſon on principles that are out of faſhion among men who intend nothing by ſerving the public, but to feed their avarice, their vanity, and their luxury, without the ſenſe of any duty they owe to God or man.

It ſeems to me, that in order to maintain the moral ſyſtem of the world at a certain point, far below that of ideal perfection, (for we are made capable of conceiving what we are incapable of attaining) but however ſufficient, upon the whole, to conſtitute a ſtate eaſy and happy, or at the worſt tolerable; I ſay, it ſeems to me, that the Author of nature has thought fit to mingle from time to time among the ſocieties of men, a few, and but a few, of thoſe on whom he is graciouſly pleaſed to beſtow a larger proportion of the ethereal ſpirit than is given in the ordinary courſe of his providence to the ſons of men. Theſe are they who engroſs almoſt the whole reaſon of the ſpecies, who are born to inſtruct, to guide, and to preſerve, who are deſigned to be the tutors and the guardians of human kind. When they prove ſuch, they exhibit to us examples of the higheſt virtue and the trueſt piety; and they deſerve to have their feſtivals kept, inſtead of that pack of anchorites and enthuſiaſts, with whoſe names the Calendar is crowded and diſgraced. When theſe men apply their talents to other purpoſes, when they ſtrive to be great, and deſpiſe being good, they commit a moſt ſacrilegious breach of truſt; they pervert the means, they defeat, as far as lies in them, the deſigns of Providence, and diſturb, in ſome ſort, the ſyſtem of Infinite Wiſdom. To miſapply theſe talents is the moſt diffuſed, and therefore the greateſt of crimes in its nature and conſequences; but to keep them unexerted and unemployed, is a crime too. Look about you, my Lord, from the palace to the cottage, you will find that the bulk of mankind is made to breathe the air of this atmoſphere, to roam about this globe, and to conſume, like the courtiers of Alcinous, the fruits of the earth. *Nos numerus ſumus & fruges conſumere nati.* When they have trod this inſipid round a certain number of years, and left others to do the ſame after them, they have lived; and if they have performed, in ſome tolerable degree, the ordinary moral duties of life, they have done all they were born to do. Look about you again, my Lord, nay, look into your own breaſt, and you will find that there are ſuperior ſpirits, men who ſhew, even

from

from their infancy, tho' it be not always perceived by others, perhaps not always felt by themſelves, that they were born for ſomething more, and better. Theſe are the men to whom the part I mentioned is aſſigned; their talents denote their general deſignation, and the opportunities of conforming themſelves to it, that ariſe in the courſe of things, or that are preſented to them by any circumſtances of rank and ſituation in the ſociety to which they belong, denote the particular vocation which it is not lawful for them to reſiſt, nor even to neglect. The duration of the lives of ſuch men as theſe is to be determined, I think, by the length and importance of the parts they act, not by the number of years that paſs between their coming into the world and their going out of it. Whether the piece be of three or five acts, the part may be long; and he who ſuſtains it through the whole, may be ſaid to die in the fulneſs of years; whilſt he who declines it ſooner, may be ſaid not to live out half his days.

§ 35. *The Birth of* MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.

Nor was the birth of this great man unattended with prodigies: he himſelf has often told me, that on the night before he was born, Mrs. Scriblerus dream'd ſhe has brought to bed of a huge ink-horn, out of which iſſued ſeveral large ſtreams of ink, as it had been a fountain. This dream was by her huſband thought to ſignify, that the child ſhould prove a very voluminous writer. Likewiſe a crab-tree, that had been hitherto barren, appeared on a ſudden laden with a vaſt quantity of crabs: this ſign alſo the old gentleman imagined to be a prognoſtic of the acuteneſs of his wit. A great ſwarm of waſps played round his cradle without hurting him, but were very troubleſome to all in the room beſides. This ſeemed a certain preſage of the effects of his ſatire. A dunghill was ſeen within the ſpace of one night to be covered all over with muſhrooms: this ſome interpreted to promiſe the infant great fertility of fancy, but no long duration to his works; but the father was of another opinion.

But what was of all moſt wonderful, was a thing that ſeemed a monſtrous fowl, which juſt then dropt through the ſky-light, near his wife's apartment. It had a large body, two little diſproportioned wings, a prodigious tail, but no head. As its colour was white, he took it at firſt ſight for a ſwan, and was concluding his ſon would be a poet; but, on a nearer view, he perceived it to be ſpeckled with black, in the form of letters; and that it was indeed a paper-kite which had broke its leaſh by the impetuoſity of the wind. His back was armed with the art military, his belly was filled with phyſic, his wings were the wings of Quarles and Withers, the ſeveral nodes of his voluminous tail were diverſified with ſeveral branches of ſcience; where the Doctor beheld with great joy a knot of logic, a knot of metaphyſic, a knot of caſuiſtry, a knot of polemical divinity, and a knot of common law, with a lanthorn of Jacob Behmen.

There went a report in the family, that, as ſoon as he was born, he uttered the voice of nine ſeveral animals: he cried like a calf, bleated like a ſheep, chattered like a magpye, grunted like a hog, neigh'd like a foal, croaked like a raven, mewed like a cat, gabbled like a gooſe, and brayed like an aſs: and the next morning he was found playing in his bed with two owls, which came down the chimney. His father was greatly rejoiced at all theſe ſigns, which betokened the variety of his eloquence, and the extent of his learning; but he was more particularly pleaſed with the laſt, as it nearly reſembled what happened at the birth of Homer.

The Doctor and his Shield.

The day of the chriſt'ning being come, and the houſe filled with goſſips, the levity of whoſe converſation ſuited but ill with the gravity of Dr. Cornelius, he caſt about how to paſs this day more agreeable to his character; that is to ſay, not without ſome profitable conference, nor wholly without obſervance of ſome ancient cuſtom.

He remembered to have read in Theocritus,

critus, that the cradle of Hercules was a ſhield: and being poſſeſſed of an antique buckler, which he held as a moſt ineſtimable relick, he determined to have the infant laid therein, and in that manner brought into the ſtudy, to be ſhewn to certain learned men of his acquaintance.

The regard he had for this ſhield, had cauſed him formerly to compile a diſſertation concerning it, proving from the ſeveral properties, and particularly the colour of the ruſt, the exact chronology thereof.

With this treatiſe, and a moderate ſupper, he propoſed to entertain his gueſts; though he had alſo another deſign, to have their aſſiſtance in the calculation of his ſon's nativity.

He therefore took the buckler out of a caſe (in which he always kept it, leſt it might contract any modern ruſt) and intruſted it to his houſe-maid, with others, that, when the company was come, ſhe ſhould lay the child carefully in it, covered with a mantle of blue ſattin.

The gueſts were no ſooner ſeated, but they entered into a warm debate about the Triclinium, and the manner of Decubitus of the ancients, which Cornelius broke off in this manner:

" This day, my friends, I purpoſe " to exhibit my ſon before you; a child " not wholly unworthy of inſpection, " as he is deſcended from a race of " virtuoſi. Let the phyſiognomiſt exa- " mine his features; let the chirogra- " phiſts behold his palm; but, above " all, let us conſult for the calculation " of his nativity. To this end, as the " child is not vulgar, I will not pre- " ſent him unto you in a vulgar man- " ner. He ſhall be cradled in my an- " cient ſhield, ſo famous through the " univerſities of Europe. You all know " how I purchaſed that invaluable " piece of antiquity, at the great (tho' " indeed inadequate) expence of all " the plate of our family, how happi- " ly I carried it off, and how trium- " phantly I tranſported it hither, to " the inexpreſſible grief of all Ger- " many. Happy in every circum- " ſtance, but that it broke the heart of " the great Melchior Inſipidus!"

Here he ſtopped his ſpeech, upon ſight of the maid, who entered the room with the child: he took it in his arms, and proceeded:

" Behold then my child, but firſt " behold the ſhield: behold this ruſt, " —or rather let me call it this pre- " cious ærugo;—behold this beautiful " varniſh of time,—this venerable ver- " dure of ſo many ages!"—In ſpeaking theſe words, he ſlowly lifted up the mantle which covered it inch by inch; but at every inch he uncovered, his cheeks grew paler, his hand trembled, his nerves failed, till on ſight of the whole the tremor became univerſal: the ſhield and the infant both dropped to the ground, and he had only ſtrength enough to cry out, " O God! my ſhield, " my ſhield!"

The truth was, the maid (extremely concerned for the reputation of her own cleanlineſs, and her young maſter's honour) had ſcoured it as clean as her hand-irons.

Cornelius ſunk back on a chair, the gueſts ſtood aſtoniſhed, the infant ſqualled, the maid ran in, ſnatched it up again in her arms, flew into her miſtreſs's room, and told what had happened. Down ſtairs in an inſtant hurried all the goſſips, where they found the Doctor in a trance: Hungary-water, hartſhorn, and the confuſed noiſe of ſhrill voices, at length awakened him: when, opening his eyes, he ſaw the ſhield in the hands of the houſe-maid. " O woman! woman!" he cried, (and ſnatched it violently from her) " was " it to thy ignorance that this relick " owes its ruin? Where, where is the " beautiful cruſt that covered thee ſo " long? where thoſe traces of time, " and fingers as it were of antiquity? " Where all thoſe beautiful obſcuri- " ties, the cauſe of much delightful " diſputation, where doubt and curio- " ſity went hand in hand, and eter- " nally exerciſed the ſpeculations of the " learned? And this the rude touch of " an ignorant woman hath done away! " The curious prominence at the belly " of that figure, which ſome, taking " for the cuſpis of a ſword, denomi- " nated a Roman ſoldier; others, ac- " counting the *inſignia virilia*, pro- " nounce to be one of the Dii Termini; " behold

" behold ſhe hath cleaned it in like " ſhameful ſort, and ſhewn to be the " head of a nail. O my ſhield! my " ſhield! well may I ſay with Horace, " *Non bene relicta parmula.*"

The goſſips, not at all inquiring into the cauſe of his ſorrow, only aſked if the child had no hurt? and cried, " Come, come, all is well; what has " the woman done but her duty? a " tight cleanly wench, I warrant her: " what a ſtir a man makes about a baſon, that an hour ago, before her labour was beſtowed upon it, a country barber would not have hung at " his ſhop-door!" " A baſon! (cried " another) no ſuch matter; 'tis nothing but a paultry old ſconce, with " the nozzle broke off." The learned gentlemen, who till now had ſtood ſpeechleſs, hereupon looking narrowly on the ſhield, declared their aſſent to this latter opinion, and deſired Cornelius to be comforted; aſſuring him it was a ſconce, and no other. But this, inſtead of comforting, threw the doctor into ſuch a violent fit of paſſion, that he was carried off groaning and ſpeechleſs to bed; where, being quite ſpent, he fell into a kind of ſlumber.

The nutrition of SCRIBLERUS.

Cornelius now began to regulate the ſuction of his child; ſeldom did there paſs a day without diſputes between him and the mother, or the nurſe, concerning the nature of aliment. The poor woman never dined but he denied her ſome diſh or other, which he judged prejudicial to her milk. One day ſhe had a longing deſire to a piece of beef; and as ſhe ſtretched her hand towards it, the old gentleman drew it away, and ſpoke to this effect: " Hadſt thou " read the ancients, O nurſe, thou " would'ſt prefer the welfare of the " infant which thou nouriſheſt, to the " indulging of an irregular and voracious appetite. Beef, it is true, " may confer a robuſtneſs on the limbs " of my ſon, but will hebetate and " clog his intellectuals." While he ſpoke this, the nurſe looked upon him with much anger, and now and then caſt a wiſhful eye upon the beef. —" Paſſion (continued the doctor, ſtill " holding the diſh) throws the mind " into too violent a fermentation: it " is a kind of fever of the ſoul; or, as " Horace expreſſes it, a ſhort madneſs. Conſider, woman, that this " day's ſuction of my ſon may cauſe " him to imbibe many ungovernable " paſſions, and in a manner ſpoil him " for the temper of a philoſopher. Romulus, by ſucking a wolf, became " of a fierce and ſavage diſpoſition; " and were I to breed ſome Ottoman " emperor, or founder of a military " commonwealth, perhaps I might indulge thee in this carnivorous appetite."—What! interrupted the nurſe, beef ſpoil the underſtanding! that's fine indeed—how then could our parſon preach as he does upon beef, and pudding too, if you go to that? Don't tell me of your ancients, had not you almoſt killed the poor babe with a diſh of dæmonial black broth?—" Lacedæmonian black broth, thou would'ſt " ſay (replied Cornelius); but I cannot allow the ſurfeit to have been " occaſioned by that diet, ſince it was " recommended by the divine Lycurgus. No, nurſe, thou muſt certainly " have eaten ſome meats of ill digeſtion the day before; and that was " the real cauſe of his diſorder. Conſider, woman, the different temperaments of different nations: What " makes the Engliſh phlegmatic and " melancholy, but beef? What renders the Welſh ſo hot and choleric, " but cheeſe and leeks? The French " derive their levity from their ſoups, " frogs, and muſhrooms. I would not " let my ſon dine like an Italian, leſt, " like an Italian, he ſhould be jealous " and revengeful. The warm and ſolid diet of Spain may be more beneficial, as it might endow him with " a profound gravity; but, at the ſame " time, he might ſuck in with their " food their intolerable vice of pride. " Therefore, nurſe, in ſhort, I hold it " requiſite to deny you, at preſent, not " only beef, but likewiſe whatſoever " any of thoſe nations eat." During this ſpeech, the nurſe remained pouting and marking her plate with the knife, nor would ſhe touch a bit during the whole dinner. This the old gentleman

man obſerving, ordered that the child, to avoid the riſque of imbibing ill humours, ſhould be kept from her breaſt all that day, and be fed with butter mixed with honey, according to a preſcription he had met with ſomewhere in Euſtathius upon Homer. This indeed gave the child a great looſeneſs, but he was not concerned at it, in the opinion that whatever harm it might do his body, would be amply recompenſed by the improvements of his underſtanding. But from thenceforth he inſiſted every day upon a particular diet to be obſerved by the nurſe; under which, having been long uneaſy, ſhe at laſt parted from the family, on his ordering her for dinner the paps of a ſow with pig; taking it as the higheſt indignity, and a direct inſult upon her ſex and calling.

Play-Things.

Here follow the inſtructions of Cornelius Scriblerus concerning the plays and play-things to be uſed by his ſon Martin.

"Play was invented by the Lydians, "as a remedy againſt hunger. Sophocles ſays of Palamedes, that he invented dice to ſerve ſometimes inſtead of a dinner. It is therefore wiſely contrived by nature, that children, as they have the keeneſt appetites, are moſt addicted to plays. From the ſame cauſe, and from the unprejudiced and incorrupt ſimplicity of their minds, it proceeds, that the plays of the ancient children are preſerved more entire than any other of their cuſtoms. In this matter I would recommend to all who have any concern in my ſon's education, that they deviate not in the leaſt from the primitive and ſimple antiquity.

"To ſpeak firſt of the whiſtle, as it "is the firſt of all play-things. I will "have it exactly to correſpond with the "ancient fiſtula, and accordingly to "be compoſed *ſeptem paribus diſjuncta "cicutis.*

"I heartily wiſh a diligent ſearch "may be made after the true crepi"taculum or rattle of the ancients, "for that (as Architas Tarentinus was "of opinion) kept the children from "breaking earthen-ware. The China "cups in theſe days are not at all the "ſafer for the modern rattles; which "is an evident proof how far their "crepitacula exceeded ours.

"I would not have Martin as yet to "ſcourge a top, till I am better in"formed whether the trochus, which "was recommended by Cato, be re"ally our preſent tops, or rather the "hoop which the boys drive with a "ſtick. Neither croſs and pile, nor "ducks and drakes, are quite ſo an"cient as handy-dandy, though Ma"crobius and St. Auguſtine take no"tice of the firſt, and Minutius Fœ"lix deſcribes the latter; but handy"dandy is mentioned by Ariſtotle, "Plato, and Ariſtophanes.

"The play which the Italians call "*cinque*, and the French *mourre*, is "extremely ancient; it was played at "by Hymen and Cupid at the mar"riage of Pſyche, and termed by the "Latins, *digitis micare.*

"Julius Pollux deſcribes the omilla "or chuck-farthing: though ſome will "have our modern chuck-farthing to "be nearer the aphetinda of the an"cients. He alſo mentions the ba"ſilinda, or King I am; and mynda, "or hoopers-hide.

"But the chytrindra, deſcribed by "the ſame author, is certainly not our "hot-cockles; for that was by pinch"ing, and not by ſtriking; though "there are good authors who affirm "the rathapigiſmus to be yet nearer "the modern hot-cockles. My ſon "Martin may uſe either of them in"differently, they being equally an"tique.

"Building of houſes, and riding "upon ſticks, have been uſed by chil"dren of all ages, *Ædificare caſas, "equitare in arundine longa.* Yet I much "doubt whether the riding upon ſticks "did not come into uſe after the age "of the Centaurs.

"There is one play which ſhews the "gravity of ancient education, called "the acinetinda, in which children "contended who could longeſt ſtand "ſtill. This we have ſuffered to pe"riſh entirely; and, if I might be al-

"lowed

" lowed to gueſs, it was certainly loſt " among the French.

" I will permit my ſon to play at " apodidaſcinda, which can be no other " than our puſs in a corner.

" Julius Pollux, in his ninth book, " ſpeaks of the melolonthe or the kite; " but I queſtion whether the kite of " antiquity was the ſame with ours: " and though the Ορτυγοκοπία or quail- " fighting is what is moſt taken notice " of, they had doubtleſs cock-matches " alſo, as is evident from certain an- " cient gems and relievos.

" In a word, let my ſon Martin diſ- " port himſelf at any game truly an- " tique, except one, which was invent- " ed by a people among the Thracians, " who hung up one of their compa- " nions in a rope, and gave him a knife " to cut himſelf down; which if he " failed in, he was ſuffered to hang " till he was dead; and this was only " reckoned a ſort of joke. I am ut- " terly againſt this, as barbarous and " cruel.

" I cannot conclude, without taking " notice of the beauty of the Greek " names, whoſe etymologies acquaint " us with the nature of the ſports; and " how infinitely, both in ſenſe and " ſound, they excel our barbarous names " of plays."

Notwithſtanding the foregoing injunctions of Dr. Cornelius, he yet condeſcended to allow the child the uſe of ſome few modern play-things; ſuch as might prove of any benefit to his mind, by inſtilling an early notion of the ſciences. For example, he found that marbles taught him percuſſion, and the laws of motion; nut-crackers, the uſe of the lever; ſwinging on the ends of a board, the balance; bottle-ſcrews, the vice; whirligigs, the axis and peritrochia; bird-cages, the pully; and tops, the centrifugal motion.

Others of his ſports were farther carried to improve his tender ſoul even in virtue and morality. We ſhall only inſtance one of the moſt uſeful and inſtructive, bob-cherry, which teaches at once two noble virtues, patience and conſtancy; the firſt in adhering to the purſuit of one end, the latter in bearing a diſappointment.

Beſides all theſe, he taught him, as a diverſion, an odd and ſecret manner of ſtealing, according to the cuſtom of the Lacedæmonians; wherein he ſucceeded ſo well, that he practiſed it to the day of his death.

MUSIC.

The bare mention of muſic threw Cornelius into a paſſion. " How can " you dignify (quoth he) this modern " fiddling with the name of muſic? " Will any of your beſt hautboys en- " counter a wolf now-a-days with no " other arms but their inſtruments, as " did that ancient piper Pithocaris? " Have ever wild boars, elephants, " deer, dolphins, whales, or turbots, " ſhew'd the leaſt emotion at the moſt " elaborate ſtrains of your modern " ſcrapers, all which have been, as it " were, tamed and humaniſed by an- " cient muſicians? Does not Ælian " tells us how the Libyan mares were " excited to horſing by muſic? (which " ought in truth to be a caution to " modeſt women againſt frequenting " operas: and conſider, brother, you " are brought to this dilemma, either " to give up the virtue of the ladies, or " the power of your muſic.) Whence " proceeds the degeneracy of our mo- " rals? Is it not from the loſs of an " ancient muſic, by which (ſays Ariſ- " totle) they taught all the virtues? elſe " might we turn Newgate into a col- " lege of Dorian muſicians, who ſhould " teach moral virtues to thoſe people. " Whence comes it that our preſent diſ- " eaſes are ſo ſtubborn? whence is it " that I daily deplore my ſciatical " pains? Alas! becauſe we have loſt " their true cure, by the melody of the " pipe. All this was well known to " the ancients, as Theophraſtus aſſures " us (whence Cælius calls it *loca do-* " *lentia decantare*), only indeed ſome " ſmall remains of this ſkill are pre- " ſerved in the cure of the tarantula. " Did not Pythagoras ſtop a company " of drunken bullies from ſtorming a " civil houſe, by changing the ſtrain " of the pipe to the ſober ſpondæus? " and yet your modern muſicians want " art to defend their windows from " common nickers. It is well known,

" that

" that when the Lacedæmonian mob " were up, they commonly ſent for a " Leſbian muſician to appeaſe them, " and they immediately grew calm as " ſoon as they heard Terpander ſing: " Yet I don't believe that the pope's " whole band of muſic, though the beſt " of this age, could keep his holi- " neſs's image from being burnt on a " fifth of November." " Nor would " Terpander himſelf (replied Albertus) " at Billingſgate, nor Timotheus at " Hockley in the Hole, have any man- " ner of effect; nor both of them to- " gether bring Horneck to common " civility." " That's a groſs miſtake" (ſaid Cornelius very warmly); " and, " to prove it ſo, I have here a ſmall " lyra of my own, framed, ſtrung, and " tuned, after the ancient manner. I " can play ſome fragments of Leſbian " tunes, and I wiſh I were to try them " upon the moſt paſſionate creatures " alive."——" You never had a bet- " ter opportunity (ſays Albertus), for " yonder are two apple-women ſcold- " ing, and juſt ready to uncoif one an- " other." With that Cornelius, undreſſed as he was, jumps out into his balcony, his lyra in hand, in his ſlippers, with his breeches hanging down to his ancles, a ſtocking upon his head, and waiſtcoat of murrey-coloured ſattin upon his body: He touched his lyra with a very unuſual ſort of an harpegiatura, nor were his hopes fruſtrated. The odd equipage, the uncouth inſtrument, the ſtrangeneſs of the man, and of the muſic, drew the ears and eyes of the whole mob that were got about the two female champions, and at laſt of the combatants themſelves. They all approached the balcony, in as cloſe attention as Orpheus's firſt audience of cattle, or that of an Italian opera, when ſome favourite air is juſt awakened. This ſudden effect of his muſic encouraged him mightily; and it was obſerved he never touched his lyre in ſuch a truly chromatic and enharmonic manner, as upon that occaſion. The mob laughed, ſung, jumped, danced, and uſed many odd geſtures; all which he judged to be cauſed by the various ſtrains and modulations. " Mark (quoth " he) in this, the power of the Ionian; " in that you ſee the effect of the Æo- " lian." But in a little time they began to grow riotous, and threw ſtones: Cornelius then withdrew, but with the greateſt air of triumph in the world. " Brother (ſaid he) do you obſerve I " have mixed, unawares, too much of " the Phrygian; I might change it to " the Lydian, and ſoften their riotous " tempers: But it is enough: learn " from this ſample to ſpeak with ve- " neration of ancient muſic. If this " lyre in my unſkilful hands can per- " form ſuch wonders, what muſt it not " have done in thoſe of a Timotheus " or a Terpander?" Having ſaid this, he retired with the utmoſt exultation in himſelf, and contempt of his brother; and, it is ſaid, behaved that night with ſuch unuſual haughtineſs to his family, that they all had reaſon to wiſh for ſome ancient Tibicen to calm his temper.

LOGIC.

Martin's underſtanding was ſo totally immerſed in ſenſible objects, that he demanded examples, from material things, of the abſtracted ideas of logic: as for Crambe, he contented himſelf with the words; and when he could but form ſome conceit upon them, was fully ſatisfied. Thus Crambe would tell his inſtructor, that all men were not ſingular; that individuality could hardly be predicated of any man, for it was commonly ſaid, that a man is not the ſame he was; that madmen are beſide themſelves, and drunken men come to themſelves; which ſhews, that few men have that moſt valuable logical endowment, individuality. Cornelius told Martin that a ſhoulder of mutton was an individual, which Crambe denied, for he had ſeen it cut into commons. That's true (quoth the tutor), but you never ſaw it cut into ſhoulders of mutton: If it could (quoth Crambe) it would be the moſt lovely individual of the univerſity. When he was told, a ſubſtance was that which was ſubject to accidents; then ſoldiers (quoth Crambe) are the moſt ſubſtantial people in the world. Neither would he allow it to be a good definition of accident, that it could be preſent or abſent without the deſtruction of the ſubject; ſince there

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are a great many accidents that deſtroy the ſubject, as burning does a houſe, and death a man. But, as to that, Cornelius informed him, that there was a natural death, and a logical death; that though a man, after his natural death, was not capable of the leaſt pariſh-office, yet he might ſtill keep his ſtall amongſt the logical predicaments.

Cornelius was forced to give Martin ſenſible images. Thus, calling up the coachman, he aſked him what he had ſeen in the bear-garden? The man anſwered, he ſaw two men fight a prize: one was a fair man, a ſerjeant in the guards; the other black, a butcher: the ſerjeant had red breeches, the butcher blue: they fought upon a ſtage about four o'clock, and the ſerjeant wounded the butcher in the leg. "Mark "(quoth Cornelius) how the fellow "runs through the predicaments. Men, "*ſubſtantia*; two, *quantitas*; fair and "black, *qualitas*; ſerjeant and butcher, "*relatio*; wounded the other, *actio et* "*paſſio*; fighting, *ſitus*; ſtage, *ubi*; "two o'clock, *quando*; blue and red "breeches, *habitus*." At the ſame time he warned Martin, that what he now learned as a logician, he muſt forget as a natural philoſopher; that though he now taught them that accidents inhered in the ſubject, they would find in time there was no ſuch thing; and that colour, taſte, ſmell, heat, and cold, were not in the things, but only phantaſms of our brains. He was forced to let them into this ſecret, for Martin could not conceive how a habit of dancing inhered in a dancing-maſter, when he did not dance; nay, he would demand the characteriſtics of relations. Crambe uſed to help him out, by telling him, a cuckold, a loſing gameſter, a man that had not dined, a young heir that was kept ſhort by his father, might be all known by their countenance; that, in this laſt caſe, the paternity and filiation leave very ſenſible impreſſions in the *relatum* and *correlatum*. The greateſt difficulty was when they came to the tenth predicament; Crambe affirmed that his *habitus* was more a ſubſtance than he was; for his clothes could better ſubſiſt without him, than he without his clothes.

The Seat of the Soul.

In this deſign of Martin to inveſtigate the diſeaſes of the mind, he thought nothing ſo neceſſary as an enquiry after the ſeat of the ſoul; in which, at firſt, he laboured under great uncertainties. Sometimes he was of opinion that it lodged in the brain, ſometimes in the ſtomach, and ſometimes in the heart. Afterwards he thought it abſurd to confine that ſovereign lady to one apartment; which made him infer, that ſhe ſhifted it according to the ſeveral functions of life: The brain was her ſtudy, the heart her ſtate-room, and the ſtomach her kitchen. But, as he ſaw ſeveral offices of life went on at the ſame time, he was forced to give up this hypotheſis alſo. He now conjectured it was more for the dignity of the ſoul to perform ſeveral operations by her little miniſters, the animal ſpirits; from whence it was natural to conclude, that ſhe reſides in different parts, according to different inclinations, ſexes, ages, and profeſſions. Thus, in epicures he ſeated her in the mouth of the ſtomach; philoſophers have her in the brain, ſoldiers in their heart, women in their tongues, fidlers in their fingers, and rope-dancers in their toes. At length he grew fond of the glandula pinealis, diſſecting many ſubjects to find out the different figure of this gland, from whence he might diſcover the cauſe of the different tempers in mankind. He ſuppoſed that in factious and reſtleſs-ſpirited people, he ſhould find it ſharp and pointed, allowing no room for the ſoul to repoſe herſelf; that in quiet tempers it was flat, ſmooth, and ſoft, affording to the ſoul, as it were, an eaſy cuſhion. He was confirmed in this by obſerving, that calves and philoſophers, tygers and ſtateſmen, foxes and ſharpers, peacocks and fops, cock-ſparrows and coquettes, monkeys and players, courtiers and ſpaniels, moles and miſers, exactly reſemble one another in the conformation of the pineal gland. He did not doubt likewiſe to find the ſame reſemblance in highwaymen and conquerors: In

order

order to ſatisfy himſelf in which, it was, that he purchaſed the body of one of the firſt ſpecies (as hath been before related) at Tyburn, hoping in time to have the happineſs of one of the latter too under his anatomical knife.

The Soul a Quality.

This is eaſily anſwered by a familiar inſtance. In every jack there is a meat-roaſting quality, which neither reſides in the fly, nor in the weight, nor in any particular wheel in the jack, but is the reſult of the whole compoſition: ſo, in an animal, the ſelf-conſciouſneſs is not a real quality inherent in one being (any more than meat-roaſting in a jack) but the reſult of ſeveral modes or qualities in the ſame ſubject. As the fly, the wheels, the chain, the weight, the cords, &c. make one jack, ſo the ſeveral parts of the body make one animal. As perception or conſciouſneſs is ſaid to be inherent in this animal, ſo is meat-roaſting ſaid to be inherent in the jack. As ſenſation, reaſoning, volition, memory, &c. are the ſeveral modes of thinking; ſo roaſting of beef, roaſting of mutton, roaſting of pullets, geeſe, turkeys, &c. are the ſeveral modes of meat-roaſting. And as the general quality of meat-roaſting, with its ſeveral modifications, as to beef, mutton, pullets, &c. does not inhere in any one part of the jack; ſo neither does conſciouſneſs, with its ſeveral modes of ſenſation, intellection, volition, &c. inhere in any one, but is the reſult from the mechanical compoſition of the whole animal. *Pope.*

§ 36. *Diverſity of Geniuſes.*

I ſhall range theſe confined and leſs copious geniuſes under proper claſſes, and (the better to give their pictures to the reader) under the names of animals of ſome ſort or other; whereby he will be enabled, at the firſt ſight of ſuch as ſhall daily come forth, to know to what kind to refer, and with what authors to compare them.

1. The Flying Fiſhes: Theſe are writers who now and then riſe upon their fins, and fly out of the profund; but their wings are ſoon dry, and they drop down to the bottom. G. S. A. H. C. G.

2. The Swallows are authors that are eternally ſkimming and fluttering up and down; but all their agility is employed to catch flies. L. T. W. P. Lord H.

3. The Oſtriches are ſuch, whoſe heavineſs rarely permits them to raiſe themſelves from the ground; their wings are of no uſe to lift them up, and their motion is between flying and walking; but then they run very faſt. D. F. L. E. The Hon. E. H.

4. The Parrots are they that repeat another's words, in ſuch a hoarſe odd voice, as makes them ſeem their own. W. B. W. H. C. C. The Reverend D. D.

5. The Didappers are authors that keep themſelves long out of ſight, under water, and come up now and then where you leaſt expected them. L. W. G. D. Eſq. The Hon. Sir W. Y.

6. The Porpoiſes are unwieldy and big; they put all their numbers into a great turmoil and tempeſt; but whenever they appear in plain light (which is ſeldom) they are only ſhapeleſs and ugly monſters. I. D. C. G. I. O.

7. The Frogs are ſuch as can neither walk nor fly, but can leap and bound to admiration: they live generally in the bottom of a ditch, and make a great noiſe whenever they thruſt their heads above water. E. W. L. M. Eſq. T. D. Gent.

8. The Eels are obſcure authors, that wrap themſelves up in their own mud, but are mighty nimble and pert. L. W. L. T. P. M. General C.

9. The Tortoiſes are ſlow and chill, and, like paſtoral writers, delight much in gardens: they have for the moſt part a fine embroidered ſhell, and underneath it, a heavy lump. A. P. W. B. L. E. The Right Hon. E of S.

Theſe are the chief characteriſtics of the Bathos: and in each of theſe kinds we have the comfort to be bleſſed with ſundry and manifold choice ſpirits in this our iſland.

The Advancement of the Bathos.

Thus have I (my dear countrymen) with incredible pains and diligence, diſcovered the hidden ſources of the Bathos, or, as I may ſay, broke open

the abyſſes of this great deep. And having now eſtabliſhed good and wholeſome laws, what remains but that all true moderns, with their utmoſt might, do proceed to put the ſame in execution? In order whereto, I think I ſhall, in the ſecond place, highly deſerve of my country, by propoſing ſuch a ſcheme, as may facilitate this great end.

As our number is confeſſedly far ſuperior to that of the enemy, there ſeems nothing wanting but unanimity among ourſelves. It is therefore humbly offered, that all and every individual of the Bathos do enter into a firm aſſociation, and incorporate into one regular body; whereof every member, even the meaneſt, will ſome-way contribute to the ſupport of the whole; in like manner as the weakeſt reeds, when joined in one bundle, become infrangible. To which end our art ought to be put upon the ſame foot with other arts of this age. The vaſt improvement of modern manufactures ariſeth from their being divided into ſeveral branches, and parcelled out to ſeveral trades: for inſtance, in clock-making, one artiſt makes the balance, another the ſpring, another the crown-wheels, a fourth the caſe, and the principal workman puts all together: to this œconomy we owe the perfection of our modern watches; and doubtleſs we alſo might that of our modern poetry and rhetoric, were the ſeveral parts branched out in the like manner.

Nothing is more evident than that divers perſons, no other way remarkable, have each a ſtrong diſpoſition to the formation of ſome particular trope or figure. Ariſtotle ſaith, that the hyperbole is an ornament fit for young men of quality; accordingly we find in thoſe gentlemen a wonderful propenſity towards it, which is marvellouſly improved by travelling: ſoldiers alſo and ſeamen are very happy in the ſame figure. The periphraſis or circumlocution is the peculiar talent of country farmers; the proverb and apologue of old men at clubs; the ellipſis, or ſpeech by half words, of miniſters and politicians; the apoſiopeſis, of courtiers; the litotes, and diminution, of ladies, whiſperers, and backbiters; and the *anadiploſis, of* common criers and hawkers, who, by redoubling the ſame words, perſuade people to buy their oyſters, green haſtings, or new ballads. Epithets may be found in great plenty at Billingſgate, ſarcaſm and irony learned upon the water, and the epiphonema or exclamation frequently from the bear-garden, and as frequently from the 'Hear him' of the Houſe of commons.

Now each man applying his whole time and genius upon his particular figure, would doubtleſs attain to perfection: and when each became incorporated and ſworn into the ſociety (as hath been propoſed) a poet or orator would have no more to do but to ſend to the particular traders in each kind; to the metaphoriſt for his allegories, to the ſimile-maker for his compariſons, to the ironiſt for his ſarcaſms, to the apophthegmatiſt for his ſentences, &c.; whereby a dedication or ſpeech would be compoſed in a moment, the ſuperior artiſt having nothing to do but to put together all the materials.

I therefore propoſe that there be contrived, with all convenient diſpatch, at the public expence, a rhetorical cheſt of drawers, conſiſting of three ſtories; the higheſt for the deliberative, the middle for the demonſtrative, and the loweſt for the judicial. Theſe ſhall be ſubdivided into loci or places, being repoſitories for matter and argument in the ſeveral kinds of oration or writing; and every drawer ſhall again be ſubdivided into cells, reſembling thoſe of cabinets for rarities. The apartment for peace or war, and that of the liberty of the preſs, may in a very few days be filled with ſeveral arguments perfectly new; and the vituperative partition will as eaſily be repleniſhed with a moſt choice collection, entirely of the growth and manufacture of the preſent age. Every compoſer will ſoon be taught the uſe of this cabinet, and how to manage all the regiſters of it, which will be drawn out much in the manner of thoſe in an organ.

The keys of it muſt be kept in honeſt hands, by ſome reverend prelate, or valiant officer, of unqueſtionable loyalty and affection to every preſent eſtabliſhment in church and ſtate; which will ſufficiently guard againſt any miſchief which

which might otherwiſe be apprehended from it.

And being lodged in ſuch hands, it may be at diſcretion let out by the day, to ſeveral great orators in both houſes; from whence it is to be hoped much profit and gain will accrue to our ſociety.

Dedications and Panegyrics.

Now of what neceſſity the foregoing project may prove, will appear from this ſingle conſideration, that nothing is of equal conſequence to the ſucceſs of our works as ſpeed and diſpatch. Great pity it is, that ſolid brains are not, like other ſolid bodies, conſtantly endowed with a velocity in ſinking proportionable to their heavineſs: for it is with the flowers of the Bathos as with thoſe of nature, which, if the careful gardener brings not haſtily to market in the morning, muſt unprofitably periſh and wither before night. And of all our productions none is ſo ſhort-lived as the dedication and panegyric, which are often but the praiſe of a day, and become by the next utterly uſeleſs, improper, indecent, and falſe. This is the more to be lamented, inaſmuch as theſe two are the ſorts whereon in a manner depends that profit, which muſt ſtill be remembered to be the main end of our writers and ſpeakers.

We ſhall therefore employ this chapter in ſhewing the quickeſt method of compoſing them: after which we will teach a ſhort way to epic poetry. And theſe being confeſſedly the works of moſt importance and difficulty, it is preſumed we may leave the reſt to each author's own learning or practice.

Firſt of Panegyric. Every man is honourable, who is ſo by law, cuſtom, or title. The public are better judges of what is honourable than private men. The virtues of great men, like thoſe of plants, are inherent in them, whether they are exerted or not; and the more ſtrongly inherent, the leſs they are exerted; as a man is the more rich, the leſs he ſpends. All great miniſters, without either private or œconomical virtue, are virtuous by their poſts, liberal and generous upon the public money, provident upon public ſupplies, juſt by paying public intereſt, courageous and magnanimious by the fleets and armies, magnificent upon the public expences, and prudent by public ſucceſs. They have by their office a right to a ſhare of the public ſtock of virtues; beſides, they are by preſcription immemorial inveſted in all the celebrated virtues of their predeceſſors in the ſame ſtations, eſpecially thoſe of their own anceſtors.

As to what are commonly called the colours of honourable and diſhonourable, they are various in different countries: in this, they are blue, green, and red.

But, foraſmuch as the duty we owe to the public doth often require that we ſhould put ſome things in a ſtrong light, and throw a ſhade over others, I ſhall explain the method of turning a vicious man into a hero.

The firſt and chief rule is the golden rule of transformation; which conſiſts in converting vices into their bordering virtues. A man who is a ſpendthrift, and will not pay a juſt debt, may have his injuſtice transformed into liberality; cowardice may be metamorphoſed into prudence; intemperance into good-nature and good-fellowſhip; corruption into patriotiſm; and lewdneſs into tenderneſs and facility.

The ſecond is the rule of contraries. It is certain the leſs a man is endued with any virtue, the more need he has to have it plentifully beſtowed, eſpecially thoſe good qualities of which the world generally believes he has none at all: for who will thank a man for giving him that which he has?

The reverſe of theſe precepts will ſerve for ſatire; wherein we are ever to remark, that whoſo loſeth his place, or becomes out of favour with the government, hath forfeited his ſhare in public praiſe and honour. Therefore the truly public-ſpirited writer ought in duty to ſtrip him whom the government hath ſtripped; which is the real poetical juſtice of this age. For a full collection of topics and epithets to be uſed in the praiſe and diſpraiſe of miniſterial and unminiſterial perſons, I refer to our rhetorical cabinet; concluding with an earneſt exortation to all my brethren, to obſerve the precepts here laid down; the neglect of which

has coſt ſome of them their ears in a pillory.

A Receipt to make an Epic Poem.

An epic poem, the critics agree, is the greateſt work human nature is capable of. They have already laid down many mechanical rules for compoſitions of this ſort, but at the ſame time they cut off almoſt all undertakers from the poſſibility of ever performing them; for the firſt qualification they unanimouſly require in a poet, is a genius. I ſhall here endeavour (for the benefit of my countrymen) to make it manifeſt, that epic poems may be made without a genius, nay without learning or much reading. This muſt neceſſarily be of great uſe to all thoſe who confeſs they never read, and of whom the world is convinced they never learn. Moliere obſerves of making a dinner, that any man can do it with money; and if a profeſſed cook cannot do without it, he has his art for nothing: the ſame may be ſaid of making a poem; it is eaſily brought about by him that has a genius, but the ſkill lies in doing it without one. In purſuance of this end, I ſhall preſent the reader with a plain and ſure recipe, by which any author in the Bathos may be qualified for this grand performance.

To make an Epic Poem.

For the Fable. Take out any old poem, hiſtory-book, romance, or legend (for inſtance, Geoffry of Monmouth, or Don Belianis of Greece) thoſe parts of ſtory which afford moſt ſcope for long deſcriptions: put theſe pieces together, and throw all the adventures you fancy into one tale. Then take a hero, whom you may chuſe for the ſound of his name, and put him in the midſt of theſe adventures: there let him work for twelve books; at the end of which you may take him out, ready prepared to conquer or to marry; it being neceſſary that the concluſion of an epic poem be fortunate.

To make an Epiſode. Take any remaining adventure of your former collection, in which you could no way involve your hero; or any unfortunate accident that was too good to be thrown away; and it will be of uſe, applied to any other perſon, who may be loſt and evaporate in the courſe of the work, without the leaſt damage to the compoſition.

For the Moral and Allegory. Theſe you may extract out of the fable afterwards, at your leiſure: be ſure you ſtrain them ſufficiently.

For the Manners. For thoſe of the hero, take all the beſt qualities you can find in the moſt celebrated heroes of antiquity: if they will not be reduced to a conſiſtency, lay them all on a heap upon him. But be ſure they are qualities which your patron would be thought to have; and to prevent any miſtake which the world may be ſubject to, ſelect from the alphabet thoſe capital letters that compoſe his name, and ſet them at the head of a dedication or poem. However, do not obſerve the exact quantity of theſe virtues, it not being determined whether or no it be neceſſary for the hero of a poem to be an honeſt man. For the under-characters, gather them from Homer and Virgil, and change the names as occaſion ſerves.

For the Machines. Take of deities, male and female, as many as you can uſe: ſeparate them into two equal parts, and keep Jupiter in the middle: let Juno put him in a ferment, and Venus mollify him. Remember on all occaſions to make uſe of volatile Mercury. If you have need of devils, draw them out of Milton's Paradiſe, and extract your ſpirits from Taſſo. The uſe of theſe machines is evident: ſince no epic poem can poſſibly ſubſiſt without them, the wiſeſt way is to reſerve them for your greateſt neceſſities. When you cannot extricate your hero by any human means, or yourſelf by your own wit, ſeek relief from heaven, and the gods will do your buſineſs very readily. This is according to the direct preſcription of Horace, in his Art of Poety:

Nec deus interſit, niſi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit.—

That is to ſay, "A poet ſhould never "call upon the gods for their aſſiſt-"ance, but when he is in great per-"plexity."

For the Deſcriptions. For a tempeſt. Take

Take Eurus, Zephyr, Auſter, and Boreas, and caſt them together in one verſe: add to theſe of rain, lightning, and thunder (the loudeſt you can) *quantum ſufficit*; mix your clouds and billows well together till they foam, and thicken your deſcription here and there with a quickſand. Brew your tempeſt well in your head, before you ſet it a-blowing.

For a battle. Pick a large quantity of images and deſcriptions from Homer's Iliad, with a ſpice or two of Virgil; and if there remain any overplus, you may lay them by for a ſkirmiſh. Seaſon it well with ſimiles, and it will make an excellent battle.

For a burning town. If ſuch a deſcription be neceſſary (becauſe it is certain there is one in Virgil) old Troy is ready burnt to your hands: but if you fear that would be thought borrowed, a chapter or two of the Theory of the Conflagration, well circumſtanced and done into verſe, will be a good ſuccedaneum.

As for ſimiles and metaphors, they may be found all over the creation; the moſt ignorant may gather them: but the difficulty is in applying them. For this adviſe with your bookſeller.

Pope.

§ 37. *The Duty of a Clerk.*

No ſooner was I elected into my office, but I laid aſide the powdered gallantries of my youth, and became a new man. I conſidered myſelf as in ſome wiſe of eccleſiaſtical dignity; ſince by wearing a band, which is no ſmall part of the ornament of our clergy, I might not unworthily be deemed, as it were, a ſhred of the linen veſtment of Aaron.

Thou may'ſt conceive, O reader, with what concern I perceived the eyes of the congregation fixed upon me, when I firſt took my place at the feet of the prieſt. When I raiſed the pſalm, how did my voice quaver for fear! and when I arrayed the ſhoulders of the miniſter with the ſurplice, how did my joints tremble under me! I ſaid within myſelf, "Remember, Paul, thou "ſtandeſt before men of high worſhip; "the wiſe Mr. Juſtice Freeman, the "grave Mr. Juſtice Tonſon, the good "Lady Jones, and the two virtuous "gentlewomen her daughters; nay, "the great Sir Thomas Truby, Knight "and Baronet, and my young maſter "the Eſquire, who ſhall one day be "lord of this manor." Notwithſtanding which, it was my good hap to acquit myſelf to the good liking of the whole congregation; but the Lord forbid I ſhould glory therein.

* * * * *

I was determined to reform the manifold corruptions and abuſes which had crept into the church.

Firſt, I was eſpecially ſevere in whipping forth dogs from the temple, all excepting the lap-dog of the good widow Howard, a ſober dog which yelped not, nor was there offence in his mouth.

Secondly, I did even proceed to moroſeneſs, though ſore againſt my heart, unto poor babes, in tearing from them the half-eaten apples which they privily munched at church. But verily it pitied me; for I remember the days of my youth.

Thirdly, With the ſweat of my own hands, I did make plain and ſmooth the dogs-ears throughout our great Bible.

Fourthly, The pews and benches, which were formerly ſwept but once in three years, I cauſed every Saturday to be ſwept with a beſom, and trimmed.

Fifthly, and laſtly, I cauſed the ſurplice to be neatly darned, waſhed, and laid in freſh lavender (yea, and ſometimes to be ſprinkled with roſe-water); and I had great laud and praiſe from all the neigbouring clergy, foraſmuch as no pariſh kept the miniſter in cleaner linen.

* * * * *

Shoes did I make (and, if intreated, mend) with good approbation. Faces alſo did I ſhave; and I clipped the hair. Chirurgery alſo I practiſed in the worming of dogs; but to bleed adventured I not, except the poor. Upon this my two-fold profeſſion, there paſſed among men a merry tale, delectable enough to be rehearſed: How that, being overtaken with liquor one Saturday evening, I ſhaved

the prieſt with Spaniſh blacking for ſhoes inſtead of a waſh-ball, and with lamp-black powdered his perriwig. But theſe were ſayings of men delighting in their own conceits more than in the truth: for it is well known, that great was my care and ſkill in theſe my crafts; yea, I once had the honour of trimming Sir Thomas himſelf, without fetching blood. Furthermore, I was ſought unto to geld the Lady Frances her ſpaniel, which was wont to go aſtray: he was called Toby, that is to ſay, Tobias. And, thirdly, I was intruſted with a gorgeous pair of ſhoes of the ſaid lady, to ſet an heel-piece thereon; and I received ſuch praiſe therefore, that it was ſaid all over the pariſh, I ſhould be recommended unto the king to mend ſhoes for his majeſty: whom God preſerve! Amen. *Pope.*

§ 38. *Cruelty to Animals.*

Montaigne thinks it ſome reflection upon human nature itſelf, that few people take delight in ſeeing beaſts careſs or play together, but almoſt every one is pleaſed to ſee them lacerate and worry one another. I am ſorry this temper is become almoſt a diſtinguiſhing character of our own nation, from the obſervation which is made by foreigners of our beloved paſtimes, bear-baiting, cock-fighting, and the like. We ſhould find it hard to vindicate the deſtroying of any thing that has life, merely out of wantonneſs: yet in this principle our children are bred up; and one of the firſt pleaſures we allow them, is the licence of inflicting pain upon poor animals: almoſt as ſoon as we are ſenſible what life is ourſelves, we make it our ſport to take it from other creatures. I cannot but believe a very good uſe might be made of the fancy which children have for birds and inſects. Mr. Locke takes notice of a mother who permitted them to her children, but rewarded or puniſhed them as they treated them well or ill. This was no other than entering them betimes into a daily exerciſe of humanity, and improving their very diverſion to a virtue.

I fancy, too, ſome advantage might be taken of the common notion, that 'tis ominous or unlucky to deſtroy ſome ſorts of birds, as ſwallows and martins. This opinion might poſſibly ariſe from the confidence theſe birds ſeem to put in us by building under our roofs; ſo that it is a kind of violation of the laws of hoſpitality to murder them. As for Robin red-breaſts in particular, it is not improbable they owe their ſecurity to the old ballad of "The children in the wood." However it be, I don't know, I ſay, why this prejudice, well improved and carried as far as it would go, might not be made to conduce to the preſervation of many innocent creatures, which are now expoſed to all the wantonneſs of an ignorant barbarity.

There are other animals that have the misfortune, for no manner of reaſon, to be treated as common enemies, wherever found. The conceit that a cat has nine lives has coſt at leaſt nine lives in ten of the whole race of them: ſcarce a boy in the ſtreets but has in this point outdone Hercules himſelf, who was famous for killing a monſter that had but three lives. Whether the unaccountable animoſity againſt this uſeful domeſtic may be any cauſe of the general perſecution of owls (who are a ſort of feathered cats) or whether it be only an unreaſonable pique the moderns have taken to a ſerious countenance, I ſhall not determine: though I am inclined to believe the former; ſince I obſerve the ſole reaſon alledged for the deſtruction of frogs is becauſe they are like toads. Yet, amidſt all the misfortunes of theſe unfriended creatures, 'tis ſome happineſs that we have not yet taken a fancy to eat them: for ſhould our countrymen refine upon the French never ſo little, 'tis not to be conceived to what unheard-of torments, owls, cats, and frogs, may be yet reſerved.

When we grow up to men, we have another ſucceſſion of ſanguinary ſports; in particular, hunting. I dare not attack a diverſion which has ſuch authority and cuſtom to ſupport it; but muſt have leave to be of opinion, that the agitation of that exerciſe, with the example and number of the chaſers, not a little contributes to reſiſt thoſe checks,

checks, which compaſſion would naturally ſuggeſt in behalf of the animal purſued. Nor ſhall I ſay, with Monſieur Fleury, that this ſport is a remain of the Gothic barbarity; but I muſt animadvert upon a certain cuſtom yet in uſe with us, and barbarous enough to be derived from the Goths, or even the Scythians: I mean that ſavage compliment our huntſmen paſs upon ladies of quality, who are preſent at the death of a ſtag, when they put the knife in their hands to cut the throat of a helpleſs, trembling, and weeping creature.

Queſtuque cruentus,
Atque imploranti ſimilis.———

But if our ſports are deſtructive, our gluttony is more ſo, and in a more inhuman manner. Lobſters roaſted alive, pigs whipped to death, fowls ſewed up, are teſtimonies of our outrageous luxury. Thoſe who (as Seneca expreſſes it) divide their lives betwixt an anxious conſcience, and a nauſeated ſtomach, have a juſt reward of their gluttony in the diſeaſes it brings with it: for human ſavages, like other wild beaſts, find ſnares and poiſon in the proviſions of life, and are allured by their appetite to their deſtruction. I know nothing more ſhocking, or horrid, than the proſpect of one of their kitchens covered with blood, and filled with the cries of the creatures expiring in tortures. It gives one an image of a giant's den, in a romance, beſtrewed with the ſcattered heads and mangled limbs of thoſe who were ſlain by his cruelty. *Pope.*

§ 39. *Paſtoral Comedy.*

I have not attempted any thing of a paſtoral comedy, becauſe, I think, the taſte of our age will not reliſh a poem of that ſort. People ſeek for what they call wit, on all ſubjects, and in all places; not conſidering that nature loves truth ſo well, that it hardly ever admits of flouriſhing. Conceit is to nature what paint is to beauty; it is not only needleſs, but impairs what it would improve. There is a certain majeſty in ſimplicity, which is far above all the quaintneſs of wit: inſomuch that the critics have excluded wit from the loftieſt poetry, as well as the loweſt, and forbid it to the epic no leſs than the paſtoral. I ſhould certainly diſpleaſe all thoſe who are charmed with Guarini and Bonarelli, and imitate Taſſo not only in the ſimplicity of his thoughts, but in that of the fable too. If ſurpriſing diſcoveries ſhould have place in the ſtory of a paſtoral comedy, I believe it would be more agreeable to probability to make them the effects of chance than of deſign; intrigue not being very conſiſtent with that innocence, which ought to conſtitute a ſhepherd's character. There is nothing in all the Aminta (as I remember) but happens by mere accident; unleſs it be the meeting of Aminta with Sylvia at the fountain, which is the contrivance of Daphne; and even that is the moſt ſimple in the world: the contrary is obſervable in Paſtor Fido, where Coriſca is ſo perfect a miſtreſs of intrigue, that the plot could not have been brought to paſs without her. I am inclined to think the paſtoral comedy has another diſadvantage, as to the manners: its general deſign is to make us in love with the innocence of a rural life, ſo that to introduce ſhepherds of a vicious character muſt in ſome meaſure debaſe it; and hence it may come to paſs, that even the virtuous characters will not ſhine ſo much, for want of being oppoſed to their contraries. *Ibid.*

§ 40. *Dogs.*

Plutarch, relating how the Athenians were obliged to abandon Athens in the time of Themiſtocles, ſteps back again out of the way of his hiſtory, purely to deſcribe the lamentable cries and howlings of the poor dogs they left behind. He makes mention of one, that followed his maſter acroſs the ſea to Salamis, where he died, and was honoured with a tomb by the Athenians, who gave the name of The Dog's Grave to that part of the iſland where he was buried. This reſpect to a dog, in the moſt polite people in the world, is very obſervable. A modern inſtance of gratitude to a dog (though we have but few ſuch) is, that the chief order of Denmark (now injuriouſly called the order of the Elephant) was inſtituted

in memory of the fidelity of a dog, named Wild-brat, to one of their kings, who had been deſerted by his ſubjects: he gave his order this motto, or to this effect (which ſtill remains) "Wild-brat was faithful." Sir William Trumbull has told me a ſtory, which he heard from one that was preſent: King Charles I. being with ſome of his court during his troubles, a diſcourſe aroſe what ſort of dogs deſerved pre-eminence, and it being on all hands agreed to belong either to the ſpaniel or grey-hound, the king gave his opinion on the part of the grey-hound, becauſe (ſaid he) it has all the good-nature of the other without the fawning. A good piece of ſatire upon his courtiers, with which I will conclude my diſcourſe of dogs. Call me a Cynic, or what you pleaſe, in revenge for all this impertinence, I will be contented; provided you will but believe me, when I ſay a bold word for a Chriſtian, that, of all dogs, you will find none more faithful than, Yours, &c.

Pope.

§ 41. *Lady Mary Wortley Montague.*

The more I examine my own mind, the more romantic I find myſelf. Methinks it is a noble ſpirit of contradiction to fate and fortune, not to give up thoſe that are ſnatched from us; but to follow them the more, the farther they are removed from the ſenſe of it. Sure, flattery never travelled ſo far as three thouſand miles; it is now only for truth, which overtakes all things, to reach you at this diſtance. 'Tis a generous piece of popery, that purſues even thoſe who are to be eternally abſent into another world: whether you think it right or wrong, you'll own the very extravagance a ſort of piety. I can't be ſatisfied with ſtrewing flowers over you, and barely honouring you as a thing loſt; but muſt conſider you as a glorious though remote being, and be ſending addreſſes after you. You have carried away ſo much of me, that what remains is daily languiſhing and dying over my acquaintance here; and, I believe, in three or four months more I ſhall think Aurat Bazar as good a place as Covent-Garden. You may imagine this is raillery; but I am really ſo far gone, as to take pleaſure in reveries of this kind. Let them ſay I am romantic; ſo is every one ſaid to be, that either admires a fine thing, or does one. On my conſcience, as the world goes, 'tis hardly worth any body's while to do one for the honour of it: glory, the only pay of generous actions, is now as ill paid as other juſt debts; and neither Mrs. Macfarland, for immolating her lover, nor you, for conſtancy to your lord, muſt ever hope to be compared to Lucretia or Portia.

I write this in ſome anger; for having, ſince you went, frequented thoſe people moſt, who ſeemed moſt in your favour, I heard nothing that concerned you talked of ſo often, as that you went away in a black full-bottomed wig; which I did but aſſert to be a bob, and was anſwered, "Love is blind." I am perſuaded your wig had never ſuffered this criticiſm, but on the ſcore of your head, and the two eyes that are in it.

Pray, when you write to me, talk of yourſelf; there is nothing I ſo much deſire to hear of: talk a great deal of yourſelf; that ſhe who I always thought talked the beſt, may ſpeak upon the beſt ſubject. The ſhrines and reliques you tell me of, no way engage my curioſity; I had ten times rather go on pilgrimage to ſee one ſuch face as yours, than both St. John Baptiſt's heads. I wiſh (ſince you are grown ſo covetous of golden things) you had not only all the fine ſtatues you talk of, but even the golden image which Nebuchadnezzar ſet up, provided you were to travel no farther than you could carry it.

The court of Vienna is very edifying. The ladies, with reſpect to their huſbands, ſeem to underſtand that text literally, that commands to bear one another's burdens: but, I fancy, many a man there is like Iſſachar, an aſs between two burdens. I ſhall look upon you no more as a Chriſtian, when you paſs from that charitable court to the land of jealouſy. I expect to hear an exact account how, and at what places, you leave one of the thirty-nine articles after another, as you approach to the land of infidelity. Pray how

far

far are you got already? Amidſt the pomp of a high maſs, and the raviſhing trills of a Sunday opera, what did you think of the doctrine and diſcipline of the church of England? Had you from your heart a reverence for Sternhold and Hopkins? How did your Chriſtian virtues hold out in ſo long a voyage? You have, it ſeems (without paſſing the bounds of Chriſtendom) out-travelled the ſin of fornication: in a little time you'll look upon ſome others with more patience than the ladies here are capable of. I reckon, you'll time it ſo well as to make your religion laſt to the verge of Chriſtendom, that you may diſcharge your chaplain (as humanity requires) in a place where he may find ſome buſineſs.

I doubt not but I ſhall be told (when I come to follow you through thoſe countries) in how pretty a manner you accommodated yourſelf to the cuſtoms of the true Muſſulmen. They will tell me at what town you practiſed to ſit on the ſopha, at what village you learned to fold a turban, where you was bathed and anointed, and where you parted with your black full-bottom. How happy muſt it be for a gay young woman, to live in a country where it is a part of religious worſhip to be giddy-headed! I ſhall hear at Belgrade how the good baſhaw received you with tears of joy, how he was charmed with your agreeable manner of pronouncing the words Allah and Muhamed; and how earneſtly you joined with him in exhorting your friend to embrace that religion. But I think his objection was a juſt one; that it was attended with ſome circumſtances under which he could not properly repreſent his Britannic majeſty.

Laſtly, I ſhall hear how, the firſt night you lay at Pera, you had a viſion of Mahomet's paradiſe, and happily awaked without a ſoul; from which bleſſed moment the beautiful body was left at full liberty to perform all the agreeable functions it was made for.

I ſee I have done in this letter, as I often have done in your company; talked myſelf into a good humour, when I begun in an ill one: the pleaſure of addreſſing to you makes me run on; and 'tis in your power to ſhorten this letter as much as you pleaſe, by giving over when you pleaſe: ſo I'll make it no longer by apologies. *Pope.*

§ 42. *The Manners of a Bookſeller.*

To the Earl of Burlington.

My Lord,

If your mare could ſpeak, ſhe would give an account of what extraordinary company ſhe had on the road; which ſince ſhe cannot do, I will.

It was the enterpriſing Mr. Lintot, the redoubtable rival of Mr. Tonſon, who, mounted on a ſtone-horſe (no diſagreeable companion to your lordſhip's mare) overtook me in Windſor-foreſt. He ſaid, he heard I deſigned for Oxford, the ſeat of the Muſes; and would, as my bookſeller, by all means, accompany me thither.

I aſked him where he got his horſe? He anſwered, he got it of his publiſher: "For that rogue my printer (ſaid he) "diſappointed me: I hoped to put "him in good humour by a treat at the "tavern, of a brown fricaſſee of rabbits, "which coſt two ſhillings, with two "quarts of wine, beſides my converſa-"tion. I thought myſelf cock-ſure of "his horſe, which he readily promiſed "me, but ſaid that Mr. Tonſon had "juſt ſuch another deſign of going to "Cambridge, expecting there the copy "of a new kind of Horace from Dr. "——; and if Mr. Tonſon went, he "was pre-engaged to attend him, "being to have the printing of the ſaid "copy.

"So, in ſhort, I borrowed this ſtone-"horſe of my publiſher, which he had "of Mr. Oldmixon for a debt; he lent "me, too, the pretty boy you ſee after "me: he was a ſmutty dog yeſterday, "and coſt me near two hours to waſh "the ink off his face: but the devil is "a fair-conditioned devil, and very "forward in his catechiſe: if you have "any more bags, he ſhall carry "them."

I thought Mr. Lintot's civility not to be neglected; ſo gave the boy a ſmall bag, containing three ſhirts, and an Elzevir Virgil; and mounting in an inſtant, proceeded on the road, with my man before, my courteous

ſtationer

ſtationer beſide, and the aforeſaid devil behind.

Mr. Lintot began in this manner: "Now, damn them! what if they "ſhould put it in the news-paper how "you and I went together to Oxford? "what would I care? If I ſhould go "down into Suſſex, they would ſay I "was gone to the ſpeaker: but what "of that? If my ſon were but big "enough to go on with the buſineſs, by "G—d I would keep as good company "as old Jacob."

Hereupon I enquired of his ſon. "The lad (ſays he) has fine parts, but "is ſomewhat ſickly; much as you are "— I ſpare for nothing in his educa- "tion at Weſtminſter. Pray don't you "think Weſtminſter to be the beſt "ſchool in England? Moſt of the late "miniſtry came out of it, ſo did many "of this miniſtry; I hope the boy will "make his fortune."

Don't you deſign to let him paſs a year at Oxford? "To what purpoſe? "(ſaid he) the univerſities do but make "pedants, and I intend to breed him "a man of buſineſs."

As Mr. Lintot was talking, I obſerved he ſat uneaſy on his ſaddle, for which I expreſſed ſome ſolicitude: Nothing, ſays he, I can bear it well enough; but ſince we have the day before us, methinks it would be very pleaſant for you to reſt a-while under the woods. When we were alighted, "See, here, what a mighty pretty "kind of Horace I have in my pocket! "what if you amuſed yourſelf in turn- "ing an ode, till we mount again? "Lord! if you pleaſed, what a clever "miſcellany might you make at your "leiſure hours!" Perhaps I may, ſaid I, if we ride on; the motion is an aid to my fancy; a round trot very much awakens my ſpirits: then jog on apace, and I'll think as hard as I can.

Silence enſued for a full hour: after which Mr. Lintot lugg'd the reins, ſtopp'd ſhort, and broke out, "Well, "Sir, how far have you gone?" I anſwered, Seven miles. "Z—ds! Sir," ſaid Lintot, "I thought you had done "ſeven ſtanzas. Oldiworth, in a ram- "ble round Wimbleton-hill, would "tranſlate a whole ode in half this "time. I'll ſay that for Oldſworth "(though I loſt by his Timothy's) "he tranſlates an ode of Horace the "quickeſt of any man in England. I "remember Dr. King would write "verſes in a tavern three hours after he "could not ſpeak: and there's Sir "Richard, in that rumbling old chariot "of his, between Fleet-ditch and St. "Gile's pound, ſhall make you half a "job."

Pray, Mr. Lintot (ſaid I) now you talk of tranſlators, what is your method of managing them? "Sir, (replied he) "thoſe are the ſaddeſt pack of rogues in "the world; in a hungry fit, they'll "ſwear they underſtand all the langua- "ges in the univerſe: I have known "one of them take down a Greek book "upon my counter, and cry, Ay, "this is Hebrew, I muſt read it from "the latter end. By G—d, I can "never be ſure in theſe fellows; for I "neither underſtand Greek, Latin, "French, nor Italian, myſelf. But "this is my way; I agree with them "for ten ſhillings per ſheet, with a pro- "viſo, that I will have their doings "corrected by whom I pleaſe: ſo by "one or other they are led at laſt to "the true ſenſe of an author; my judg- "ment giving the negative to all my "tranſlators." But how are you ſecure thoſe correctors may not impoſe upon you? "Why, I get any civil "gentleman (eſpecially any Scotch- "man) that comes into my ſhop, to "read the original to me in Engliſh; "by this I know whether my tranſlator "be deficient, and whether my cor- "rector merits his money or not.

"I'll tell you what happened to me "laſt month: I bargained with S—— "for a new verſion of Lucretius, to "publiſh againſt Tonſon's; agreeing to "pay the author ſo many ſhillings at "his producing ſo many lines. He "made a great progreſs in a very ſhort "time, and I gave it to the corrector "to compare with the Latin; but he "went directly to Creech's tranſla- "tion, and found it the ſame, word for "word, all but the firſt page. Now, "what d'ye think I did? I arreſted the "tranſlator for a cheat; nay, and I

"ſtopped

" ſtopped the corrector's pay too, upon " this proof that he had made uſe of " Creech inſtead of the original."

Pray tell me next how you deal with the critics. " Sir (ſaid he) nothing " more eaſy. I can ſilence the moſt formidable of them: the rich ones with " a ſheet a-piece of the blotted manuſcript, which coſts me nothing; " they'll go about with it to their acquaintance, and ſay they had it from " the author, who ſubmitted to their " correction: this has given ſome of " them ſuch an air, that in time they " come to be conſulted with, and dedicated to, as the top critics of the " town.—As for the poor critics, I'll " give you one inſtance of my management, by which you may gueſs at the " reſt. A lean man, that looked like " a very good ſcholar, came to me " t'other day; he turned over your Homer, ſhook his head, ſhrugged up his " ſhoulders, and piſhed at every line of " it: One would wonder (ſays he) " at the ſtrange preſumption of ſome " men; Homer is no ſuch eaſy taſk, " that every ſtripling, every verſifier— " He was going on, when my wife " called to dinner: Sir, ſaid I, will " you pleaſe to eat a piece of beef with " me? Mr. Lintot (ſaid he) I am " ſorry you ſhould be at the expence of " this great book; I am really con" cerned on your account—Sir, I am " much obliged to you: if you can dine " upon a piece of beef, together with a " ſlice of pudding—Mr. Lintot, I do " not ſay but Mr. Pope, if he would " condeſcend to adviſe with men of " learning—Sir, the pudding is upon " the table, if you pleaſe to go in—My " critic complies, he comes to a taſte of " your poetry, and tells me, in the " ſame breath, that your book is com" mendable, and the pudding excel" lent.

" Now, Sir, (concluded Mr. Lintot) " in return to the frankneſs I have " ſhewn, pray tell me, Is it the opinion " of your friends at court that my Lord " Lanſdown will be brought to the " bar or not?" I told him, I heard he would not; and I hoped it, my lord being one I had particular obligations to. " That may be (replied Mr. " Lintot); but, by G—d, if he is not, " I ſhall loſe the printing of a very good " trial."

Theſe, my lord, are a few traits by which you may diſcern the genius of Mr. Lintot; which I have choſen for the ſubject of a letter. I dropt him as ſoon as I got to Oxford, and paid a viſit to my lord Carleton at Middleton.

The converſations I enjoy here are not to be prejudiced by my pen, and the pleaſures from them only to be equalled when I meet your lordſhip. I hope in a few days to caſt myſelf from your horſe, at your feet. *Pope.*

§ 43. *Deſcription of a Country Seat.*

To the Duke of Buckingham,

In anſwer to a Letter in which he incloſed the deſcription of Buckingham houſe, written by him to the D. of Sh.

Pliny was one of thoſe few authors who had a warm houſe over his head, nay, two houſes; as appears by two of his epiſtles. I believe, if any of his contemporary authors durſt have informed the public where they lodged, we ſhould have found the garrets of Rome as well inhabited as thoſe of Fleet-ſtreet; but 'tis dangerous to let creditors into ſuch a ſecret; therefore we may preſume that then, as well as now-a-days, nobody knew where they lived but their bookſellers.

It ſeems, that when Virgil came to Rome, he had no lodging at all; he firſt introduced himſelf to Auguſtus by an epigram, beginning *Nocte pluit tota*—an obſervation which probably he had not made, unleſs he had lain all night in the ſtreet.

Where Juvenal lived, we cannot affirm; but in one of his ſatires he complains of the exceſſive price of lodgings; neither do I believe he would have talked ſo feelingly of Codrus's bed, if there had been room for a bedfellow in it.

I believe, with all the oſtentation of Pliny, he would have been glad to have changed both his houſes for your grace's one; which is a country-houſe in the ſummer, and a town-houſe in the winter, and muſt be owned to be the propereſt habitation for a wiſe man,

who

who ſees all the world change every ſeaſon without ever changing himſelf.

I have been reading the deſcription of Pliny's houſe, with an eye to yours; but finding they will bear no compariſon, will try if it can be matched by the large country-ſeat I inhabit at preſent, and ſee what figure it may make by the help of a florid deſcription.

You muſt expect nothing regular in my deſcription, any more than in the houſe; the whole vaſt edifice is ſo diſjointed, and the ſeveral parts of it ſo detached one from the other, and yet ſo joining again, one cannot tell how, that, in one of my poetical fits, I imagined it had been a village in Amphion's time; where the cottages, having taken a country dance together, had been all out, and ſtood ſtone-ſtill with amazement ever ſince.

You muſt excuſe me, if I ſay nothing of the front; indeed I don't know which it is. A ſtranger would be grievouſly diſappointed, who endeavoured to get into the houſe the right way. One would reaſonably expect, after the entry through the porch, to be let into the hall: alas, nothing leſs! you find yourſelf in the houſe of office. From the parlour you think to ſtep into the drawing-room; but, upon opening the iron-nailed door, you are convinced, by a flight of birds about your ears, and a cloud of duſt in your eyes, that it is the pigeon-houſe. If you come into the chapel, you find its altars, like thoſe of the ancients, continually ſmoaking; but it is with the ſteams of the adjoining kitchen.

The great hall within is high and ſpacious, flanked on one ſide with a very long table, a true image of ancient hoſpitality: the walls are all over ornamented with monſtrous horns of animals, about twenty broken pikes, ten or a dozen blunderbuſſes, and a ruſty match-lock muſquet or two, which we were informed had ſerved in the civil wars. Here is one vaſt arched window, beautifully darkened with divers 'ſcutcheons of painted glaſs; one ſhining pane in particular bears date 1286, which alone preſerves the memory of a knight, whoſe iron armour is long ſince periſhed with ruſt, and whoſe alabaſter noſe is mouldered from his monument. The face of dame Eleanor, in another piece, owes more to that ſingle pane than to all the glaſſes ſhe ever conſulted in her life. After this, who can ſay that glaſs is frail, when it is not half ſo frail as human beauty, or glory! and yet I can't but ſigh to think that the moſt authentic record of ſo ancient a family ſhould lie at the mercy of every infant who flings a ſtone. In former days there have dined in this hall gartered knights, and courtly dames, attended by uſhers, ſewers, and ſeneſchals; and yet it was but laſt night, that an owl flew hither, and miſtook it for a barn.

This hall lets you (up and down) over a very high threſhold into the great parlour. Its contents are a broken-belly'd virginal, a couple of crippled velvet chairs, with two or three mil-dew'd pictures of mouldy anceſtors, who look as diſmally as if they came freſh from hell, with all their brimſtone about them: theſe are carefully ſet at the farther corner; for the windows being every where broken, make it ſo convenient a place to dry poppies and muſtard-ſeed, that the room is appropriated to that uſe.

Next this parlour, as I ſaid before, lies the pigeon-houſe; by the ſide of which runs an entry, which lets you on one hand and t'other into a bed-chamber, a buttery, and a ſmall hole called the chaplain's ſtudy: then follow a brewhouſe, a little green and gilt parlour, and the great ſtairs, under which is the dairy: a little farther, on the right, the ſervants hall; and by the ſide of it, up ſix ſteps, the old lady's cloſet for her private devotions; which has a lattice into the hall, intended (as we imagine) that at the ſame time as ſhe pray'd ſhe might have an eye on the men and maids. There are upon the ground-floor, in all, twenty-ſix apartments; among which I muſt not forget a chamber which has in it a large antiquity of timber, that ſeems to have been either a bedſtead, or a cyder-preſs.

The kitchen is built in form of a rotunda, being one vaſt vault to the top of the houſe; where one aperture ſerves

to let out the ſmoke, and let in the light. By the blackneſs of the walls, the circular fires, vaſt cauldrons, yawning mouths of ovens and furnaces, you would think it either the forge of Vulcan, the cave of Polypheme, or the temple of Moloch. The horror of this place has made ſuch an impreſſion on the country people, that they believe the witches keep their Sabbath here, and that once a year the devil treats them with infernal veniſon, a roaſted tiger ſtuffed with ten-penny nails.

Above ſtairs we have a number of rooms; you never paſs out of one into another, but by the aſcent or deſcent of two or three ſtairs. Our beſt room is very long and low, of the exact proportion of a bandbox. In moſt of theſe rooms there are hangings of the fineſt work in the world, that is to ſay, thoſe which Arachne ſpins from her own bowels. Were it not for this only furniture, the whole would be a miſerable ſcene of naked walls, flaw'd ceilings, broken windows, and ruſty locks. The roof is ſo decayed, that after a favourable ſhower we may expect a crop of muſhrooms between the chinks of our floors. All the doors are as little and low as thoſe to the cabins of packet-boats. Theſe rooms have, for many years, had no other inhabitants than certain rats, whoſe very age renders them worthy of this ſeat, for the very rats of this venerable houſe are grey: ſince theſe have not yet quitted it, we hope at leaſt that this ancient manſion may not fall during the ſmall remnant theſe poor animals have to live, who are now too infirm to remove to another. There is yet a ſmall ſubſiſtence left them in the few remaining books of the library.

We had never ſeen half what I had deſcribed, but for a ſtarch'd grey-headed ſteward, who is as much an antiquity as any in this place, and looks like an old family picture walked out of its frame. He entertained us as we paſſed from room to room with ſeveral relations of the family; but his obſervations were particularly curious when we came to the cellar: he informed us where ſtood the triple rows of butts of ſack, and where were ranged the bottles of tent, for toaſts in a morning; he pointed to the ſtands that ſupported the iron-hoop'd hogſheads of ſtrong beer; then ſtepping to a corner, he lugged out the tattered fragments of an unframed picture: "This (ſays he, with "tears) was poor Sir Thomas! once "maſter of all this drink. He had "two ſons, poor young maſters! who "never arrived to the age of his beer; "they both fell ill in this very room, "and never went out on their own "legs." He could not paſs by a heap of broken bottles without taking up a piece to ſhew us the arms of the family upon it. He then led us up the tower by dark winding ſtone ſteps, which landed us into ſeveral little rooms one above another. One of theſe was nailed up, and our guide whiſpered to us as a ſecret the occaſion of it: it ſeems the courſe of this noble blood was a little interrupted about two centuries ago, by a freak of the lady Frances, who was here taken in the fact with a neighbouring prior, ever ſince which the room has been nailed up, and branded with the name of the Adultery-Chamber. The ghoſt of lady Frances is ſuppoſed to walk there, and ſome prying maids of the family report that they have ſeen a lady in a farthingale through the key-hole: but this matter is huſht up, and the ſervants are forbid to talk of it.

I muſt needs have tired you by this long deſcription: but what engaged me in it, was a generous principle to preſerve the memory of that, which itſelf muſt ſoon fall into duſt, nay, perhaps part of it, before this letter reaches your hands.

Indeed we owe this old houſe the ſame kind of gratitude that we do to an old friend, who harbours us in his declining condition, nay even in his laſt extremities. How fit is this retreat for uninterrupted ſtudy, where no one that paſſes by can dream there is an inhabitant, and even thoſe who would dine with us dare not ſtay under our roof! Any one that ſees it, will own I could not have choſen a more likely place to converſe with the dead in. I had been mad indeed if I had left your grace for any one but Homer. But when I return to the living, I ſhall have the ſenſe

to endeavour to converſe with the beſt of them, and ſhall therefore, as ſoon as poſſible, tell you in perſon how much I am, &c. *Pope.*

§ 44. *Apology for his religious Tenets.*

My Lord,

I am truly obliged by your kind condolence on my father's death, and the deſire you expreſs that I ſhould improve this incident to my advantage. I know your lordſhip's friendſhip to me is ſo extenſive, that you include in that wiſh both my ſpiritual and my temporal advantage; and it is what I owe to that friendſhip, to open my mind unreſervedly to you on this head. It is true I have loſt a parent, for whom no gains I could make would be any equivalent. But that was not my only tie; I thank God another ſtill remains (and long may it remain) of the ſame tender nature; *Genitrix eſt mihi*—and excuſe me if I ſay with Euryalus,

Nequeam lachrymas perferre parentis.

A rigid divine may call it a carnal tie, but ſure it is a virtuous one: at leaſt I am more certain that it is a duty of nature to preſerve a good parent's life and happineſs, than I am of any ſpeculative point whatever.

Ignaram hujus quodcunque pericli
Hanc ego, nunc, linquam?

For ſhe, my lord, would think this ſeparation more grievous than any other; and I, for my part, know as little as poor Euryalus did, of the ſucceſs of ſuch an adventure (for an adventure it is, and no ſmall one, in ſpite of the moſt poſitive divinity). Whether the change would be to my ſpiritual advantage, God only knows; this I know, that I mean as well in the religion I now profeſs, as I can poſſibly ever do in another. Can a man who thinks ſo, juſtify a change, even if he thought both equally good? To ſuch an one, the part of joining with any one body of Chriſtians might perhaps be eaſy, but I think it would not be ſo, to renounce the other.

Your lordſhip has formerly adviſed me to read the beſt controverſies between the churches. Shall I tell you a ſecret? I did ſo at fourteen years old, (for I loved reading, and my father had no other books); there was a collection of all that had been written on both ſides in the reign of king James the ſecond: I warmed my head with them; and the conſequence was, that I found myſelf a papiſt and a proteſtant by turns, according to the laſt book I read. I am afraid moſt ſeekers are in the ſame caſe, and when they ſtop, they are not ſo properly converted, as outwitted. You ſee how little glory you would gain by my converſion. And, after all, I verily believe your lordſhip and I are both of the ſame religion, if we were thoroughly underſtood by one another; and that all honeſt and reaſonable Chriſtians would be ſo, if they did but talk enough together every day; and had nothing to do together, but to ſerve God, and live in peace with their neighbour.

As to the temporal ſide of the queſtion, I can have no diſpute with you; it is certain, all the beneficial circumſtances of life, and all the ſhining ones, lie on the part you would invite me to. But if I could bring myſelf to fancy, what I think you do but fancy, that I have any talents for active life, I want health for it; and beſides it is a real truth, I have leſs inclination (if poſſible) than ability. Contemplative life is not only my ſcene, but it is my habit too. I begun my life, where moſt people end theirs, with a diſreliſh of all that the world calls ambition: I don't know why 'tis called ſo, for to me it always ſeemed to be rather ſtooping than climbing. I'll tell you my politic and religious ſentiments in a few words. In my politics, I think no further than how to preſerve the peace of my life, in any government under which I live; nor in my religion, than to preſerve the peace of my conſcience, in any church with which I communicate. I hope all churches and all governments are ſo far of God, as they are rightly underſtood, and rightly adminiſtered: and where they are, or may be wrong, I leave it to God alone to mend or reform them; which, whenever he does, it muſt be by greater inſtruments than I am. I am not a papiſt, for I renounce the temporal invaſions of the papal power,

power, and deteſt their arrogated authority over princes and ſtates. I am a catholic in the ſtricteſt ſenſe of the word. If I was born under an abſolute prince, I would be a quiet ſubject: but I thank God I was not. I have a due ſenſe of the excellence of the Britiſh conſtitution. In a word, the things I have always wiſhed to ſee, are not a Roman catholic, or a French catholic, or a Spaniſh catholic, but a true catholic: and not a king of Whigs, or a king of Tories, but a king of England. Which God of his mercy grant his preſent majeſty may be, and all future majeſties. You ſee, my lord, I end like a preacher: this is *ſermo ad clerum*, not *ad populum*. Believe me, with infinite obligation and ſincere thanks, ever

Your, &c.

Pope.

§ 45. *Defence againſt a noble Lord's Reflections.*

There was another reaſon why I was ſilent as to that paper—I took it for a lady's (on the printer's word in the title-page) and thought it too preſuming, as well as indecent, to contend with one of that ſex in altercation: for I never was ſo mean a creature as to commit my anger againſt a lady to paper, though but in a private letter. But ſoon after, her denial of it was brought to me by a noble perſon of real honour and truth. Your lordſhip indeed ſaid you had it from a lady, and the lady ſaid it was your lordſhip's; ſome thought the beautiful by-blow had two fathers, or (if one of them will hardly be allowed a man) two mothers; indeed I think both ſexes had a ſhare in it, but which was uppermoſt, I know not: I pretend not to determine the exact method of this witty fornication: and, if I call it yours, my lord, 'tis only becauſe, whoever got it, you brought it forth.

Here, my lord, allow me to obſerve the different proceeding of the ignoble poet, and his noble enemies. What he has written of Fanny, Adonis, Sappho, or who you will, he owned, he publiſhed, he ſet his name to: what they have publiſhed of him, they have denied to have written; and what they have written of him, they have denied to have publiſhed. One of theſe was the caſe in the paſt libel, and the other in the preſent; for, though the parent has owned it to a few choice friends, it is ſuch as he has been obliged to deny, in the moſt particular terms, to the great perſon whoſe opinion concerned him moſt.

Yet, my lord, this epiſtle was a piece not written in haſte, or in a paſſion, but many months after all pretended provocation; when you was at full leiſure at Hampton-Court, and I the object ſingled, like a deer out of ſeaſon, for ſo ill-timed, and ill-placed a diverſion. It was a deliberate work, directed to a reverend perſon, of the moſt ſerious and ſacred character, with whom you are known to cultivate a ſtrict correſpondence, and to whom it will not be doubted, but you open your ſecret ſentiments, and deliver your real judgment of men and things. This, I ſay, my lord, with ſubmiſſion, could not but awaken all my reflection and attention. Your lordſhip's opinion of me as a poet, I cannot help; it is yours, my lord, and that were enough to mortify a poor man; but it is not yours alone, you muſt be content to ſhare it with the gentlemen of the Dunciad, and (it may be) with many more innocent and ingenious gentlemen. If your lordſhip deſtroys my poetical character, they will claim their part in the glory; but, give me leave to ſay, if my moral character be ruined, it muſt be wholly the work of your lordſhip; and will be hard even for you to do, unleſs I myſelf co-operate.

How can you talk (my moſt worthy lord) of all Pope's works as ſo many libels, affirm, that he has no invention but in defamation, and charge him with ſelling another man's labours printed with his own name? Fye, my lord, you forget yourſelf. He printed not his name before a line of the perſon's you mention; that perſon himſelf has told you and all the world, in the book itſelf, what part he had in it, as may be ſeen at the concluſion of his notes to the Odyſſey. I can only ſuppoſe your lordſhip (not having at that time forgot your Greek) deſpiſed to look upon the tranſlation; and ever ſince entertained too mean an opinion of the tranſlator

to caſt an eye upon it. Beſides, my lord, when you ſaid he ſold another man's works, you ought in juſtice to have added that he bought them, which very much alters the caſe. What he gave him was five hundred pounds: his receipt can be produced to your lordſhip. I dare not affirm he was as well paid as ſome writers (much his inferiors) have been ſince; but your lordſhip will reflect that I am no man of quality, either to buy or ſell ſcribling ſo high: and that I have neither place, penſion, nor power to reward for ſecret ſervices. It cannot be, that one of your rank can have the leaſt envy to ſuch an author as I am; but, were that poſſible, it were much better gratified by employing not your own, but ſome of thoſe low and ignoble pens to do you this mean office. I dare engage you'll have them for leſs than I gave Mr. Broom, if your friends have not raiſed the market. Let them drive the bargain for you, my lord; and you may depend on ſeeing, every day in the week, as many (and now and then as pretty) verſes, as theſe of your lordſhip.

And would it not be full as well, that my poor perſon ſhould be abuſed by them, as by one of your rank and quality? Cannot Curl do the ſame? nay, has he not done it before your lordſhip, in the ſame kind of language, and almoſt the ſame words? I cannot but think, the worthy and diſcreet clergyman himſelf will agree, it is improper, nay unchriſtian, to expoſe the perſonal defects of our brother; that both ſuch perfect forms as yours, and ſuch unfortunate ones as mine, proceed from the hand of the ſame Maker, who faſhioneth his veſſels as he pleaſeth; and that it is not from their ſhape we can tell whether they were made for honour or diſhonour. In a word, he would teach you charity to your greateſt enemies; of which number, my lord, I cannot be reckoned, ſince, though a poet, I was never your flatterer.

Next, my lord, as to the obſcurity of my birth (a reflection copied alſo from Mr. Curl and his brethren) I am ſorry to be obliged to ſuch a preſumption as to name my family in the ſame leaf with your lordſhip's: but my father had the honour, in one inſtance, to reſemble you, for he was a younger brother. He did not indeed think it a happineſs to bury his elder brother, though he had one, who wanted ſome of thoſe good qualities which yours poſſeſt. How ſincerely glad could I be, to pay to that young nobleman's memory the debt I owed to his friendſhip, whoſe early death deprived your family of as much wit and honour as he left behind him in any branch of it! But as to my father, I could aſſure you, my lord, that he was no mechanic (neither a hatter, nor, which might pleaſe your lordſhip yet better, a cobler) but in truth, of a very tolerable family: and my mother of an ancient one, as well born and educated as that lady, whom your lordſhip made choice of to be the mother of your own children; whoſe merit, beauty, and vivacity (if tranſmitted to your poſterity) will be a better preſent than even the noble blood they derive only from you: a mother, on whom I was never obliged ſo far to reflect, as to ſay, ſhe ſpoiled me; and a father, who never found himſelf obliged to ſay of me, that he diſapproved my conduct. In a word, my lord, I think it enough, that my parents, ſuch as they were, never coſt me a bluſh; and that their ſon, ſuch as he is, never coſt them a tear.

I have purpoſely omitted to conſider your lordſhip's criticiſms on my poetry. As they are exactly the ſame with thoſe of the forementioned authors, I apprehend they would juſtly charge me with partiality, if I gave to you what belongs to them; or paid more diſtinction to the ſame things when they are in your mouth, than when they were in theirs. It will be ſhewing both them and you (my lord) a more particular reſpect, to obſerve how much they are honoured by your imitation of them, which indeed is carried through your whole epiſtle. I have read ſomewhere at ſchool (though I make it no vanity to have forgot where) that Tully naturalized a few phraſes at the inſtance of ſome of his friends. Your lordſhip has done more in honour of theſe gentlemen; you have authorized not only their aſſertions, but their ſtyle. For example,

example, A flow that wants ſkill to reſtrain its ardour,—a dictionary that gives us nothing at its own expence.—As luxuriant branches bear but little fruit, ſo wit unprun'd is but raw fruit —While you rehearſe ignorance, you ſtill know enough to do it in verſe—Wits are but glittering ignorance.—The account of how we paſs our time—and, The weight on Sir R. W——'s brain. You can ever receive from no head more than ſuch a head (as no head) has to give: your lordſhip would have ſaid never receive inſtead of ever, and any head inſtead of no head. But all this is perfectly new, and has greatly enriched our language. *Pope.*

§ 46. *The Death of Mr.* GAY.

It is not a time to complain that you have not anſwered me two letters (in the laſt of which I was impatient under ſome fears): it is not now indeed a time to think of myſelf, when one of the neareſt and longeſt ties I have ever had is broken all on a ſudden, by the unexpected death of poor Mr. Gay. An inflammatory fever hurried him out of this life in three days. He died laſt night at nine o'clock, not deprived of his ſenſes entirely at laſt, and poſſeſſing them perfectly till within five hours. He aſked of you a few hours before, when in acute torment by the inflammation in his bowels and breaſt. His effects are in the Duke of Queenſbury's cuſtody. His ſiſters, we ſuppoſe, will be his heirs, who are two widows; as yet it is not known whether or no he left a will.—Good God! how often are we to die before we go quite off this ſtage? In every friend we loſe, a part of ourſelves, and the beſt part. God keep thoſe we have left! Few are worth praying for, and one's ſelf the leaſt of all.

I ſhall never ſee you now, I believe; one of your principal calls to England is at an end. Indeed he was the moſt amiable by far, his qualities were the gentleſt; but I love you as well, and as firmly. Would to God the man we have loſt had not been ſo amiable, nor ſo good! but that's a wiſh for our own ſakes, not for his. Sure, if innocence and integrity can deſerve happineſs, it muſt be his. Adieu! I can add nothing to what you will feel, and diminiſh nothing from it. *Ibid.*

§ 47. *Envy.*

Envy is almoſt the only vice which is practicable at all times, and in every place; the only paſſion which can never lie quiet for want of irritation; its effects, therefore, are every where diſcoverable, and its attempts always to be dreaded.

It is impoſſible to mention a name, which any advantageous diſtinction has made eminent, but ſome latent animoſity will burſt out. The wealthy trader, however he may abſtract himſelf from public affairs, will never want thoſe who hint with Shylock, that ſhips are but boards, and that no man can properly be termed rich whoſe fortune is at the mercy of the winds. The beauty adorned only with the unambitious graces of innocence and modeſty, provokes, whenever ſhe appears, a thouſand murmurs of detraction, and whiſpers of ſuſpicion. The genius, even when he endeavours only to entertain with pleaſing images of nature, or inſtruct by unconteſted principles of ſcience, yet ſuffers perſecution from innumerable critics, whoſe acrimony is excited merely by the pain of ſeeing others pleaſed, of hearing applauſes which another enjoys.

The frequency of envy makes it ſo familiar, that it eſcapes our notice; nor do we often reflect upon its turpitude or malignity, till we happen to feel its influence. When he that has given no provocation to malice, but by attempting to excel in ſome uſeful art, finds himſelf purſued by multitudes whom he never ſaw with implacability of perſonal reſentment; when he perceives clamour and malice let looſe upon him as a public enemy, and incited by every ſtratagem of defamation; when he hears the misfortunes of his family, or the follies of his youth, expoſed to the world; and every failure of conduct, or defect of nature, aggravated and ridiculed; he then learns to abhor thoſe artifices at which he only

laughed before, and diſcovers how much the happineſs of life would be advanced by the eradication of envy from the human heart.

Envy is, indeed, a ſtubborn weed of the mind, and ſeldom yields to the culture of philoſophy. There are, however, conſiderations, which, if carefully implanted and diligently propagated, might in time overpower and repreſs it, ſince no one can nurſe it for the ſake of pleaſure, as its effects are only ſhame, anguiſh, and perturbation.

It is, above all other vices, inconſiſtent with the character of a ſocial being, becauſe it ſacrifices truth and kindneſs to very weak temptations. He that plunders a wealthy neighbour, gains as much as he takes away, and improves his own condition, in the ſame proportion as he impairs another's; but he that blaſts a flouriſhing reputation, muſt be content with a ſmall dividend of additional fame, ſo ſmall as can afford very little conſolation to balance the guilt by which it is obtained.

I have hitherto avoided mentioning that dangerous and empirical morality, which cures one vice by means of another. But envy is ſo baſe and deteſtable, ſo vile in its original, and ſo pernicious in its effects, that the predominance of almoſt any other quality is to be deſired. It is one of thoſe lawleſs enemies of ſociety, againſt which poiſoned arrows may honeſtly be uſed. Let it therefore be conſtantly remembered, that whoever envies another, confeſſes his ſuperiority, and let thoſe be reformed by their pride, who have loſt their virtue.

It is no ſlight aggravation of the injuries which envy incites, that they are committed againſt thoſe who have given no intentional provocation; and that the ſufferer is marked out for ruin, not becauſe he has failed in any duty, but becauſe he has dared to do more than was required.

Almoſt every other crime is practiſed by the help of ſome quality which might have produced eſteem or love, if it had been well employed; but envy is a more unmixed and genuine evil; it purſues a hateful end by deſpicable means, and deſires not ſo much its own happineſs as another's miſery. To avoid depravity like this, it is not neceſſary that any one ſhould aſpire to heroiſm or ſanctity; but only, that he ſhould reſolve not to quit the rank which nature aſſigns, and wiſh to maintain the dignity of a human being. *Rambler.*

§ 48. EPICURUS, *a Review of his Character.*

I believe you will find, my dear Hamilton, that Ariſtotle is ſtill to be preferred to Epicurus. The former made ſome uſeful experiments and diſcoveries, and was engaged in a real purſuit of knowledge, although his manner is much perplexed. The latter was full of vanity and ambition. He was an impoſtor, and only aimed at deceiving. He ſeemed not to believe the principles which he has aſſerted. He committed the government of all things to chance. His natural philoſophy is abſurd. His moral philoſophy wants its proper baſis, the fear of God. Monſieur Bayle, one of his warmeſt advocates, is of this laſt opinion, where he ſays, *On ne ſauroit pas dire aſſez de bien de l'honnêteté de ſes mœurs, ni aſſez de mal de ſes opinions ſur la religion.* His general maxim, That happineſs conſiſted in pleaſure, was too much unguarded, and muſt lay a foundation of a moſt deſtructive practice: although, from his temper and conſtitution, he made his life ſufficiently pleaſurable to himſelf, and agreeable to the rules of true philoſophy. His fortune exempted him from care and ſolicitude; his valetudinarian habit of body from intemperance. He paſſed the greateſt part of his time in his garden, where he enjoyed all the elegant amuſements of life. There he ſtudied. There he taught his philoſophy. This particular happy ſituation greatly contributed to that tranquillity of mind, and indolence of body, which he made his chief ends. He had not, however, reſolution ſufficient to meet the gradual approaches of death, and wanted that conſtancy which Sir William Temple aſcribes to him: for in his laſt moments, when he found that his condition was deſperate, he took ſuch large draughts of wine, that he was abſolutely intoxi-

eated and deprived of his ſenſes; ſo that he died more like a bacchanal, than a philoſopher.

Orrery's Life of Swift.

§ 49. *Example, its Prevalence.*

Is it not Pliny, my lord, who ſays, that the gentleſt, he ſhould have added the moſt effectual, way of commanding is by example? *Mitius jubetur exemplo.* The harſheſt orders are ſoftened by example, and tyranny itſelf becomes perſuaſive. What pity it is that ſo few princes have learned this way of commanding? But again; the force of example is not confined to thoſe alone that paſs immediately under our ſight: the examples that memory ſuggeſts have the ſame effect in their degree, and an habit of recalling them will ſoon produce the habit of imitating them. In the ſame epiſtle from whence I cited a paſſage juſt now, Seneca ſays, that Cleanthes had never become ſo perfect a copy of Zeno, if he had not paſſed his life with him; that Plato, Ariſtotle, and the other philoſophers of that ſchool, profited more by the example than by the diſcourſes of Socrates. (But here by the way Seneca miſtook; Socrates died two years according to ſome, and four years according to others, before the birth of Ariſtotle: and his miſtake might come from the inaccuracy of thoſe who collected for him; as Eraſmus obſerves, after Quintilian, in his judgment on Seneca,) But be this, which was ſcarce worth a parentheſis, as it will, he adds, that Metrodorus, Hermachus, and Polyxenus, men of great note, were formed by living under the ſame roof with Epicurus, not by frequenting his ſchool. Theſe are inſtances of the force of immediate example. But your lordſhip knows, citizens of Rome placed the images of their anceſtors in the veſtibules of their houſes; ſo that whenever they went in or out, theſe venerable buſtoes met their eyes, and recalled the glorious actions of the dead, to fire the living, to excite them to imitate and even emulate their great forefathers. The ſucceſs anſwered the deſign. The virtue of one generation was transfuſed, by the magic of example, into ſeveral: and a ſpirit of heroiſm was maintained through many ages of that commonwealth.

Dangerous, when copied without Judgment.

Peter of Medicis had involved himſelf in great difficulties, when thoſe wars and calamities began which Lewis Sforza firſt drew on and entailed on Italy, by flattering the ambition of Charles the Eighth, in order to gratify his own, and calling the French into that country. Peter owed his diſtreſs to his folly in departing from the general tenor of conduct his father Laurence had held, and hoped to relieve himſelf by imitating his father's example in one particular inſtance. At a time when the wars with the Pope and king of Naples had reduced Laurence to circumſtances of great danger, he took the reſolution of going to Ferdinand, and of treating in perſon with that prince. The reſolution appears in hiſtory imprudent and almoſt deſperate; were we informed of the ſecret reaſons on which this great man acted, it would appear very poſſibly a wiſe and ſafe meaſure. It ſucceeded, and Laurence brought back with him public peace and private ſecurity. When the French troops entered the dominions of Florence, Peter was ſtruck with a panic terror, went to Charles the Eighth, put the port of Leghorn, the fortreſſes of Piſa, and all the keys of the country into this prince's hands: whereby he diſarmed the Florentine commonwealth, and ruined himſelf. He was deprived of his authority, and driven out of the city, by the juſt indignation of the magiſtrates and people; and in the treaty which they made afterwards with the king of France, it was ſtipulated that he ſhould not remain within an hundred miles of the ſtate, nor his brothers within the ſame diſtance of the city of Florence. On this occaſion Guicciardin obſerves, how dangerous it is to govern ourſelves by particular examples; ſince to have the ſame ſucceſs, we muſt have the ſame prudence, and the ſame fortune; and ſince the example muſt not only anſwer

the caſe before us in general, but in every minute circumſtance.

Bolingbroke.

§ 50. *Exile only an imaginary Evil.*

To live deprived of one's country is intolerable. Is it ſo? How comes it then to paſs that ſuch numbers of men live out of their countries by choice? Obſerve how the ſtreets of London and of Paris are crowded. Call over thoſe millions by name, and aſk them one by one, of what country they are: how many will you find, who from different parts of the earth come to inhabit theſe great cities, which afford the largeſt opportunities and the largeſt encouragement to virtue and vice? Some are drawn by ambition, and ſome are ſent by duty; many reſort thither to improve their minds, and many to improve their fortunes; others bring their beauty, and others their eloquence to market. Remove from hence, and go to the utmoſt extremities of the Eaſt or Weſt: viſit the barbarous nations of Africa, or the inhoſpitable regions of the North; you will find no climate ſo bad, no country ſo ſavage, as not to have ſome people who come from abroad, and inhabit thoſe by choice.

Among numberleſs extravagances which paſs through the minds of men, we may juſtly reckon for one that notion of a ſecret affection, independent of our reaſon, and ſuperior to our reaſon, which we are ſuppoſed to have for our country; as if there were ſome phyſical virtue in every ſpot of ground, which neceſſarily produced this effect in every one born upon it.

Amor patriæ ratione valentior omni.

This notion may have contributed to the ſecurity and grandeur of ſtates. It has therefore been not unartfully cultivated, and the prejudice of education has been with care put on its ſide. Men have come in this caſe, as in many others, from believing that it ought to be ſo, to perſuade others, and even to believe themſelves that it is ſo.

Cannot hurt a reflecting Man.

Whatever is beſt is ſafeſt; lies out of the reach of human power; can neither be given nor taken away. Such is this great and beautiful work of nature, the world. Such is the mind of man, which contemplates and admires the world, whereof it makes the nobleſt part. Theſe are inſeparably ours, and as long as we remain in one, we ſhall enjoy the other. Let us march therefore intrepidly wherever we are led by the courſe of human accidents. Wherever they lead us, on what coaſt ſoever we are thrown by them, we ſhall not find ourſelves abſolutely ſtrangers. We ſhall meet with men and women, creatures of the ſame figure, endowed with the ſame faculties, and born under the ſame laws of nature.

We ſhall ſee the ſame virtues and vices, flowing from the ſame principles, but varied in a thouſand different and contrary modes, according to that infinite variety of laws and cuſtoms which is eſtabliſhed for the ſame univerſal end, the preſervation of ſociety. We ſhall feel the ſame revolution of ſeaſons, and the ſame ſun and moon will guide the courſe of our year. The ſame azure vault, beſpangled with ſtars, will be every where ſpread over our heads. There is no part of the world from whence we may not admire thoſe planets which roll, like ours, in different orbits round the ſame central ſun; from whence we may not diſcover an object ſtill more ſtupendous, that army of fixed ſtars hung up in the immenſe ſpace of the univerſe; innumerable ſuns, whoſe beams enlighten and cheriſh the unknown worlds which roll around them: and whilſt I am raviſhed by ſuch contemplations as theſe, whilſt my ſoul is thus raiſed up to heaven, it imports me little what ground I tread upon.

Ibid.

§ 51. *Fame, a commendable Paſſion.*

I can by no means agree with you in thinking, that the love of fame is a paſſion, which either reaſon or religion condemn. I confeſs, indeed, there are ſome who have repreſented it as inconſiſtent with both; and I remember, in particular, the excellent author of The Religion of Nature delineated, has treated it as highly irrational and abſurd. As the paſſage falls in ſo thoroughly

roughly with your own turn of thought, you will have no objection, I imagine, to my quoting it at large; and I give it you, at the ſame time, as a very great authority on your ſide. "In reality," ſays that writer, "the man is not "known ever the more to poſterity, "becauſe his name is tranſmitted to "them: He doth not live becauſe his "name does. When it is ſaid, Julius "Cæſar ſubdued Gaul, conquered "Pompey, &c. it is the ſame thing as "to ſay, the conqueror of Pompey was "Julius Cæſar, i. e. Cæſar and the "conqueror of Pompey is the ſame "thing; Cæſar is as much known by "one deſignation as by the other. "The amount then is only this: that "the conqueror of Pompey conquered "Pompey; or rather, ſince Pompey "is as little known now as Cæſar, "ſomebody conquered ſomebody. Such "a poor buſineſs is this boaſted im-"mortality! and ſuch is the thing "called glory among us! To diſcern-"ing men this fame is mere air, and "what they deſpiſe, if not ſhun."

But ſurely "'twere to conſider too "curiouſly," as Horatio ſays to Hamlet, "to conſider thus." For though fame with poſterity ſhould be, in the ſtrict analyſis of it, no other than what it is here deſcribed, a mere unintereſting propoſition, amounting to nothing more than that ſomebody acted meritoriouſly; yet it would not neceſſarily follow, that true philoſophy would baniſh the deſire of it from the human breaſt. For this paſſion may be (as moſt certainly it is) wiſely implanted in our ſpecies, notwithſtanding the correſponding object ſhould in reality be very different from what it appears in imagination. Do not many of our moſt refined and even contemplative pleaſures owe their exiſtence to our miſtakes? It is but extending (I will not ſay, improving) ſome of our ſenſes to a higher degree of acuteneſs than we now poſſeſs them, to make the faireſt views of nature, or the nobleſt productions of art, appear horrid and deformed. To ſee things as they truly and in themſelves are, would not always, perhaps, be of advantage to us in the intellectual world, any more than in the natural. But, after all, who ſhall certainly aſſure us, that the pleaſure of virtuous fame dies with its poſſeſſor, and reaches not to a farther ſcene of exiſtence? There is nothing, it ſhould ſeem, either abſurd or unphiloſophical in ſuppoſing it poſſible at leaſt, that the praiſes of the good and the judicious, that ſweeteſt muſic to an honeſt ear in this world, may be echoed back to the manſions of the next: that the poet's deſcription of fame may be literally true, and though ſhe walks upon earth, ſhe may yet lift her head into heaven.

But can it be reaſonable to extinguiſh a paſſion which nature has univerſally lighted up in the human breaſt, and which we conſtantly find to burn with moſt ſtrength and brightneſs in the nobleſt and beſt formed boſoms? Accordingly revelation is ſo far from endeavouring (as you ſuppoſe) to eradicate the ſeed which nature hath thus deeply planted, that ſhe rather ſeems, on the contrary, to cheriſh and forward its growth. To be *exalted with honour*, and to be *had in everlaſting remembrance*, are in the number of thoſe encouragements which the Jewiſh diſpenſation offered to the virtuous; as the perſon from whom the ſacred author of the Chriſtian ſyſtem received his birth, is herſelf repreſented as rejoicing that *all generations ſhould call her bleſſed.*

To be convinced of the great advantage of cheriſhing this high regard to poſterity, this noble deſire of an afterlife in the breath of others, one need only look back upon the hiſtory of the ancient Greeks and Romans. What other principle was it, which produced that exalted ſtrain of virtue in thoſe days, that may well ſerve as a model to theſe? Was it not the *conſentiens laus bonorum*, the *incorrupta vox bene judicantium* (as Tully calls it) the concurrent approbation of the good, the uncorrupted applauſe of the wiſe, that animated their moſt generous purſuits?

To confeſs the truth, I have been ever inclined to think it a very dangerous attempt, to endeavour to leſſen the motives of right conduct, or to raiſe any ſuſpicion concerning their ſolidity. The tempers and diſpoſitions of man-

kind are ſo extremely different, that it ſeems neceſſary they ſhould be called into action by a variety of incitements. Thus, while ſome are willing to wed virtue for her perſonal charms, others are engaged to take her for the ſake of her expected dowry: and ſince her followers and admirers have ſo little hopes from her in preſent, it were pity, methinks, to reaſon them out of any imagined advantage in reverſion.

Fitzoſborne's Letters.

§ 52. *Diſſimulation to be feared.*

He who would take a cleanly, unſuſpected way to ruin his adverſary, muſt pave the way to his deſtruction with ſome courteſies of a lighter ſort, the ſenſe of which ſhall take him off from his guard, his warineſs, and ſuſpicion, and ſo lay him open to ſuch a blow, as ſhall deſtroy him at once. The ſkilful rider ſtrokes and pleaſes the unruly horſe, only that he may come ſo near him, as to get the bit into his mouth, and then he rides, and rules, and domineers over him at his pleaſure. So he who hates his enemy with a cunning equal to his malice, will not ſtrain to do this or that good turn for him, ſo long as it does not thwart, but rather promote the main deſign of his utter ſubverſion. For all this is but like the helping a man over the ſtile, who is going to be hanged, which ſurely is no very great or difficult piece of civility.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, we read of one whom the grandees of the court procured to be made ſecretary of ſtate, only to break his back in the buſineſs of the Queen of Scots, whoſe death they were then projecting. Like true courtiers, they firſt engage him in that fatal ſcene, and then deſert him in it, uſing him only as a tool to do a preſent ſtate job, and then to be reproached and ruined for what he had done. And a little obſervation of the world may ſhew us, there is not only a courſe of beheading or hanging, but alſo of preferring men out of the way. But this is not to love an enemy, but to hate him more artificially. He is ruined more ſpeciouſly indeed, but not leſs efficaciouſly, than if he been laid faſt in a dungeon, or baniſhed his country, or by a packed jury diſpatched into another world. *South's Sermons.*

§ 53. *Enthuſiaſm.*

Though I rejoice in the hope of ſeeing enthuſiaſm expelled from her religious dominions, let me intreat you to leave her in the undiſturbed enjoyment of her civil poſſeſſions. To own the truth, I look upon enthuſiaſm, in all other points but that of religion, to be a very neceſſary turn of mind; as indeed it is a vein which nature ſeems to have marked with more or leſs ſtrength in the tempers of moſt men. No matter what the object is, whether buſineſs, pleaſures, or the fine arts; whoever purſues them to any purpoſe muſt do ſo *con amore*: and inamoratos, you know, of every kind, are all enthuſiaſts. There is indeed a certain heightening faculty which univerſally prevails through our ſpecies; and we are all of us, perhaps, in our ſeveral favourite purſuits, pretty much in the circumſtances of the renowned knight of La Mancha, when he attacked the barber's brazen baſon, for Mambrino's golden helmet.

What is Tully's *aliquid immenſum infinitumque*, which he profeſſes to aſpire after in oratory, but a piece of true rhetorical Quixotiſm? Yet never, I will venture to affirm, would he have glowed with ſo much eloquence, had he been warmed with leſs enthuſiaſm. I am perſuaded indeed, that nothing great or glorious was ever performed, where this quality had not a principal concern; and as our paſſions add vigour to our actions, enthuſiaſm gives ſpirit to our paſſions. I might add too, that it even opens and enlarges our capacities. Accordingly I have been informed, that one of the great lights of the preſent age never ſits down to ſtudy, till he has raiſed his imagination by the power of muſic. For this purpoſe he has a band of inſtruments placed near his library, which play till he finds himſelf elevated to a proper height; upon which he gives a ſignal, and they inſtantly ceaſe.

But

But thoſe high conceits which are ſuggeſted by enthuſiaſm, contribute not only to the pleaſure and perfection of the fine arts, but to moſt other effects of our action and induſtry. To ſtrike this ſpirit therefore out of the human conſtitution, to reduce things to their preciſe philoſophical ſtandard, would be to check ſome of the main wheels of ſociety, and to fix half the world in an uſeleſs apathy. For if enthuſiaſm did not add an imaginary value to moſt of the objects of our purſuit; if fancy did not give them their brighteſt colours, they would generally, perhaps, wear an appearance too contemptible to excite deſire:

Weary'd we ſhould lie down in death,
This cheat of life would take no more,
If you thought fame an empty breath,
I Phillis but a perjur'd whore. PRIOR.

In a word, this enthuſiaſm for which I am pleading, is a beneficent enchantreſs, who never exerts her magic but to our advantage, and only deals about her friendly ſpells in order to raiſe imaginary beauties, or to improve real ones. The worſt that can be ſaid of her is, that ſhe is a kind deceiver and an obliging flatterer. *Fitzoſborne's Lett.*

§ 54. *Free-thinking, the various Abuſes committed by the Vulgar in this Point.*

The publication of lord Bolingbroke's poſthumous works has given new life and ſpirit to free-thinking. We ſeem at preſent to be endeavouring to unlearn our cathechiſm, with all that we have been taught about religion, in order to model our faith to the faſhion of his lordſhip's ſyſtem. We have now nothing to do, but to throw away our bibles, turn the churches into theatres, and rejoice that an act of parliament now in force gives us an opportunity of getting rid of the clergy by tranſportation. I was in hopes the extraordinary price of theſe volumes would have confined their influence to perſons of quality. As they are placed above extreme indigence and abſolute want of bread, their looſe notions would have carried them no farther than cheating at cards, or perhaps plundering their country: but if theſe opinions ſpread among the vulgar, we ſhall be knocked down at noon-day in our ſtreets, and nothing will go forward but robberies and murders.

The inſtances I have lately ſeen of free-thinking in the lower part of the world, make me fear, they are going to be as faſhionable and as wicked as their betters. I went the other night to the Robin Hood, where it is uſual for the advocates againſt religion to aſſemble, and openly avow their infidelity. One of the queſtions for the night was, "Whether lord Bolingbroke had not done greater ſervice to mankind by his writings, than the apoſtles or evangeliſts?" As this ſociety is chiefly compoſed of lawyers clerks, petty tradeſmen, and the loweſt mechanics, I was at firſt ſurprized at ſuch amazing erudition among them. Toland, Tindal, Collins, Chubb, and Mandeville, they ſeemed to have got by heart. A ſhoe-maker harangued his five minutes upon the excellence of the tenets maintained by lord Bolingbroke; but I ſoon found that his reading had not been extended beyond the idea of a patriot king, which he had miſtaken for a glorious ſyſtem of free-thinking. I could not help ſmiling at another of the company, who took pains to ſhew his diſbelief of the goſpel, by unſainting the apoſtles, and calling them by no other title than plain Paul or plain Peter. The proceedings of this ſociety have indeed almoſt induced me to wiſh that (like the Roman Catholics) they were not permitted to read the bible, rather than they ſhould read it only to abuſe it.

I have frequently heard many wiſe tradeſmen ſettling the moſt important articles of our faith over a pint of beer. A baker took occaſion from Canning's affair to maintain, in oppoſition to the ſcriptures, that man might live by bread alone, at leaſt that woman might; "for elſe," ſaid he, "how "could the girl have been ſupported "for a whole month by a few hard "cruſts?" In anſwer to this, a barber-ſurgeon ſet forth the improbability of that ſtory; and thence inferred, that it was impoſſible for our Saviour to have faſted

forty days in the wilderneſs. I lately heard a midſhipman ſwear that the bible was all a lie: for he had ſailed round the world with lord Anſon, and if there had been any Red Sea, he muſt have met with it. I know a bricklayer, who while he was working by line and rule, and carefully laying one brick upon another, would argue with a fellow-labourer that the world was made by chance; and a cook, who thought more of his trade than his bible, in a diſpute concerning the miracles, made a pleaſant miſtake about the nature of the firſt, and gravely aſked his antagoniſt what he thought of the ſupper at Çana.

This affectation of free-thinking among the lower claſs of people, is at preſent happily confined to the men. On Sundays, while the huſbands are toping at the ale-houſe, the good women their wives think it their duty to go to church, ſay their prayers, bring home the text, and hear the children their catechiſm. But our polite ladies are, I fear, in their lives and converſations, little better than free-thinkers. Going to church, ſince it is now no longer the faſhion to carry on intrigues there, is almoſt wholly laid aſide: And I verily believe, that nothing but another eathquake can fill the churches with people of quality. The fair ſex in general are too thoughtleſs to concern themſelves in deep enquiries into matters of religion. It is ſufficient, that they are taught to believe themſelves angels. It would therefore be an ill compliment, while we talk of the heaven they beſtow, to perſuade them into the Mahometan notion, that they have no ſouls: though perhaps our fine gentlemen may imagine, that by convincing a lady that ſhe has no ſoul, ſhe will be leſs ſcrupulous about the diſpoſal of her body.

The ridiculous notions maintained by free-thinkers in their writings, ſcarce deſerve a ſerious refutation; and perhaps the beſt method of anſwering them would be to ſelect from their works all the abſurd and impracticable notions which they ſo ſtiffly maintain in order to evade the belief of the Chriſtian religion. I ſhall here throw together a few of their principal tenets, under the contradictory title of

The Unbeliever's Creed.

I believe that there is no God, but that matter is God, and God is matter; and that it is no matter whether there is any God or no.

I believe alſo, that the world was not made; that the world made itſelf; that it had no beginning; that it will laſt for ever, world without end.

I believe that a man is a beaſt, that the ſoul is the body, and the body is the ſoul; and that after death there is neither body nor ſoul.

I believe that there is no religion; that natural religion is the only religion; and that all religion is unnatural.

I believe not in Moſes; I believe in the firſt philoſophy; I believe not the evangeliſts; I believe in Chubb, Collins, Toland, Tindal, Morgan, Mandeville, Woolſton, Hobbes, Shafteſbury; I believe in lord Bolingbroke; I believe not St. Paul.

I believe not revelation; I believe in tradition; I believe in the talmud; I believe in the alcoran; I believe not the bible; I believe in Socrates; I believe in Confucius; I believe in Sanconiathon; I believe in Mahomet; I believe not in Chriſt.

Laſtly, I believe in all unbelief.

Connoiſſeur.

§ 55. *Fortune not to be truſted.*

The ſudden invaſion of an enemy overthrows ſuch as are not on their guard; but they who foreſee the war, and prepare themſelves for it before it breaks out, ſtand without difficulty the firſt and the fierceſt onſet. I learned this important leſſon long ago, and never truſted to fortune even while ſhe ſeemed to be at peace with me. The riches, the honours, the reputation, and all the advantages which her treacherous indulgence poured upon me, I placed ſo, that ſhe might ſnatch them away without giving me any diſturbance. I kept a great interval between me and them. She took them, but ſhe could not tear them from me. No man ſuffers

fers by bad fortune, but he who has been deceived by good. If we grow fond of her gifts, fancy that they belong to us, and are perpetually to remain with us; if we lean upon them, and expect to be considered for them; we ſhall ſink into all the bitterneſs of grief, as ſoon as theſe falſe and tranſitory benefits paſs away, as ſoon as our vain and childiſh minds, unfraught with ſolid pleaſures, become deſtitute even of thoſe which are imaginary. But, if we do not ſuffer ourſelves to be tranſported with proſperity, neither ſhall we be reduced by adverſity. Our ſouls will be proof againſt the dangers of both theſe ſtates: and having explored our ſtrength, we ſhall be ſure of it; for in the midſt of felicity, we ſhall have tried how we can bear misfortune.

Her Evils diſarmed by Patience.

Baniſhment, with all its train of evils, is ſo far from being the cauſe of contempt, that he who bears up with an undaunted ſpirit againſt them, while ſo many are dejected by them, erects on his very misfortune a trophy to his honour: for ſuch is the frame and temper of our minds, that nothing ſtrikes us with greater admiration than a man intrepid in the midſt of misfortunes. Of all ignominies, an ignominious death muſt be allowed to be the greateſt; and yet where is the blaſphemer who will preſume to defame the death of Socrates? This ſaint entered the priſon with the ſame countenance with which he reduced thirty tyrants, and he took off ignominy from the place; for how could it be deemed a priſon when Socrates was there? Ariſtides was led to execution in the ſame city; all thoſe who met the ſad proceſſion, caſt their eyes to the ground, and with throbbing hearts bewailed, not the innocent man, but Juſtice herſelf, who was in him condemned. Yet there was a wretch found, for monſters are ſometimes produced in contradiction to the ordinary rules of nature, who ſpit in his face as he paſſed along. Ariſtides wiped his cheek, ſmiled, turned to the magiſtrate, and ſaid, "Admoniſh this "man not to be ſo naſty for the fu"ture."

Ignominy then can take no hold on virtue; for virtue is in every condition the ſame, and challenges the ſame reſpect. We applaud the world when ſhe proſpers; and when ſhe falls into adverſity we applaud her. Like the temples of the gods, ſhe is venerable even in her ruins. After this, muſt it not appear a degree of madneſs to defer one moment acquiring the only arms capable of defending us againſt attacks, which at every moment we are expoſed to? Our being miſerable, or not miſerable, when we fall into misfortunes, depends on the manner in which we have enjoyed proſperity. *Bolingbroke.*

§ 56. *Delicacy, conſtitutional, and often dangerous.*

Some people are ſubject to a certain delicacy of paſſion, which makes them extremely ſenſible to all the accidents of life, and gives them a lively joy upon every proſperous event, as well as a piercing grief, when they meet with croſſes and adverſity. Favours and good offices eaſily engage their friendſhip, while the ſmalleſt injury provokes their reſentment. Any honour or mark of diſtinction elevates them above meaſure; but they are as ſenſibly touched with contempt. People of this character have, no doubt, much more lively enjoyments, as well as more pungent ſorrows, than men of cool and ſedate tempers: but I believe, when every thing is ballanced, there is no one, who would not rather chuſe to be of the latter character, were he entirely maſter of his own diſpoſition. Good or ill fortune is very little at our own diſpoſal: and when a perſon who has this ſenſibility of temper meets with any misfortune, his ſorrow or reſentment takes entire poſſeſſion of him, and deprives him of all reliſh in the common occurrences of life, the right enjoyment of which forms the greateſt part of our happineſs. Great pleaſures are much leſs frequent than great pains; ſo that a ſenſible temper cannot meet with fewer trials in the former way than in the latter: not to mention, that men of ſuch lively paſſions are apt to be tranſported beyond all bounds of prudence and diſcretion, and to take

falſe

falſe ſteps in the conduct of life, which are often irretrievable.

Delicacy of Taſte deſirable.

There is a delicacy of taſte obſervable in ſome men, which very much reſembles this delicacy of paſſion, and produces the ſame ſenſibility to beauty and deformity of every kind, as that does to proſperity and adverſity, obligations and injuries. When you preſent a poem or a picture to a man poſſeſſed of this talent, the delicacy of his feelings makes him to be touched very ſenſibly with every part of it; nor are the maſterly ſtrokes perceived with more exquiſite reliſh and ſatisfaction, than the negligences or abſurdities with diſguſt and uneaſineſs. A polite and judicious converſation affords him the higheſt entertainment; rudeneſs or impertinence is as great a puniſhment to him. In ſhort, delicacy of taſte has the ſame effect as delicacy of paſſion: it enlarges the ſphere both of our happineſs and miſery, and makes us ſenſible to pains as well as pleaſures which eſcape the reſt of mankind.

I believe, however, there is no one, who will not agree with me, that, notwithſtanding this reſemblance, a delicacy of taſte is as much to be deſired and cultivated as a delicacy of paſſion is to be lamented, and to be remedied if poſſible. The good or ill accidents of life are very little at our diſpoſal; but we are pretty much maſters what books we ſhall read, what diverſions we ſhall partake of, and what company we ſhall keep. Philoſophers have endeavoured to render happineſs entirely independent of every thing external that is impoſſible to be attained: but every wiſe man will endeavour to place his happineſs on ſuch objects as depend moſt upon himſelf; and that is not to be attained ſo much by any other means, as by this delicacy of ſentiment. When a man is poſſeſſed of that talent, he is more happy by what pleaſes his taſte, than by what gratifies his appetites; and receives more enjoyment from a poem or a piece of reaſoning, than the moſt expenſive luxury can afford.

That it teaches us to ſelect our Company.

Delicacy of taſte is favourable to love and friendſhip, by confining our choice to few people, and making us indifferent to the company and converſation of the greateſt part of men. You will very ſeldom find that mere men of the world, whatever ſtrong ſenſe they may be endowed with, are very nice in diſtinguiſhing of characters, or in marking thoſe inſenſible differences and gradations which make one man preferable to another. Any one that has competent ſenſe, is ſufficient for their entertainment: they talk to him of their pleaſures and affairs with the ſame frankneſs as they would to any other; and finding many who are fit to ſupply his place, they never feel any vacancy or want in his abſence. But, to make uſe of the alluſion of a famous French author, the judgment may be compared to a clock or watch, where the moſt ordinary machine is ſufficient to tell the hours; but the moſt elaborate and artificial can only point the minutes and ſeconds, and diſtinguiſh the ſmalleſt differences of time. One who has well digeſted his knowledge both of books and men, has little enjoyment but in the company of a few ſelect companions. He feels too ſenſibly how much all the reſt of mankind fall ſhort of the notions which he has entertained; and his affections being thus confined within a narrow circle, no wonder he carries them farther than if they were more general and undiſtinguiſhed. The gaiety and frolic of a bottle-companion improves with him into a ſolid friendſhip; and the ardours of a youthful appetite into an elegant paſſion.

Hume's Eſſays.

§ 57. *Detraction a deteſtable Vice.*

It has been remarked, that men are generally kind in proportion as they are happy; and it is ſaid, even of the devil, that he is good-humoured when he is pleaſed. Every act, therefore, by which another is injured, from whatever motive, contracts more guilt, and expreſſes greater malignity, if it is committed in thoſe ſeaſons which are ſet apart to pleaſantry and good-humour,

and

and brightened with enjoyments peculiar to rational and ſocial beings.

Detraction is among thoſe vices which the moſt languid virtue has ſufficient force to prevent; becauſe by detraction that is not gained which is taken away. "He who filches from me my good name," ſays Shakeſpeare, "enriches not himſelf, but makes me poor indeed." As nothing therefore degrades human nature more than detraction, nothing more diſgraces converſation. The detractor, as he is the loweſt moral character, reflects greater diſhonour upon his company, than the hangman; and he whoſe diſpoſition is a ſcandal to his ſpecies, ſhould be more diligently avoided, than he who is ſcandalous only by his offence.

But for this practice, however vile, ſome have dared to apologize, by contending the report, by which they injured an abſent character, was true: this, however, amounts to no more than that they have not complicated malice with fallhood, and that there is ſome difference between detraction and ſlander. To relate all the ill that is true of the beſt man in the world, would probably render him the object of ſuſpicion and diſtruſt; and was this practice univerſal, mutual confidence and eſteem, the comforts of ſociety, and the endearments of friendſhip, would be at an end.

There is ſomething unſpeakably more hateful in thoſe ſpecies of villainy by which the law is evaded, than thoſe by which it is violated and defiled. Courage has ſometimes preſerved rapacity from abhorrence, as beauty has been thought to apologize for proſtitution; but the injuſtice of cowardice is univerſally abborred, and, like the lewdneſs of deformity, has no advocate. Thus hateful are the wretches who detract with caution, and while they perpetrate the wrong, are ſolicitous to avoid the reproach. They do not ſay, that Chloe forfeited her honour to Lyſander; but they ſay, that ſuch a report has been ſpread, they know not how true. Thoſe who propagate theſe reports, frequently invent them; and it is no breach of charity to ſuppoſe this to be always the caſe; becauſe no man who ſpreads detraction would have ſcrupled to produce it: and he who ſhould diffuſe poiſon in a brook, would ſcarce be acquitted of a malicious deſign, though he ſhould alledge, that he received it of another who is doing the ſame elſewhere.

Whatever is incompatible with the higheſt dignity of our nature, ſhould indeed be excluded from our converſation: as companions, not only that which we owe to ourſelves but to others, is required of us; and they who can indulge any vice in the preſence of each other, are become obdurate in guilt, and inſenſible to infamy. *Rambler.*

§ 58. *Learning ſhould be ſometimes applied to cultivate our Morals.*

Envy, curioſity, and our ſenſe of the imperfection of our preſent ſtate, inclines us always to eſtimate the advantages which are in the poſſeſſion of others above their real value. Every one muſt have remarked what powers and prerogatives the vulgar imagine to be conferred by learning. A man of ſcience is expected to excel the unlettered and unenlightened, even on occaſions where literature is of no uſe, and among weak minds loſes part of his reverence by diſcovering no ſuperiority in thoſe parts of life, in which all are unavoidably equal; as when a monarch makes a progreſs to the remoter provinces, the ruſticks are ſaid ſometimes to wonder that they find him of the ſame ſize with themſelves.

Theſe demands of prejudice and folly can never be ſatisfied, and therefore many of the imputations which learning ſuffers from diſappointed ignorance, are without reproach. Yet it cannot be denied, that there are ſome failures to which men of ſtudy are peculiarly expoſed. Every condition has its diſadvantages. The circle of knowledge is too wide for the moſt active and diligent intellect, and while ſcience is purſued with ardour, other accompliſhments of equal uſe are neceſſarily neglected; as a ſmall garriſon muſt leave one part of an extenſive fortreſs naked, when an alarm calls them to another.

The learned, however, might generally ſupport their dignity with more ſucceſs,

ſucceſs, if they ſuffered not themſelves to be miſled by ſuperfluous attainments of qualification which few can underſtand or value, and by ſkill which they may ſink into the grave without any conſpicuous opportunities of exerting. Raphael, in return to Adam's enquiries into the courſes of the ſtars and the revolutions of heaven, counſels him to withdraw his mind from idle ſpeculations, and inſtead of watching motions which he has no power to regulate, to employ his faculties upon nearer and more intereſting objects, the ſurvey of his own life, the ſubjection of his paſſions, the knowledge of duties which muſt daily be performed, and the detection of dangers which muſt daily be incurred.

This angelic counſel every man of letters ſhould always have before him. He that devotes himſelf wholly to retired ſtudy, naturally ſinks from omiſſion to forgetfulneſs of ſocial duties, and from which he muſt be ſometimes awakened, and recalled to the general condition of mankind. *Rambler.*

Its Progreſs.

It had been obſerved by the ancients, That all the arts and ſciences aroſe among free nations; and that the Perſians and Egyptians, notwithſtanding all their eaſe, opulence, and luxury, made but faint efforts towards thoſe finer pleaſures, which were carried to ſuch perfection by the Greeks, amidſt continual wars, attended with poverty, and the greateſt ſimplicity of life and manners. It had alſo been obſerved, that as ſoon as the Greeks loſt their liberty, though they encreaſed mightily in riches, by the means of the conqueſts of Alexander; yet the arts, from that moment, declined among them, and have never ſince been able to raiſe their head in that climate. Learning was tranſplanted to Rome, the only free nation at that time in the univerſe; and having met with ſo favourable a ſoil, it made prodigious ſhoots for above a century; 'till the decay of liberty produced alſo a decay of letters, and ſpread a total barbariſm over the world. From theſe two experiments, of which each was double in its kind, and ſhewed the fall of learning in deſpotic governments, as well as its riſe in popular ones, Longinus thought himſelf ſufficiently juſtified in aſſerting, that the arts and ſciences could never flouriſh but in a free government: and in this opinion he has been followed by ſeveral eminent writers in our country, who either confined their view merely to ancient facts, or entertained too great a partiality in favour of that form of government which is eſtabliſhed amongſt us.

But what would theſe writers have ſaid to the inſtances of modern Rome and Florence? Of which the former carried to perfection all the finer arts of ſculpture, painting, and muſic, as well as poetry, though they groaned under ſlavery, and under the ſlavery of prieſts: while the latter made the greateſt progreſs in the arts and ſciences, after they began to loſe their liberty by the uſurpations of the family of Medicis. Arioſto, Taſſo, Galilæo, no more than Raphael and Michael Angelo, were not born in republics. And though the Lombard ſchool was famous as well as the Roman, yet the Venetians have had the ſmalleſt ſhare in its honours, and ſeem rather inferior to the Italians in their genius for the arts and ſciences. Rubens eſtabliſhed his ſchool at Antwerp, not at Amſterdam; Dreſden, not Hamburgh, is the centre of politeneſs in Germany.

But the moſt eminent inſtance of the flouriſhing ſtate of learning in deſpotic governments, is that of France, which ſcarce ever enjoyed an eſtabliſhed liberty, and yet has carried the arts and ſciences as near perfection as any other nation. The Engliſh are, perhaps, better philoſophers; the Italians better painters and muſicians; the Romans were better orators; but the French are the only people, except the Greeks, who have been at once philoſophers, poets, orators, hiſtorians, painters, architects, ſculptors, and muſicians. With regard to the ſtage, they have excelled even the Greeks, who have far excelled the Engliſh; and in common life, they have in a great meaſure perfected that art, the moſt uſeful and agreeable of any, *l'art de vivre*, the art of ſociety and converſation.

If

If we conſider the ſtate of ſciences and polite arts in our country, Horace's obſervation with regard to the Romans, may, in a great meaſure, be applied to the Britiſh,

ſed in longum tamen ævum
Manſerunt, hodieque manent veſtigia ruris.

The elegance and propriety of ſtile have been very much neglected among us. We have no dictionary of our language, and ſcarce a tolerable grammar. The firſt polite proſe we have, was wrote by a man who is ſtill alive. As to Sprat, Locke, and even Temple, they knew too little of the rules of art to be eſteemed very elegant writers. The proſe of Bacon, Harrington, and Milton, is altogether ſtiff and pedantic; though their ſenſe be excellent. Men, in this country, have been ſo much occupied in the great diſputes of religion, politics, and philoſophy, that they had no reliſh for the minute obſervations of grammar and criticiſm. And though this turn of thinking muſt have conſiderably improved our ſenſe and our talent of reaſoning beyond thoſe of other nations, it muſt be confeſt, that even in thoſe ſciences above mentioned, we have not any ſtandard book which we can tranſmit to poſterity: and the utmoſt we have to boaſt of, are a few eſſays towards a more juſt philoſophy; which, indeed, promiſe very much, but have not, as yet, reached any degree of perfection.

Uſeleſs without Taſte.

A man may know exactly all the circles and ellipſes of the Copernican ſyſtem, and all the irregular ſpirals of the Ptolemaic, without perceiving that the former is more beautiful than the latter. Euclid has very fully explained every quality of the circle, but has not, in any propoſition, ſaid a word of its beauty. The reaſon is evident. Beauty is not a quality of the circle. It lies not in any part of the line, whoſe parts are all equally diſtant from a common centre. It is only the effect which that figure operates upon the mind, whoſe particular fabric or ſtructure renders it ſuſceptible of ſuch ſentiments. In vain would you look for it in the circle, or ſeek it, either by your ſenſes, or by mathematical reaſonings, in all the properties of that figure.

The mathematician, who took no other pleaſure in reading Virgil but that of examining Æneas's voyage by the map, might underſtand perfectly the meaning of every Latin word employed by that divine author, and conſequently might have a diſtinct idea of the whole narration; he would even have a more diſtinct idea of it, than they could have who had not ſtudied ſo exactly the geography of the poem. He knew, therefore, every thing in the poem. But he was ignorant of its beauty; becauſe the beauty, properly ſpeaking, lies not in the poem, but the ſentiment or taſte of the reader. And where a man has no ſuch delicacy of temper as to make him feel this ſentiment, he muſt be ignorant of the beauty, though poſſeſſed of the ſcience and underſtanding of an angel.

Hume's Eſſays.

Its Obſtructions.

So many hindrances may obſtruct the acquiſition of knowledge, that there is little reaſon for wondering that it is in a few hands. To the greater part of mankind the duties of life are inconſiſtent with much ſtudy, and the hours which they would ſpend upon letters muſt be ſtolen from their occupations and their families. Many ſuffer themſelves to be lured by more ſprightly and luxurious pleaſures from the ſhades of contemplation, where they find ſeldom more than a calm delight, ſuch as, though greater than all others, if its certainty and its duration be reckoned with its power of gratification, is yet eaſily quitted for ſome extemporary joy, which the preſent moment offers, and another perhaps will put out of reach.

It is the great excellence of learning that it borrows very little from time or place; it is not confined to ſeaſon or to climate, to cities or to the country, but may be cultivated and enjoyed where no other pleaſure can be obtained. But this quality, which conſtitutes much of its value, is one occaſion of neglect; what may be done at all times with equal propriety, is deferred from day to day, till the mind is gradually recon-

ciled to the omiſſion, and the attention is turned to other objects. Thus habitual idleneſs gains too much power to be conquered, and the ſoul ſhrinks from the idea of intellectual labour and intenſeneſs of meditation.

That thoſe who profeſs to advance learning ſometimes obſtruct it, cannot be denied; the continual multiplication of books not only diſtracts choice, but diſappoints enquiry. To him that has moderately ſtored his mind with images, few writers afford any novelty; or what little they have to add to the common ſtock of learning is ſo buried in the maſs of general notions, that, like ſilver mingled with the ore of lead, it is too little to pay for the labour of ſeparation; and he that has often been deceived by the promiſe of a title, at laſt grows wearv of examining, and is temped to conſider all as equally fallacious. *Idler.*

§ 59. *Mankind, a Portrait of.*

Vanity bids all her ſons to be generous and brave,——and her daughters to be chaſte and courteous.—— But why do we want her inſtructions?——Aſk the comedian who is taught a part he feels not.——

Is it that the principles of religion want ſtrength, or that the real paſſion for what is good and worthy will not carry us high enough?——God! thou knoweſt they carry us too high——we want not *to be*——but *to ſeem*.—

Look out of your door,—take notice of that man: ſee what diſquieting, intriguing, and ſhifting, he is content to go through, merely to be thought a man of plain dealing:——three grains of honeſty would ſave him all this trouble:——alas! he has them not.——

Behold a ſecond, under a ſhew of piety hiding the impurities of a debauched life:——he is juſt entering the houſe of God:——would he was more pure—or leſs pious!—but then he could not gain his point.

Obſerve a third going almoſt in the ſame track, with what an inflexible ſanctity of deportment he ſuſtains himſelf as he advances!—every line in his face writes abſtinence;——every ſtride looks like a check upon his deſires: ſee, I beſeech you, how he is cloak'd up with ſermons, prayers, and ſacraments; and ſo bemuffled with the externals of religion, that he has not a hand to ſpare for a worldly purpoſe;—he has armour at leaſt.—Why does he put it on? Is there no ſerving God without all this? Muſt the garb of religion be extended ſo wide to the danger of it's rending? Yes, truly, or it will not hide the ſecret ——and, What is that?

——That the ſaint has no religion at all.

——But here comes GENEROSITY; giving—not to a decayed artiſt—but to the arts and ſciences themſelves.—See,—he *builds not a chamber in the wall apart for the prophets*; but whole ſchools and colleges for thoſe who come after. LORD! how they will magnify his name!——'tis in capitals already; the firſt—the higheſt, in the gilded rent-roll of every hoſpital and aſylum——

——One honeſt tear ſhed in private over the unfortunate, is worth it all.

What a problematic ſet of creatures does ſimulation make us! Who would divine that all the anxiety and concern ſo viſible in the airs of one half of that great aſſembly ſhould ariſe from nothing elſe, but that the other half of it may think them to be men of conſequence, penetration, parts, and conduct?—What a noiſe amongſt the claimants about it? Behold humility, out of mere pride—and honeſty almoſt out of knavery:—Chaſtity, never once in harm's way;——and courage, like a Spaniſh ſoldier upon an Italian ſtage—a bladder full of wind.—

——Hark! that, the ſound of that trumpet,——let not my ſoldier run, ——'tis ſome good Chriſtian giving alms. O PITY, thou gentleſt of human paſſions! ſoft and tender are thy notes, and ill accord they with ſo loud an inſtrument. *Sterne's Sermons.*

§ 60. *Manors; their Origin, Nature, and Services.*

Manors are in ſubſtance as ancient as the Saxon conſtitution, though perhaps differing a little, in ſome immaterial circumſtances, from thoſe that exiſt at this

this day; juſt as was obſerved of feuds, that they were partly known to our anceſtors, even before the Norman conqueſt. A manor, *manerium, à manendo*, becauſe the uſual reſidence of the owner, ſeems to have been a diſtrict of ground, held by lords or great perſonages; who kept in their own hands ſo much land as was neceſſary for the uſe of their families, which were called *terræ dominicales*, or demeſne lands; being occupied by the lord, or *dominus manerii*, and his ſervants. The other tenemental lands they diſtributed among their tenants; which from the different modes of tenure were called and diſtinguiſhed by two different names. Firſt, book land, or charter land, which was held by deed under certain rents and free-ſervices, and in effect differed nothing from free ſocage lands: and from hence have ariſen all the free-hold tenants which hold of particular manors, and owe ſuit and ſervice to the ſame. The other ſpecies was called folk land, which was held by no aſſurance in writing, but diſtributed among the common folk or people at the pleaſure of the lord, and reſumed at his diſcretion; being indeed land held in villenage, which we ſhall preſently deſcribe more at large. The reſidue of the manor, being uncultivated, was termed the lord's waſte, and ſerved for public roads, and for common of paſture to the lord and his tenants. Manors were formerly called baronies, as they ſtill are lordſhips: and each lord or baron was empowered to hold a domeſtic court, called the court-baron, for redreſſing miſdemeanors and nuiſances within the manor, and for ſettling diſputes of property among the tenants. This court is an inſeparable ingredient of every manor; and if the number of ſuitors ſhould ſo fail, as not to leave ſufficient to make a jury or homage, that is, two tenants at the leaſt, the manor itſelf is loſt.

Before the ſtatute of *quia emptores*, 18 Edward I. the king's greater barons, who had a large extent of territory held under the crown, granted out frequently ſmaller manors to inferior perſons to be held of themſelves; which do therefore now continue to be held under a ſuperior lord, who is called in ſuch caſes the lord paramount over all theſe manors: and his ſeigniory is frequently termed an honour, not a manor, eſpecially if it hath belonged to an ancient feodal baron, or hath been at any time in the hands of the crown. In imitation whereof, theſe inferior lords began to carve out and grant to others ſtill more minute eſtates, to be held as of themſelves, and were ſo proceeding downwards *in infinitum*; till the ſuperior lords obſerved, that by this method of ſubinfeudation they loſt all their feodal profits, of wardſhips, marriages, and eſcheats, which fell into the hands of theſe meſne or middle lords, who were the immediate ſuperiors of the *tenant*, or him who occupied the land. This occaſioned the ſtatute of Weſtm. 3. or *quia emptores*, 18 Edw. I. to be made; which directs, that upon all ſales or feoffments of land, the feoffee ſhall hold the ſame, not of his immediate feoffer, but of the chief lord of the fee, of whom ſuch feoffer himſelf held it. And from hence it is held, that all manors exiſting at this day muſt have exiſted by immemorial preſcription; or at leaſt ever ſince the 18th Edw. I. when the ſtatute of *quia emptores* was made. For no new manor can have been created ſince that ſtatute: becauſe it is eſſential to a manor, that there be tenants who hold of the lord, and that ſtatute enacts, that for the future no ſubject ſhall create any new tenants to hold of himſelf.

Now with regard to the folk land, or eſtates held in villenage, this was a ſpecies of tenure neither ſtrictly feodal, Norman, or Saxon; but mixed and compounded of them all: and which alſo, on account of the heriots that attend it, may ſeem to have ſomewhat Daniſh in its compoſition. Under the Saxon government there were, as Sir William Temple ſpeaks, a ſort of people in a condition of downright ſervitude, uſed and employed in the moſt ſervile works, and belonging, both they, their children, and effects, to the lord of the ſoil, like the reſt of the cattle or ſtock upon it. Theſe ſeem to have been thoſe who held what was called the folk land, from which they

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were removeable at the lord's pleaſure. On the arrival of the Normans here, it ſeems not improbable, that they, who were ſtrangers to any other than a feodal ſtate, might give ſome ſparks of enfranchiſement to ſuch wretched perſons as fell to their ſhare, by admitting them, as well as others, to the oath of fealty; which conferred a right of protection, and raiſed the tenant to a kind of eſtate ſuperior to downright ſlavery, but inferior to every other condition. This they called villenage, and the tenants villeins, either from the word *vilis*, or elſe, as Sir Edward Coke tells us, *à villa*; becauſe they lived chiefly in villages, and were employed in ruſtic works of the moſt ſordid kind: like the Spartan *helotes*, to whom alone the culture of the lands was conſigned; their rugged maſters, like our northern anceſtors, eſteeming war the only honourable employment of mankind.

Theſe villeins, belonging principally to lords of manors, were either villeins *regardant*, that is, annexed to the manor or land; or elſe they were *in groſs*, or at large, that is, annexed to the perſon of the lord, and transferrable by deed from one owner to another. They could not leave their lord without his permiſſion; but if they ran away, or were purloined from him, might be claimed and recovered by action, like beaſts or other chattels. They held indeed ſmall portions of land by way of ſuſtaining themſelves and families; but it was at the mere will of the lord, who might diſpoſſeſs them whenever he pleaſed; and it was upon villein ſervices, that is, to carry out dung, to hedge and ditch the lord's demeſnes, and any other the meaneſt offices: and theſe ſervices were not only baſe, but uncertain both as to their time and quantity. A villein, in ſhort, was in much the ſame ſtate with us, as lord Moleſworth deſcribes to be that of the boors in Denmark, and Stiernhook attributes alſo to the *traals* or ſlaves in Sweden; which confirms the probability of their being in ſome degree monuments of the Daniſh tyranny. A villein could acquire no property either in lands or goods; but, if he purchaſed either, the lord might enter upon them, ouſt the villein, and ſeize them to his own uſe, unleſs he contrived to diſpoſe of them again before the lord had ſeized them; for the lord had then loſt his opportunity.

In many places alſo a fine was payable to the lord, if the villein preſumed to marry his daughter to any one without leave from the lord: and, by the common law, the lord might alſo bring an action againſt the huſband for damages in thus purloining his property. For the children of villeins were alſo in the ſame ſtate of bondage with their parents; whence they were called in Latin, *nativi*, which gave riſe to the female appellation of a villein, who was called a *neife*. In caſe of a marriage between a freeman and a neife, or a villein and a freewoman, the iſſue followed the condition of the father, being free if he was free, and villein if he was villein; contrary to the maxim of civil law, that *partus ſequitur ventrem*. But no baſtard could be born a villein, becauſe by another maxim of our law he is *nullius filius*; and as he can gain nothing by inheritance, it were hard that he ſhould loſe his natural freedom by it. The law however protected the perſons of villeins, as the king's ſubjects, againſt atrocious injuries of the lord: for he might not kill or maim his villein; though he might beat him with impunity, ſince the villein had no action or remedy at law againſt his lord, but in caſe of the murder of his anceſtor, or the maim of his own perſon. Neifes indeed had alſo an appeal of rape, in caſe the lord violated them by force.

Villeins might be enfranchiſed by manumiſſion, which is either expreſs or implied: expreſs; as where a man granted to the villein a deed of manumiſſion: implied; as where a man bound himſelf in a bond to his villein for a ſum of money, granted him an annuity by deed, or gave him an eſtate in fee, for life, or years: for this was dealing with his villein on the footing of a freeman; it was in ſome of the inſtances giving him an action againſt his lord, and in others veſting an ownerſhip in him entirely inconſiſtent with his former ſtate of bondage. So alſo if the lord brought

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an action againſt his villein, this enfranchiſed him; for, as the lord might have a ſhort remedy againſt his villein, by ſeizing his goods (which was more than equivalent to any damages he could recover) the law, which is always ready to catch at any thing in favour of liberty, preſumed that by bringing this action he meant to ſet his villein on the ſame footing with himſelf, and therefore held it an implied manumiſſion. But, in caſe the lord indicted him for felony, it was otherwiſe; for the lord could not inflict a capital puniſhment on his villein, without calling in the aſſiſtance of the law.

Villeins, by this and many other means, in proceſs of time gained conſiderable ground on their lords; and in particular ſtrengthened the tenure of their eſtates to that degree, that they came to have in them an intereſt in many places full as good, in others better than their lords. For the good-nature and benevolence of many lords of manors having, time out of mind, permitted their villeins and their children to enjoy their poſſeſſions without interruption, in a regular courſe of deſcent, the common law, of which cuſtom is the life, now gave them title to preſcribe againſt the lords; and, on performance of the ſame ſervices, to hold their lands, in ſpite of any determination of the lord's will. For, though in general they are ſtill ſaid to hold their eſtates at the will of the lord, yet it is ſuch a will as is agreeable to the cuſtom of the manor; which cuſtoms are preſerved and evidenced by the rolls of the ſeveral courts baron in which they are entered, or kept on foot by the conſtant immemorial uſage of the ſeveral manors in which the lands lie. And, as ſuch tenants had nothing to ſhew for their eſtates but theſe cuſtoms, and admiſſions in purſuance of them, entered on thoſe rolls, or the copies of ſuch entries witneſſed by the ſteward, they now began to be called 'tenants by copy of court roll,' and their tenure itſelf a copyhold.

Thus copyhold tenures, as Sir Edward Coke obſerves, although very meanly deſcended, yet come of an ancient houſe; for, from what has been premiſed it appears, that copyholders are in truth no other but villeins, who, by a long ſeries of immemorial encroachments on the lord, have at laſt eſtabliſhed a cuſtomary right to thoſe eſtates, which before were held abſolutely at the lord's will. Which affords a very ſubſtantial reaſon for the great variety of cuſtoms that prevail in different manors, with regard both to the deſcent of the eſtates, and the privileges belonging to the tenants. And theſe encroachments grew to be ſo univerſal, that when tenure in villenage was aboliſhed (though copyholds were reſerved) by the ſtatute of Charles II. there was hardly a pure villein left in the nation. For Sir Thomas Smith teſtifies, that in all his time (and he was ſecretary to Edward VI.) he never knew any villein in groſs throughout the realm; and the few villeins regardant that were then remaining were ſuch only as had belonged to biſhops, monaſteries, or other eccleſiaſtical corporations, in the preceding times of popery. For he tells us, that "the holy fathers, monks, and friars, had in their confeſſions, and ſpecially in their extreme and deadly ſickneſs, convinced the laity how dangerous a practice it was, for one Chriſtian man to hold another in bondage: ſo that temporal men by little and little, by reaſon of that terror in their conſciences, were glad to manumit all their villeins. But the ſaid holy fathers, with the abbots and priors, did not in like ſort by theirs; for they alſo had a ſcruple in conſcience to empoveriſh and deſpoil the church ſo much, as to manumit ſuch as were bond to their churches, or to the manors which the church had gotten; and ſo kept their villeins ſtill." By theſe ſeveral means the generality of villeins in the kingdom have long ago ſprouted up into copyholders: their perſons being enfranchiſed by manumiſſion or long acquieſcence; but their eſtates, in ſtrictneſs, remaining ſubject to the ſame ſervile conditions and forfeitures as before; though, in general, the villein ſervices are uſually commuted for a ſmall pecuniary quit-rent.

As a farther conſequence of what has been premiſed, we may collect theſe two main principles, which are held to

be the ſupporters of a copyhold tenure, and without which it cannot exiſt: 1. That the lands be parcel of, and ſituate within, that manor, under which it is held; 2. That they have been demiſed, or demiſeable, by copy of court roll immemorially. For immemorial cuſtom is the life of all tenures by copy: ſo that no new copyhold can, ſtrictly ſpeaking, be granted at this day.

In ſome manors, where the cuſtom hath been to permit the heir to ſucceed the anceſtor in his tenure, the eſtates are ſtyled copyholds of inheritance; in others, where the lords have been more vigilant to maintain their rights, they remain copyholds for life only: for the cuſtom of the manor has in both caſes ſo far ſuperſeded the will of the lord, that, provided the ſervices be performed or ſtipulated for by fealty, he cannot, in the firſt inſtance, refuſe to admit the heir of his tenant upon his death; nor, in the ſecond, can he remove his preſent tenant ſo long as he lives, though he holds nominally by the precarious tenure of his lord's will.

The fruits and appendages of a copyhold tenure, that it hath in common with free tenures, are fealty, ſervices (as well in rents as otherwiſe) reliefs, and eſcheats. The two latter belong only to copyholds of inheritance; the former to thoſe for life alſo. But, beſides theſe, copyholds have alſo heriots, wardſhip, and fines. Heriots, which I think are agreed to be a Daniſh cuſtom, are a render of the beſt beaſt or other good (as the cuſtom may be) to the lord on the death of the tenant. This is plainly a relic of villein tenure; there being originally leſs hardſhip in it, when all the goods and chattels belonged to the lord, and he might have ſeized them even in the villein's lifetime. Theſe are incident to both ſpecies of copyhold; but wardſhip and fines to thoſe of inheritance only. Wardſhip, in copyhold eſtates, partakes both of that in chivalry and that in ſocage. Like that in chivalry, the lord is the legal guardian, who uſually aſſigns ſome relation of the infant tenant to act in his ſtead: and he, like guardian in ſocage, is accountable to his ward for the profits. Of fines, ſome are in the nature of primer ſeiſins, due on the death of each tenant, others are mere fines for alienation of the lands; in ſome manors only one of theſe ſorts can be demanded, in ſome both, and in others neither. They are ſometimes arbitrary and at the will of the lord, ſometimes fixed by cuſtom: but, even when arbitrary, the courts of law, in favour of the liberty of copyholders, have tied them down to be reaſonable in their extent; otherwiſe they might amount to a diſheriſon of the eſtate. No fine therefore is allowed to be taken upon deſcents and alienations (unleſs in particular circumſtances) of more than two years improved value of the eſtate. From this inſtance we may judge of the favourable diſpoſition, that the law of England (which is a law of liberty) hath always ſhewn to this ſpecies of tenants; by removing, as far as poſſible, every real badge of ſlavery from them, however ſome nominal ones may continue. It ſuffered cuſtom very early to get the better of the expreſs terms upon which they held their lands; by declaring, that the will of the lord was to be interpreted by the cuſtom of the manor: and, where no cuſtom has been ſuffered to grow up to the prejudice of the lord, as in this caſe of arbitrary fines, the law itſelf interpoſes in an equitable method, and will not ſuffer the lord to extend his power ſo far as to diſinherit the tenant.

Blackſtone's Commentaries.

§ 61. *Hard Words defended.*

Few faults of ſtyle, whether real or imaginary, excite the malignity of a more numerous claſs of readers, than the uſe of hard words.

If an author be ſuppoſed to involve his thoughts in voluntary obſcurity, and to obſtruct, by unneceſſary difficulties, a mind eager in purſuit of truth; if he writes not to make others learned, but to boaſt the learning which he poſſeſſes himſelf, and wiſhes to be admired rather than underſtood, he counteracts the firſt end of writing, and juſtly ſuffers the utmoſt ſeverity of cenſure, or the more afflictive ſeverity of neglect.

But words are only hard to thoſe who do not underſtand them, and the critic ought

ought always to enquire, whether he is incommoded by the fault of the writer, or by his own.

Every author does not write for every reader; many queſtions are ſuch as the illiterate part of mankind can have neither intereſt nor pleaſure in diſcuſſing, and which therefore it would be an uſeleſs endeavour to level with common minds, by tireſome circumlocutions or laborious explanations; and many ſubjects of general uſe may be treated in a different manner, as the book is intended for the learned or the ignorant. Diffuſion and explication are neceſſary to the inſtruction of thoſe who, being neither able nor accuſtomed to think for themſelves, can learn only what is expreſsly taught; but they who can form parallels, diſcover conſequences, and multiply concluſions, are beſt pleaſed with involution of argument and compreſſion of thought; they deſire only to receive the ſeeds of knowledge which they may branch out by their own power, to have the way to truth pointed out which they can then follow without a guide.

The Guardian directs one of his pupils "to think with the wiſe, but ſpeak with the vulgar." This is a precept ſpecious enough, but not always practicable. Difference of thoughts will produce difference of language. He that thinks with more extent than another will want words of larger meaning; he that thinks with more ſubtilty will ſeek for terms of more nice diſcrimination; and where is the wonder, ſince words are but the images of things, that he who never knew the originals ſhould not know the copies?

Yet vanity inclines us to find faults any where rather than in ourſelves. He that reads and grows wiſer, ſeldom ſuſpects his own deficiency; but complains of hard words and obſcure ſenſentences, and aſks why books are written which cannot be underſtood.

Among the hard words which are no longer to be uſed, it has been long the cuſtom to number terms of art. "Every man (ſays Swift) is more able to explain the ſubject of an art than its profeſſors; a farmer will tell you, in two words, that he has broken his leg; but a ſurgeon, after a long diſcourſe, ſhall leave you as ignorant as you were before." This could only have been ſaid but by ſuch an exact obſerver of life, in gratification of malignity, or in oſtentation of acuteneſs. Every hour produces inſtances of the neceſſity of terms of art. Mankind could never conſpire in uniform affectation; it is not but by neceſſity that every ſcience and every trade has its peculiar language. They that content themſelves with general ideas may reſt in general terms; but thoſe whoſe ſtudies or employments force them upon cloſer inſpection, muſt have names for particular parts, and words by which they may expreſs various modes of combination, ſuch as none but themſelves have occaſion to conſider.

Artiſts are indeed ſometimes ready to ſuppoſe that none can be ſtrangers to words to which themſelves are familiar, talk to an incidental enquirer as they talk to one another, and make their knowledge ridiculous by injudicious obtruſion. An art cannot be taught but by its proper terms, but it is not always neceſſary to teach the art.

That the vulgar expreſs their thoughts clearly is far from true; and what perſpicuity can be found among them proceeds not from the eaſineſs of their language, but the ſhallowneſs of their thoughts. He that ſees a building as a common ſpectator, contents himſelf with relating that it is great or little, mean or ſplendid, lofty or low; all theſe words are intelligible and common, but they convey no diſtinct or limited ideas; if he attempts, without the terms of architecture, to delineate the parts, or enumerate the ornaments, his narration at once becomes unintelligible. The terms, indeed, generally diſpleaſe, becauſe they are underſtood by few; but they are little underſtood only becauſe few, that look upon an edifice, examine its parts, or analyſe its columns into their members.

The ſtate of every other art is the ſame; as it is curſorily ſurveyed or accurately examined, different forms of expreſſion become proper. In morality it is one thing to diſcuſs the niceties of the caſuiſt, and another to direct the practice of common life. In agriculture,

he that inſtructs the farmer to plough and ſow, may convey his notions without the words which he would find neceſſary in explaining to philoſophers the proceſs of vegetation; and if he, who has nothing to do but to be honeſt by the ſhorteſt way, will perplex his mind with ſubtle ſpeculations; or if he whoſe taſk is to reap and thraſh will not be contented without examining the evolution of the ſeed and circulation of the ſap, the writers whom either ſhall conſult are very little to be blamed, though it ſhould ſometimes happen that they are read in vain. *Idler.*

§ 62. *Diſcontent, the common Lot of all Mankind.*

Such is the emptineſs of human enjoyment, that we are always impatient of the preſent. Attainment is followed by neglect, and poſſeſſion by diſguſt; and the malicious remark of the Greek epigrammatiſt on marriage, may be applied to every other courſe of life, that its two days of happineſs are the firſt and the laſt.

Few moments are more pleaſing than thoſe in which the mind is concerting meaſures for a new undertaking. From the firſt hint that wakens the fancy to the hour of actual execution, all is improvement and progreſs, triumph and felicity. Every hour brings additions to the original ſcheme, ſuggeſts ſome new expedient to ſecure ſucceſs, or diſcovers conſequential advantages not hitherto foreſeen. While preparations are made and materials accumulated, day glides after day through elyſian proſpects, and the heart dances to the ſong of hope.

Such is the pleaſure of projecting, that many content themſelves with a ſucceſſion of viſionary ſchemes, and wear out their allotted time in the calm amuſement of contriving what they never attempt or hope to execute.

Others, not able to feaſt their imagination with pure ideas, advance ſomewhat nearer to the groſſneſs of action, with great diligence collect whatever is requiſite to their deſign, and, after a thouſand reſearches and conſultations, are ſnatched away by death, as they ſtand *in procinctu* waiting for a proper opportunity to begin.

If there were no other end of life, than to find ſome adequate ſolace for every day, I know not whether any condition could be preferred to that of the man who involves himſelf in his own thoughts, and never ſuffers experience to ſhow him the vanity of ſpeculation; for no ſooner are notions reduced to practice, than tranquillity and confidence forſake the breaſt; every day brings its taſk, and often without bringing abilities to perform it: difficulties embarraſs, uncertainty perplexes, oppoſition retards, cenſure exaſperates, or neglect depreſſes. We proceed, becauſe we have begun; we complete our deſign, that the labour already ſpent may not be vain: but as expectation gradually dies away, the gay ſmile of alacrity diſappears, we are neceſſitated to implore ſeverer powers, and truſt the event to patience and conſtancy.

When once our labour has begun, the comfort that enables us to endure it is the proſpect of its end; for though in every long work there are ſome joyous intervals of ſelf-applauſe, when the attention is recreated by unexpected facility, and the imagination ſoothed by incidental excellencies not compriſed in the firſt plan, yet the toil with which performance ſtruggles after idea, is ſo irkſome and diſguſting, and ſo frequent is the neceſſity of reſting below that perfection which we imagined within our reach, that ſeldom any man obtains more from his endeavours than a painful conviction of his defects, and a continual reſuſcitation of deſires which he feels himſelf unable to gratify.

So certainly is wearineſs and vexation the concomitant of our undertakings, that every man, in whatever he is engaged, conſoles himſelf with the hope of change. He that has made his way by aſſiduity and vigilance to public employment, talks among his friends of nothing but the delight of retirement: he whom the neceſſity of ſolitary application ſecludes from the world, liſtens with a beating heart to its diſtant noiſes, longs to mingle with living beings, and reſolves, when he can regulate his hours by his own choice, to take

take his fill of merriment and diverſions, or to diſplay his abilities on the univerſal theatre, and enjoy the pleaſure of diſtinction and applauſe.

Every deſire, however innocent or natural, grows dangerous, as by long indulgence it becomes aſcendant in the mind. When we have been much accuſtomed to conſider any thing as capable of giving happineſs, it is not eaſy to reſtrain our ardour, or to forbear ſome precipitation in our advances and irregularity in our purſuits. He that has long cultivated the tree, watched the ſwelling bud, and opening bloſſom, and pleaſed himſelf with computing how much every ſun and ſhower added to its growth, ſcarcely ſtays till the fruit has obtained its maturity, but defeats his own cares by eagerneſs to reward them. When we have diligently laboured for any purpoſe, we are willing to believe that we have attained it, and, becauſe we have already done much, too ſuddenly conclude that no more is to be done.

All attraction is encreaſed by the approach of the attracting body. We never find ourſelves ſo deſirous to finiſh, as in the latter part of our work, or ſo impatient of delay, as when we know that delay cannot be long. Part of this unſeaſonable importunity of diſcontent may be juſtly imputed to languor and wearineſs, which muſt always oppreſs us more as our toil has been longer continued; but the greater part uſually proceeds from frequent contemplation of that eaſe which we now conſider as near and certain, and which, when it has once flattered our hopes, we cannot ſuffer to be longer withheld. *Rambler.*

§ 63. *Feodal Syſtem, Hiſtory of its Riſe and Progreſs.*

The conſtitution of feuds had its original from the military policy of the Northern or Celtic nations, the Goths, the Huns, the Franks, the Vandals, and the Lombards, who all migrating from the ſame *officina gentium*, as Craig very juſtly intitles it, poured themſelves in vaſt quantities into all the regions of Europe, at the declenſion of the Roman empire. It was brought by them from their own countries, and continued in their reſpective colonies as the moſt likely means to ſecure their new acquiſitions: and, to that end, large diſtricts or parcels of land were allotted by the conquering general to the ſuperior officers of the army, and by them dealt out again in ſmaller parcels or allotments to the inferior officers and moſt deſerving ſoldiers. Theſe allotments were called *feoda*, feuds, fiefs, or fees; which laſt appellation in the northern languages ſignifies a conditional ſtipend or reward. Rewards or ſtipends they evidently were; and the condition annexed to them was, that the poſſeſſor ſhould do ſervice faithfully, both at home and in the wars, to him by whom they were given; for which purpoſe he took the *juramentum fidelitatis*, or oath of fealty: and in caſe of the breach of this condition and oath, by not performing the ſtipulated ſervice, or by deſerting the lord in battle, the lands were again to revert to him who granted them.

Allotments thus acquired, naturally engaged ſuch as accepted them to defend them: and, as they all ſprang from the ſame right of conqueſt, no part could ſubſiſt independent of the whole; wherefore all givers as well as receivers were mutually bound to defend each other's poſſeſſions. But, as that could not effectually be done in a tumultuous irregular way, government, and to that purpoſe ſubordination, was neceſſary. Every receiver of lands, or feudatory, was therefore bound, when called upon by his benefactor, or immediate lord of his feud or fee, to do all in his power to defend him. Such benefactor or lord was likewiſe ſubordinate to and under the command of his immediate benefactor or ſuperior; and ſo upwards to the prince or general himſelf. And the ſeveral lords were alſo reciprocally bound, in their reſpective gradations, to protect the poſſeſſions they had given. Thus the feodal connection was eſtabliſhed, a proper military ſubjection was naturally introduced, and an army of feudatories were always ready inliſted, and mutually prepared to muſter, not only in defence of each man's own ſeveral property, but alſo in defence of

the whole, and of every part of this their newly acquired country: the prudence of which conſtitution was ſoon ſufficiently viſible in the ſtrength and ſpirit with which they maintained their conqueſts.

The univerſality and early uſe of this feodal plan, among all thoſe nations which in complaiſance to the Romans we ſtill call Barbarous, may appear from what is recorded of the Cimbri and Teutones, nations of the ſame northern original as thoſe whom we have been deſcribing, at their firſt irruption into Italy about a century before the Chriſtian æra. They demanded of the Romans, "*ut martius populus aliquid ſibi terræ daret, quaſi ſtipendium: cæterum, ut vellet, manibus atque armis ſuis uteretur.*" The ſenſe of which may be thus rendered; "they deſired ſtipendary lands (that is, feuds) to be allowed them, to be held by military and other perſonal ſervices, whenever their lords ſhould call upon them." This was evidently the ſame conſtitution, that diſplayed itſelf more fully about ſeven hundred years afterwards; when the Salii, Burgundians, and Franks, broke in upon Gaul, the Viſigoths on Spain, and the Lombards upon Italy, and introduced with themſelves this northern plan of polity, ſerving at once to diſtribute, and to protect, the territories they had newly gained. And from hence it is probable that the emperor Alexander Severus took the hint, of dividing lands conquered from the enemy among his generals and victorious ſoldiery, on condition of receiving military ſervice from them and their heirs for ever.

Scarce had theſe northern conquerors eſtabliſhed themſelves in their new dominions, when the wiſdom of their conſtitutions, as well as their perſonal valour, alarmed all the princes of Europe; that is, of thoſe countries which had formerly been Roman provinces, but had revolted, or were deſerted by their old maſters, in the general wreck of the empire. Wherefore moſt, if not all, of them thought it neceſſary to enter into the ſame or a ſimilar plan of policy. For whereas, before, the poſſeſſions of their ſubjects were perfectly *allodial* (that is, wholly independent, and held of no ſuperior at all) now they parcelled out their royal territories, or perſuaded their ſubjects to ſurrender up and retake their own landed property, under the like feodal obligation of military fealty. And thus, in the compaſs of a very few years, the feodal conſtitution, or the doctrine of tenure, extended itſelf over all the weſtern world. Which alteration of landed property, in ſo very material a point, neceſſarily drew after it an alteration of laws and cuſtoms; ſo that the feodal laws ſoon drove out the Roman, which had hitherto univerſally obtained; but now became for many centuries loſt and forgotten; and Italy itſelf (as ſome of the civilians, with more ſpleen than judgment, have expreſſed it) *belluinas, atque ferinas, immaneſque Longobardorum leges accepit.*

But this feodal polity, which was thus by degrees eſtabliſhed over all the continent of Europe, ſeems not to have been received in this part of our iſland, at leaſt not univerſally, and as a part of the national conſtitution, till the reign of William the Norman. Not but that it is reaſonable to believe, from abundant traces in our hiſtory and laws, that even in the times of the Saxons, who were a ſwarm from what Sir William Temple calls the ſame northern hive, ſomething ſimilar to this was in uſe: yet not ſo extenſively, nor attended with all the rigour that was afterwards imported by the Normans. For the Saxons were firmly ſettled in this iſland, at leaſt as early as the year 600: and it was not till two centuries after, that feuds arrived to their full vigour and maturity, even on the continent of Europe.

This introduction however of the feodal tenures into England, by king William, does not ſeem to have been effected immediately after the conqueſt, nor by the mere arbitrary will and power of the conqueror; but to have been conſented to by the great council of the nation long after his title was eſtabliſhed. Indeed, from the prodigious ſlaughter of the Engliſh nobility at the battle of Haſtings, and the fruitleſs inſurrections of thoſe who ſurvived, ſuch

ſuch numerous forfeitures had accrued, that he was able to reward his Norman followers with very large and extenſive poſſeſſions: which gave a handle to the monkiſh hiſtorians, and ſuch as have implicitly followed them, to repreſent him as having by the right of the ſword ſeized on all the lands of England, and dealt them out again to his own favourites. A ſuppoſition, grounded upon a miſtaken ſenſe of the word *conqueſt*; which, in its feodal acceptation, ſignifies no more than *acquiſition*: and this has led many haſty writers into a ſtrange hiſtorical miſtake, and one which upon the ſlighteſt examination will he found to be moſt untrue. However, certain it is, that the Normans now began to gain very large poſſeſſions in England: and their regard for their feodal law, under which they had long lived, together with the king's recommendation of this policy to the Engliſh, as the beſt way to put themſelves on a military footing, and thereby to prevent any future attempts from the continent, were probably the reaſons that prevailed to effect his eſtabliſhment here. And perhaps we may be able to aſcertain the time of this great revolution in our landed property with a tolerable degree of exactneſs. For we learn from the Saxon Chronicle, that in the nineteenth year of king William's reign an invaſion was apprehended from Denmark; and the military conſtitution of the Saxons being then laid aſide, and no other introduced in its ſtead, the kingdom was wholly defenceleſs: which occaſioned the king to bring over a large army of Normans and Bretons, who were quartered upon every landholder, and greatly oppreſſed the people. This apparent weakneſs, together with the grievances occaſioned by a foreign force, might co-operate with the king's remonſtrances, and the better incline the nobility to liſten to his propoſals for putting them in a poſture of defence. For, as ſoon as the danger was over, the king held a great council to enquire into the ſtate of the nation; the immediate conſequence of which was the compiling of the great ſurvey called Domeſday book, which was finiſhed in the next year; and in the latter end of that very year the king was attended by all his nobility at Sarum; where all the principal landholders ſubmitted their lands to the yoke of military tenure, became the king's vaſſals, and did homage and fealty to his perſon. This ſeems to have been the æra of formally introducing the feodal tenures by law; and probably the very law, thus made at the council of Sarum, is that which is ſtill extant, and couched in theſe remarkable words: "*ſtatuimus, ut omnes liberi homines fœdere & ſacramento affirment, quod intra & extra univerſum regnum Angliæ Wilhelmo regi domino ſuo fideles eſſe volunt; terras & honores illius omni fidelitate ubique ſervare cum eo, et contra inimicos et alienigenas defendere.*" The terms of this law (as Sir Martin Wright has obſerved) are plainly feodal: for, firſt, it requires the oath of fealty, which made in the ſenſe of the feudiſts every man that took it a tenant or vaſſal; and, ſecondly, the tenants obliged themſelves to defend their lords territories and titles againſt all enemies foreign and domeſtic. But what puts the matter out of diſpute is another law of the ſame collection, which exacts the performance of the military feodal ſervices, as ordained by the general council: "*Omnes comites, & barones, & milites, & ſervientes, & univerſi liberi homines totius regni noſtri prædicti, habeant & teneant ſe ſemper bene in armis & in equis, ut decet & oportet: & ſint ſemper prompti & bene parati ad ſervitium ſuum integrum nobis explendum & peragendum cum opus fuerit; ſecundum quod nobis debent de fœdis & tenementis ſuis de jure facere; & ſicut illis ſtatuimus per commune concilium totius regni noſtri prædicti.*"

This new polity therefore ſeems not to have been impoſed by the conqueror, but nationally and freely adopted by the general aſſembly of the whole realm, in the ſame manner as other nations of Europe had before adopted it, upon the ſame principle of ſelf-ſecurity. And, in particular, they had the recent example of the French nation before their eyes, which had gradually ſurrendered up all its allodial or free lands into the king's hands, who reſtored them to the owners as a *beneficium* or

feud, to be held to them and ſuch of their heirs as they previouſly nominated to the king: and thus by degrees all the allodial eſtates of France were converted into feuds, and the freemen became the vaſſals of the crown. The only difference between this change of tenures in France, and that in England, was, that the former was effected gradually, by the conſent of private perſons; the latter was done at once, all over England, by the common conſent of the nation.

In conſequence of this change, it became a fundamental maxim and neceſſary principle (though in reality a mere fiction) of our Engliſh tenures, "that the king is the univerſal lord and original proprietor of all the lands in his kingdom; and that no man doth or can poſſeſs any part of it, but what has mediately or immediately been derived as a gift from him, to be held upon feodal ſervices." For, this being the real caſe in pure, original, proper feuds, other nations who adopted this ſyſtem were obliged to act upon the ſame ſuppoſition, as a ſubſtruction and foundation of their new polity, though the fact was indeed far otherwiſe. And indeed by thus conſenting to the introduction of feodal tenures, our Engliſh anceſtors probably meant no more than to put the kingdom in a ſtate of defence by a military ſyſtem; and to oblige themſelves (in reſpect of their lands) to maintain the king's title and territories, with equal vigour and fealty, as if they had received their lands from his bounty upon theſe expreſs conditions, as pure, proper, beneficiary feudatories. But, whatever their meaning was, the Norman interpreters, ſkilled in all the niceties of the feodal conſtitutions, and well underſtanding the import and extent of the feodal terms, gave a very different conſtruction to this proceeding; and thereupon took a handle to introduce, not only the rigorous doctrines which prevailed in the duchy of Normandy, but alſo ſuch fruits and dependencies, ſuch hardſhips and ſervices, as were never known to other nations; as if the Engliſh had in fact, as well as theory, owed every thing they had to the bounty of their ſovereign lord.

Our anceſtors therefore, who were by no means beneficiaries, but had barely conſented to this fiction of tenure from the crown, as the baſis of a military diſcipline, with reaſon looked upon theſe deductions as grievous impoſitions, and arbitrary concluſions from principles that, as to them, had no foundation in truth. However, this king, and his ſon William Rufus, kept up with a high hand all the rigours of the feodal doctrines: but their ſucceſſor, Henry I. found it expedient, when he ſet up his pretenſions to the crown, to promiſe a reſtitution of the laws of king Edward the confeſſor, or ancient Saxon ſyſtem; and accordingly, in the firſt year of his reign, granted a charter, whereby he gave up the greater grievances, but ſtill reſerved the fiction of feodal tenure, for the ſame military purpoſes which engaged his father to introduce it. But this charter was gradually broke through, and the former grievances were revived and aggravated, by himſelf and ſucceeding princes: till in the reign of king John they became ſo intolerable, that they occaſioned his barons, or principal feudatories, to riſe up in arms againſt him; which at length produced the famous great charter at Running-mead, which, with ſome alterations, was confirmed by his ſon Henry III. And though its immunities (eſpecially as altered on its laſt edition by his ſon) are very greatly ſhort of thoſe granted by Henry I. it was juſtly eſteemed at the time a vaſt acquiſition to Engliſh liberty. Indeed, by the farther alteration of tenures that has ſince happened, many of theſe immunities may now appear to a common obſerver, of much leſs conſequence than they really were when granted: but this, properly conſidered, will ſhew, not that the acquiſitions under John were ſmall, but that thoſe under Charles were greater. And from hence alſo ariſes another inference; that the liberties of Engliſhmen are not (as ſome arbitrary writers would repreſent them) mere infringements of the king's prerogative, extorted from our princes by taking

advantage of their weakneſs; but a reſtoration of that ancient conſtitution, of which our anceſtors had been defrauded by the art and fineſſe of the Norman lawyers, rather than deprived by the force of the Norman arms.

Blackſtone's Commentaries.

§ 64. *Of Britiſh Juries.*

The method of trials by juries is generally looked upon as one of the moſt excellent branches of our conſtitution. In theory it certainly appears in that light. According to the original eſtabliſhment, the jurors are to be men of competent fortunes in the neighbourhood; and are to be ſo avowedly indifferent between the parties concerned, that no reaſonable exception can be made to them on either ſide In treaſon the perſon accuſed has a right to challenge five-and-thirty, and in felony twenty, without ſhewing cauſe of challenge. Nothing can be more equitable. No priſoner can deſire a fairer field. But the misfortune is, that our juries are often compoſed of men of mean eſtates and low underſtandings, and many difficult points of law are brought before them, and ſubmitted to their verdict, when perhaps they are not capable of determining, properly and judiciouſly, ſuch nice matters of juſtice, although the judges of the court explain the nature of the caſe, and the law which ariſes upon it. But if they are not defective in knowledge, they are ſometimes, I fear, from their ſtation and indigence, liable to corruption. This indeed is an objection more to the privilege lodged with juries, than to the inſtitution itſelf. The point moſt liable to objection is the power, which any one or more of the twelve have to ſtarve the reſt into a compliance with their opinion; ſo that the verdict may poſſibly be given by ſtrength of conſtitution, not by conviction of conſcience; and wretches hang that jurymen may dine. *Orrery.*

§ 65. *Juſtice, its Nature and real Import defined.*

Mankind in general are not ſufficiently acquainted with the import of the word juſtice: it is commonly believed to conſiſt only in a performance of thoſe duties to which the laws of ſociety can oblige us. This, I allow, is ſometimes the import of the word, and in this ſenſe juſtice is diſtinguiſhed from equity; but there is a juſtice ſtill more extenſive, and which can be ſhewn to embrace all the virtues united.

Juſtice may be defined, that virtue which impels us to give to every perſon what is his due. In this extended ſenſe of the word, it comprehends the practice of every virtue which reaſon preſcribes, or ſociety ſhould expect. Our duty to our Maker, to each other, and to ourſelves, are fully anſwered, if we give them what we owe them. Thus juſtice, properly ſpeaking, is the only virtue: and all the reſt have their origin in it.

The qualities of candour, fortitude, charity, and generoſity, for inſtance, are not in their own nature virtues; and, if ever they deſerve the title, it is owing only to juſtice, which impels and directs them. Without ſuch a moderator, candour might become indiſcretion, fortitude obſtinacy, charity imprudence, and generoſity miſtaken profuſion.

A diſintereſted action, if it be not conducted by juſtice, is, at beſt, indifferent in its nature, and not unfrequently even turns to vice. The expences of ſociety, of preſents, of entertainments, and the other helps to chearfulneſs, are actions merely indifferent, when not repugnant to a better method of diſpoſing of our ſuperfluities; but they become vicious when they obſtruct or exhauſt our abilities from a more virtuous diſpoſition of our circumſtances.

True generoſity is a duty as indiſpenſably neceſſary as thoſe impoſed on us by law. It is a rule impoſed on us by reaſon, which ſhould be the ſovereign law of a rational being. But this generoſity does not conſiſt in obeying every impulſe of humanity, in following blind paſſion for our guide, and impairing our circumſtances by preſent benefactions, ſo as to render us incapable of future ones.

Goldſmith's Eſſays.

§ 66.

§ 66. *Habit, the Difficulty of conquering.*

There is nothing which we eſtimate ſo fallaciouſly as the force of our own reſolutions, nor any fallacy which we ſo unwillingly and tardily detect. He that has reſolved a thouſand times, and a thouſand times deſerted his own purpoſe, yet ſuffers no abatement of his confidence, but ſtill believes himſelf his own maſter, and able, by innate vigour of ſoul, to preſs forward to his end, through all the obſtructions that inconveniences or delights can put in his way.

That this miſtake ſhould prevail for a time is very natural. When conviction is preſent, and temptation out of ſight, we do not eaſily conceive how any reaſonable being can deviate from his true intereſt. What ought to be done while it yet hangs only in ſpeculation, is ſo plain and certain, that there is no place for doubt; the whole ſoul yields itſelf to the predominence of truth, and readily determines to do what, when the time of action comes, will be at laſt omitted.

I believe moſt men may review all the lives that have paſſed within their obſervation, without remembering one efficacious reſolution, or being able to tell a ſingle inſtance of a courſe of practice ſuddenly changed in conſequence of a change of opinion, or an eſtabliſhment of determination. Many indeed alter their conduct, and are not at fifty what they were at thirty, but they commonly varied imperceptibly from themſelves, followed the train of external cauſes, and rather ſuffered reformation than made it.

It is not uncommon to charge the difference between promiſe and performance, between profeſſion and reality, upon deep deſign and ſtudied deceit; but the truth is, that there is very little hypocriſy in the world; we do not ſo often endeavour or wiſh to impoſe on others as on ourſelves; we reſolve to do right, we hope to keep our reſolutions, we declare them to confirm our own hope, and fix our own inconſtancy by calling witneſſes of our actions; but at laſt habit prevails, and thoſe whom we invited at our triumph, laugh at our defeat.

Cuſtom is commonly too ſtrong for the moſt reſolute reſolver, though furniſhed for the aſſault with all the weapons of philoſophy. "He that endeavours to free himſelf from an ill habit," ſays Bacon, "muſt not change too much at a time, leſt he ſhould be diſcouraged by difficulty; nor too little, for then he will make but ſlow advances." This is a precept which may be applauded in a book, but will fail in the trial, in which every change will be found too great or too little. Thoſe who have been able to conquer habit, are like thoſe that are fabled to have returned from the realms of Pluto:

Pauci, quos æquus amavit
Jupiter, atque ardens evexit ad æthera virtus.

They are ſufficient to give hope but not ſecurity, to animate the conteſt but not to promiſe victory.

Thoſe who are in the power of evil habits, muſt conquer them as they can, and conquered they muſt be, or neither wiſdom nor happineſs can be attained; but thoſe who are not yet ſubject to their influence, may, by timely caution, preſerve their freedom, they may effectually reſolve to eſcape the tyrant, whom they will very vainly reſolve to conquer. *Idler.*

§ 67. *Halfpenny, its Adventures.*

"Sir,

"I ſhall not pretend to conceal from you the illegitimacy of my birth, or the baſeneſs of my extraction: and though I ſeem to bear the venerable marks of old age, I received my being at Birmingham not ſix months ago. From thence I was tranſported, with many of my brethren of different dates, characters, and configurations, to a Jew pedlar in Duke's-place, who paid for us in ſpecie ſcarce a fifth part of our nominal and extrinſic value. We were ſoon after ſeparately diſpoſed of, at a more moderate profit, to coffee-houſes, chop-houſes, chandlers-ſhops, and gin-ſhops. I had not been long in the world, before an ingenious tranſmuter

of

of metals laid violent hands on me; and obſerving my thin ſhape and flat ſurface, by the help of a little quick-ſilver, exalted me into a ſhilling. Uſe, however, ſoon degraded me again to my native low ſtation; and I unfortunately fell into the poſſeſſion of an urchin juſt breeched, who received me as a Chriſtmas-box of his god-mother.

"A love of money is ridiculouſly inſtilled into children ſo early, that before they can poſſibly comprehend the uſe of it, they conſider it as of great value: I loſt therefore the very eſſence of my being, in the cuſtody of this hopeful diſciple of avarice and folly; and was kept only to be looked at and admired: but a bigger boy after a while ſnatched me from him, and releaſed me from my confinement.

"I now underwent various hardſhips among his play-fellows, and was kicked about, huſtled, toſſed up, and chucked into holes; which very much battered and impaired me: but I ſuffered moſt by the pegging of tops, the marks of which I have borne about me to this day. I was in this ſtate the unwitting cauſe of rapacity, ſtrife, envy, rancour, malice, and revenge, among the little apes of mankind; and became the object and the nurſe of thoſe paſſions which diſgrace human nature, while I appeared only to engage children in innocent paſtimes. At length I was diſmiſſed from their ſervice by a throw with a barrow woman for an orange.

"From her it is natural to conclude, I poſted to the gin-ſhop; where, indeed, it is probable I ſhould have immediately gone, if her huſband, a foot ſoldier, had not wreſted me from her, at the expence of a bloody noſe, black eye, ſcratched face, and torn regimentals. By him I was carried to the Mall in St. James's Park, where I am aſhamed to tell how I parted from him —let it ſuffice that I was ſoon after depoſited in a night-cellar.

"From hence I got into the coat pocket of a blood, and remained there with ſeveral of my brethren for ſome days unnoticed. But one evening as he was reeling home from the tavern, he jerked a whole handful of us through a ſaſh window into the dining-room of a tradeſman, who he remembered had been ſo unmannerly to him the day before, as to deſire payment of his bill. We repoſed in ſoft eaſe on a fine Turkey carpet till the next morning, when the maid ſwept us up; and ſome of us were allotted to purchaſe tea, ſome to buy ſnuff, and I myſelf was immediately trucked away at the door for the Sweethearts Delight.

"It is not my deſign to enumerate every little accident that has befallen me, or to dwell upon trivial and indifferent circumſtances, as is the practice of thoſe important egotiſts, who write narratives, memoirs, and travels. As uſeleſs to community as my ſingle ſelf may appear to be, I have been the inſtrument of much good and evil in the intercourſe of mankind: I have contributed no ſmall ſum to the revenues of the crown, by my ſhare in each news-paper; and in the conſumption of tobacco, ſpirituous liquors, and other taxable commodities. If I have encouraged debauchery, or ſupported extravagance; I have alſo rewarded the labours of induſtry, and relieved the neceſſities of indigence. The poor acknowledge me as their conſtant friend; and the rich, though they affect to ſlight me, and treat me with contempt, are often reduced by their follies to diſtreſſes, which it is even in my power to relieve.

"The preſent exact ſcrutiny into our conſtitution has, indeed, very much obſtructed and embarraſſed my travels; though I could not but rejoice in my condition laſt Tueſday, as I was debarred having any ſhare in maiming, bruiſing, and deſtroying the innocent victims of vulgar barbarity: I was happy in being confined to the mock encounters with feathers and ſtuffed leather; a childiſh ſport, rightly calculated to initiate tender minds in acts of cruelty, and prepare them for the exerciſe of inhumanity on helpleſs animals.

"I ſhall conclude, Sir, with informing you by what means I came to you in the condition you ſee. A choice ſpirit, a member of the kill-care-club, broke a link-boy's pate with me laſt night, as a reward for lighting him

acroſs the channel; the lad waſted half his tar flambeau in looking for me, but I eſcaped his ſearch, being lodged ſnugly againſt a poſt. This morning a pariſh girl picked me up, and carried me with raptures to the next baker's ſhop to purchaſe a roll. The maſter, who was churchwarden, examined me with great attention, and then gruffly threatening her with Bridewell for putting off bad money, knocked a nail through my middle, and faſtened me to the counter: but the moment the poor hungry child was gone he whipt me up again, and ſending me away with others in change to the next cuſtomer, gave me this opportunity of relating my adventures to you". *Adventurer.*

§ 68. *Hiſtory, our natural Fondneſs for it, and its true Uſe.*

The love of hiſtory ſeems inſeparable from human nature, becauſe it ſeems inſeparable from ſelf-love. The ſame principle in this inſtance carries us forward and backward, to future and to paſt ages. We imagine that the things which affect us, muſt affect poſterity: this ſentiment runs through mankind, from Cæſar down to the pariſh-clerk in Pope's Miſcellany. We are fond of preſerving, as far as it is in our frail power, the memory of our own adventures, of thoſe of our own time, and of thoſe that preceded it. Rude heaps of ſtones have been raiſed, and ruder hymns have been compoſed, for this purpoſe, by nations who had not yet the uſe of arts and letters. To go no further back, the triumphs of Odin were celebrated in Runic ſongs, and the feats of our Britiſh anceſtors were recorded in thoſe of their bards. The ſavages of America have the ſame cuſtom at this day: and long hiſtorical ballads of their hunting and wars are ſung at all their feſtivals. There is no need of ſaying how this paſſion grows among all civilized nations, in proportion to the means of gratifying it: but let us obſerve, that the ſame principle of nature directs us as ſtrongly, and more generally as well as more early, to indulge our own curioſity, inſtead of preparing to gratify that of others. The child hearkens with delight to the tales of his nurſe; he learns to read, and he devours with eagerneſs fabulous legends and novels. In riper years he applies to hiſtory, or to that which he takes for hiſtory, to authorized romance: and even in age, the deſire of knowing what has happened to other men, yields to the deſire alone of relating what has happened to ourſelves. Thus hiſtory, true or falſe, ſpeaks to our paſſions always. What pity is it, that even the beſt ſhould ſpeak to our underſtandings ſo ſeldom? That it does ſo, we have none to blame but ourſelves. Nature has done her part. She has opened this ſtudy to every man who can read and think: and what ſhe has made the moſt agreeable, reaſon can make the moſt uſeful application of our minds. But if we conſult our reaſon, we ſhall be far from following the examples of our fellow-creatures, in this as in moſt other caſes, who are ſo proud of being rational. We ſhall neither read to ſooth our indolence, nor to gratify our vanity: as little ſhall we content ourſelves to drudge like grammarians and critics, that others may be able to ſtudy, with greater eaſe and profit, like philoſophers and ſtateſmen: as little ſhall we affect the ſlender merit of becoming great ſcholars at the expence of groping all our lives in the dark mazes of antiquity. All theſe miſtake the true drift of ſtudy, and the true uſe of hiſtory. Nature gave us curioſity to excite the induſtry of our minds; but ſhe never intended it to be made the principal, much leſs the ſole, object of their application. The true and proper object of this application, is a conſtant improvement in private and in public virtue. An application to any ſtudy, that tends neither directly nor indirectly to make us better men, and better citizens, is at beſt but a ſpecious and ingenious ſort of idleneſs, to uſe an expreſſion of Tillotſon: and the knowledge we acquire is a creditable kind of ignorance, nothing more. This creditable kind of ignorance is, in my opinion, the whole benefit which the generality of men, even of the moſt learned, reap from the ſtudy of hiſtory: and yet the ſtudy of hiſtory ſeems

to me, of all other, the moſt proper to train us up to private and public virtue.

We need but to caſt our eyes on the world, and we ſhall ſee the daily force of example: we need but to turn them inward, and we ſhall ſoon diſcover why example has this force. *Pauci prudentia*, ſays Tacitus, *honeſta ab deterioribus, utilia ab noxiis diſcernunt: plures aliorum eventis docentur.* Such is the imperfection of human underſtanding, ſuch the frail temper of our minds, that abſtract or general propoſitions, though never ſo true, appear obſcure or doubtful to us very often, till they are explained by examples; and that the wiſeſt leſſons in favour of virtue go but a little way to convince the judgment and determine the will, unleſs they are enforced by the ſame means, and we are obliged to apply to ourſelves, what we ſee happen to other men. Inſtructions by precept have the farther diſadvantage of coming on the authority of others, and frequently require a long deduction of reaſoning. *Homines amplius oculis quam auribus credunt: longum iter eſt per præcepta, breve et efficax per exempla.* The reaſon of this judgment, which I quote from one of Seneca's epiſtles, in confirmation of my own opinion, reſts I think on this, That when examples are pointed out to us, there is a kind of appeal, with which we are flattered, made to our ſenſes, as well as our underſtandings. The inſtruction comes then upon our own authority: we frame the precept after our own experience, and yield to fact when we reſiſt ſpeculation. But this is not the only advantage of inſtruction by example; for example appeals not to our underſtanding alone, but to our paſſions likewiſe. Example aſſuages theſe or animates them; ſets paſſion on the ſide of judgment, and makes the whole man of a piece, which is more than the ſtrongeſt reaſoning and the cleareſt demonſtration can do; and thus forming habits by repetitions, example ſecures the obſervance of thoſe precepts which example inſinuated.

Bolingbroke.

§ 69. *Human Nature, its Dignity.*

In forming our notions of human nature, we are very apt to make a compariſon betwixt men and animals, which are the only creatures endowed with thought, that fall under our ſenſes. Certainly this compariſon is very favourable to mankind; on the one hand, we ſee a creature, whoſe thoughts are not limited by any narrow bounds either of place or time, who carries his reſearches into the moſt diſtant regions of this globe, and beyond this globe, to the planets and heavenly bodies; looks backward to conſider the firſt origin of human race; caſts his eyes forward to ſee the influence of his actions upon poſterity, and the judgments which will be formed of his character a thouſand years hence: a creature, who traces cauſes and effects to great lengths and intricacy; extracts general principles from particular appearances; improves upon his diſcoveries, corrects his miſtakes, and makes his very errors profitable. On the other hand, we are preſented with a creature the very reverſe of this; limited in its obſervations and reaſonings to a few ſenſible objects which ſurround it; without curioſity, without a foreſight, blindly conducted by inſtinct, and arriving in a very ſhort time at its utmoſt perfection, beyond which it is never able to advance a ſingle ſtep. What a difference is there betwixt theſe creatures; and how exalted a notion muſt we entertain of the former, in compariſon of the latter.

Hume's Eſſays.

§ 70. *The Operations of Human Nature conſidered.*

We are compoſed of a mind and of a body, intimately united, and mutually affecting each other. Their operations indeed are entirely different. Whether the immortal ſpirit that enlivens this machine is originally of a ſuperior nature in various bodies (which, I own, ſeems moſt conſiſtent and agreeable to the ſcale and order of beings), or, whether the difference depends on a ſymmetry, or peculiar ſtructure of the organs combined with it, is beyond my

my reach to determine. It is evidently certain, that the body is curiouſly formed with proper organs to delight, and ſuch as are adapted to all the neceſſary uſes of life. The ſpirit animates the whole; it guides the natural appetites, and confines them within juſt limits. But, the natural force of this ſpirit is often immerſed in matter; and the mind becomes ſubſervient to paſſions, which it ought to govern and direct. Your friend Horace, although of the Epicurean doctrine, acknowledges this truth, where he ſays,

Atque affigit humo divinæ particulam auræ.

It is no leſs evident, that this immortal ſpirit has an independent power of acting, and, when cultivated in a proper manner, ſeemingly quits the corporeal frame within which it is impriſoned, and ſoars into higher, and more ſpacious regions; where, with an energy which I had almoſt ſaid was divine, it ranges among thoſe heavenly bodies that in this lower world are ſcarce viſible to our eyes; and we can at once explain the diſtance, magnitude, and velocity of the planets, and can foretel, even to a degree of minuteneſs, the particular time when a comet will return, and when the ſun will be eclipſed in the next century. Theſe powers certainly evince the dignity of human nature, and the ſurpriſing effects of the immaterial ſpirit within us, which in ſo confined a ſtate can thus diſengage itſelf from the fetters of matter. It is from this pre-eminence of the ſoul over the body, that we are enabled to view the exact order and curious variety of different beings; to conſider and cultivate the natural productions of the earth; and to admire and imitate the wiſe benevolence which reigns throughout the ſole ſyſtem of the univerſe. It is from hence, that we form moral laws for our conduct. From hence we delight in copying that great original, who in his eſſence is utterly incomprehenſible, but in his influence is powerfully apparent to every degree of his creation. From hence too we perceive a real beauty in virtue, and a diſtinction between good and evil. Virtue acts with the utmoſt generoſity, and with no view to her own advantage: while Vice, like a glutton, feeds herſelf enormouſly, and then is willing to diſgorge the naufeous offals of her feaſt. *Orrery.*

§ 71. *Oeconomy, Want of it no Mark of Genius.*

The indigence of authors, and particularly of poets, has long been the object of lamentation and ridicule, of compaſſion and contempt.

It has been obſerved, that not one favourite of the Muſes has ever been able to build a houſe ſince the days of Amphion, whoſe art it would be fortunate for them if they poſſeſſed; and that the greateſt puniſhment that can poſſibly be inflicted on them, is to oblige them to ſup in their own lodgings,

——*Molles ubi reddunt ova columbæ,*
Where pigeons lay their eggs.

Boileau introduces Damon, whoſe writings entertained and inſtructed the city and the court, as having paſſed the ſummer without a ſhirt, and the winter without a cloak; and reſolving at laſt to forſake Paris,

——*où la vertu n'a plus ni feu ni lieu,*
Where ſhiv'ring worth no longer finds a home,

and to find out a retreat in ſome diſtant grotto,

D'où jamais ni l'Huiſſier, ni le Sergent n'approche,
Safe, where no critics damn, no duns moleſt.
POPE.

The rich comedian, ſays Bruyere, "lolling in his gilt chariot, beſpatters the face of Corneille walking afoot:" and Juvenal remarks, that his cotemporary bards generally qualified themſelves by their diet to make excellent buſtos; that they were compelled ſometimes to hire lodgings at a baker's, in order to warm themſelves for nothing; and that it was the common fate of the fraternity,

Pallere & vinum toto neſcire Decembri,
——To pine,
Look pale, and all December taſte no wine.
DRYDEN.

Virgil

Virgil himſelf is ſtrongly ſuſpected to have lain in the ſtreets, or on ſome Roman bulk, when he ſpeaks ſo feelingly of a rainy and tempeſtuous night in his well known epigram.

"There ought to be an hoſpital founded for decayed wits," ſaid a lively Frenchman, "and it might be called the Hoſpital of Incurables."

Few, perhaps, wander among the laurels of Parnaſſus, but who have reaſon ardently to wiſh and to exclaim with Æneas, tho' without that hero's good fortune,

Si nunc ſe nobis ille aureus arbore ramus,
Oſtendat nemore in tanto!

O! in this ample grove could I behold
The tree that blooms with vegetable gold!
PITT.

The patronage of Lælius and Scipio did not enable Terence to rent a houſe. Taſſo, in a humorous ſonnet addreſſed to his favourite cat, earneſtly entreats her to lend him the light of her eyes during his midnight ſtudies, not being himſelf able to purchaſe a candle to write by. Dante, the Homer of Italy, and Camoens of Portugal, were both baniſhed and impriſoned. Cervantes, perhaps the moſt original genius the world ever beheld, periſhed by want in the ſtreets of Madrid, as did our own Spenſer at Dublin. And a writer little inferior to the Spaniard in the exquiſiteneſs of his humour and raillery, I mean Eraſmus, after tedious wanderings of many years from city to city, and from patron to patron, praiſed, and promiſed, and deceived by all, obtained no ſettlement but with his printer. "At laſt," ſays he in one of his epiſtles, "I ſhould have been advanced to a cardinalſhip, if there had not been a decree in my way, by which thoſe are excluded from this honour, whoſe income amounts not to three thouſand ducats."

I remember to have read a ſatire in Latin proſe, entitled, "A Poet hath bought a houſe." The poet having purchaſed a houſe, the matter was immemediately laid before the parliament of poets, aſſembled on that important occaſion, as a thing unheard-of, as a very bad precedent, and of moſt pernicious conſequence; and accordingly a very ſevere ſentence was pronounced againſt the buyer. When the members came to give their votes, it appeared there was not a ſingle perſon in the aſſembly, who, through the favour of powerful patrons, or their own happy genius, was worth ſo much as to be proprietor of a houſe, either by inheritance or purchaſe: all of them neglecting their private fortunes, confeſſed and boaſted, that they lived in lodgings. The poet was, therefore, ordered to ſell his houſe immediately, to buy wine with the money for their entertainment, in order to make ſome expiation for his enormous crime, and to teach him to live unſettled, and without care, like a true poet.

Such are the ridiculous, and ſuch the pitiable ſtories related, to expoſe the poverty of poets in different ages and nations; but which, I am inclined to think, are rather boundleſs exaggerations of ſatire and fancy, than the ſober reſult of experience, and the determination of truth and judgment: for the general poſition may be contradicted by numerous examples; and it may, perhaps, appear on reflection and examination, that the art is not chargeable with the faults and failings of its particular profeſſors; that it has no peculiar tendency to make men either rakes or ſpendthrifts; and that thoſe who are indigent poets would have been indigent merchants and mechanics.

The neglect of œconomy, in which great geniuſes are ſuppoſed to have indulged themſelves, has unfortunately given ſo much authority and juſtification to careleſſneſs and extravagance, that many a minute rhymer has fallen into diſſipation and drunkenneſs, becauſe Butler and Otway lived and died in an alehouſe. As a certain blockhead wore his gown on one ſhoulder to mimic the negligence of Sir Thomas More, ſo theſe ſervile imitators follow their maſters in all that diſgraced them; contract immoderate debts, becauſe Dryden died inſolvent; and neglect to change their linen, becauſe Smith was a ſloven. "If I ſhould happen to look pale," ſays Horace, "all the hackney writers in Rome would immediately drink cummin to gain the ſame complexion."

complexion." And I myſelf am acquainted with a witling who uſes a glaſs only becauſe Pope was near-ſighted.

Adventurer.

§ 72. *Operas ridiculed, in a Perſian Letter.*

The firſt objects of a ſtranger's curioſity are the public ſpectacles. I was carried laſt night to one they call an Opera, which is a concert of muſic brought from Italy, and in every reſpect foreign to this country. It was performed in a chamber as magnificent as the reſplendent palace of our emperor, and as full of handſome women as his ſeraglio. They had no eunuchs among them; but there was one who ſung upon the ſtage, and, by the luxurious tenderneſs of his airs, ſeemed fitter to make them wanton, than keep them chaſte.

Inſtead of the habit proper to ſuch creatures, he wore a ſuit of armour, and called himſelf Julius Cæſar.

I aſked who Julius Cæſar was, and whether he had been famous for ſinging? They told me he was a warrior that had conquered all the world, and debauched half the women in Rome.

I was going to expreſs my admiration at ſeeing him ſo repreſented, when I heard two ladies, who ſat nigh me, cry out, as it were in an ecſtaſy, "O that dear creature! I am dying for love of him."

At the ſame time I heard a gentleman ſay aloud, that both the muſic and ſinging were deteſtable.

"You muſt not mind him," ſaid my friend, "he is of the other party, and comes here only as a ſpy."

"How! ſaid I, have you parties in muſic?" "Yes," replied he, "it is a rule with us to judge of nothing by our ſenſes and underſtanding, but to hear, and ſee, and think, only as we chance to be differently engaged.

"I hope," ſaid I, "that a ſtranger may be neutral in theſe diviſions; and, to ſay the truth, your muſic is very far from inflaming me to a ſpirit of faction; it is much more likely to lay me aſleep. Ours in Perſia ſets us all a-dancing; but I am quite unmoved with this."

"Do but fancy it moving," returned my friend, "and you will ſoon be moved as much as others. It is a trick you may learn when you will, with a little pains: we have moſt of us learnt it in our turns." *Lord Lyttelton.*

§ 73. *Patience recommended.*

The darts of adverſe fortune are always levelled at our heads. Some reach us, and ſome fly to wound our neighbours. Let us therefore impoſe an equal temper on our minds, and pay without murmuring the tribute which we owe to humanity. The winter brings cold, and we muſt freeze. The ſummer returns with heat, and we muſt melt. The inclemency of the air diſorders our health, and we muſt be ſick. Here we are expoſed to wild beaſts, and there to men more ſavage than the beaſts: and if we eſcape the inconveniences and dangers of the air and the earth, there are perils by water and perils by fire. This eſtabliſhed courſe of things it is not in our power to change; but it is in our power to aſſume ſuch a greatneſs of mind as becomes wiſe and virtuous men, as may enable us to encounter the accidents of life with fortitude, and to conform ourſelves to the order of Nature, who governs her great kingdom, the world, by continual mutations. Let us ſubmit to this order; let us be perſuaded that whatever does happen ought to happen, and never be ſo fooliſh as to expoſtulate with Nature. The beſt reſolution we can take is to ſuffer what we cannot alter, and to purſue without repining the road which Providence, who directs every thing, has marked to us: for it is enough to follow; and he is but a bad ſoldier who ſighs, and marches with reluctancy. We muſt receive the orders with ſpirit and chearfulneſs, and not endeavour to ſlink out of the poſt which is aſſigned us in this beautiful diſpoſition of things, whereof even ſufferings make a neceſſary part. Let us addreſs ourſelves to God who governs all, as Cleanthes did in thoſe admirable verſes,

Parent of nature! Maſter of the world!
Where'er thy providence directs, behold

My

My ſteps with chearful reſignation turn.
Fate leads the willing, drags the backward on.
Why ſhould I grieve, when grieving I muſt bear;
Or take with guilt, what guiltleſs I might ſhare!

Thus let us ſpeak, and thus let us act. Reſignation to the will of God is true magnanimity. But the ſure mark of a puſillanimous and baſe ſpirit, is to ſtruggle againſt, to cenſure the order of Providence, and, inſtead of mending our own conduct, to ſet up for correcting that of our Maker. *Bolingbroke.*

§ 74. *Patience exemplified in the Story of an Aſs.*

I was juſt receiving the dernier compliments of Monſieur Le Blanc, for a pleaſant voyage down the Rhône—— when I was ſtopped at the gate.——

'Twas by a poor aſs, who had juſt turned in with a couple of large panniers upon his back, to collect eleemoſinary turnip-tops and cabbage-leaves; and ſtood dubious, with his two fore-feet on the inſide of the threſhold, and with his two hinder feet towards the ſtreet, as not knowing very well whether he was to go in or no.

Now, 'tis an animal (be in what hurry I may) I cannot bear to ſtrike——there is a patient endurance of ſufferings, wrote ſo unaffectedly in his looks and carriage, which pleads ſo mightily for him, that it always diſarms me; and to that degree, that I do not like to ſpeak unkindly to him: on the contrary, meet him where I will—whether in town or country—in cart or under panniers—whether in liberty or bondage—— I have ever ſomething civil to ſay to him on my part; and as one word begets another (if he has as little to do as I)—I generally fall into converſation with him; and ſurely never is my imagination ſo buſy as in framing his reſponſes from the etchings of his countenance—and where thoſe carry me not deep enough——in flying from my own heart into his, and ſeeing what is natural for an aſs to think—as well as a man, upon the occaſion. In truth, it is the only creature of all the claſſes of beings below me, with whom I can do this: for parrots, jackdaws, &c.——I never exchange a word with them—— nor with the apes, &c. for pretty near the ſame reaſon; they act by rote, as the others ſpeak by it, and equally make me ſilent: nay my dog and my cat, though I value them both—— (and for my dog, he would ſpeak if he could)—yet, ſomehow or other, they neither of them poſſeſs the talents for converſation—I can make nothing of a diſcourſe with them, beyond the propoſition, the reply, and rejoinder, which terminated my father's and my mother's converſations, in his beds of juſtice—and thoſe uttered—there's an end of the dialogue———

——But with an aſs, I can commune for ever.

Come, Honeſty! ſaid I—ſeeing it was impracticable to paſs betwixt him and the gate—art thou for coming in, or going out?

The aſs twiſted his head round to look up the ſtreet———

Well—replied I—we'll wait a minute for thy driver.

———He turned his head thoughtful about, and looked wiſtfully the oppoſite way———

I underſtand thee perfectly, anſwered I—if thou takeſt a wrong ſtep in this affair, he will cudgel thee to death ———Well! a minute is but a minute, and if it ſaves a fellow-creature a drubbing, it ſhall not be ſet down as ill-ſpent.

He was eating the ſtem of an artichoke as this diſcourſe went on, and in the litle peeviſh contentions of nature betwixt hunger and unſavourineſs, had dropt it out of his mouth half a dozen times, and pick'd it up again—God help thee, Jack! ſaid I, thou haſt a bitter breakfaſt on't—and many a bitter day's labour—and many a bitter blow, I fear, for its wages—'tis all—all bitterneſs to thee, whatever life is to others. ———And now thy mouth, if one knew the truth of it, is as bitter, I dare ſay, as ſoot—(for he had caſt aſide the ſtem) and thou haſt not a friend perhaps in all this world, that will give thee a macaroon ———In ſaying this, I pulled out a paper of them, which I had juſt purchaſed, and gave him one—and at this moment that I am telling it, my heart ſmites me, that there

was more of pleaſantry in the conceit, of ſeeing how an aſs would eat a macaroon——than of benevolence in giving him one, which preſided in the act.

When the aſs had eaten his macaroon, I preſs'd him to come in—the poor beaſt was heavy loaded—his legs ſeem'd to tremble under him—he hung rather backwards, and, as I pull'd at his halter, it broke ſhort in my hand—he look'd up penſive in my face—"Don't thraſh me with it—but if you will, you may"—If I do, ſaid I, I'll be d——d.

The word was but one half of it pronounced, like the abbeſs of Andoüillet's—(ſo there was no ſin in it)—when a perſon coming in, let fall a thundering baſtinado upon the poor devil's crupper, which put an end to the ceremony.

Out upon it!

cried I——but the interjection was equivocal——and, I think, wrong placed too—for the end of an oſier, which had ſtarted out from the contexture of the aſs's pannier, had caught hold of my breeches pocket as he ruſhed by me, and rent it in the moſt diſaſtrous direction you can imagine—ſo that the *Out upon it!* in my opinion, ſhould have come in here.

Sterne.

§ 75. *Players, in a Country Town, deſcribed.*

The players, you muſt know, finding this a good town, had taken a leaſe the laſt ſummer of an old ſynagogue deſerted by the Jews; but the mayor, being a preſbyterian, refuſed to licence their exhibitions: however, when they were in the utmoſt deſpair, the ladies of the place joined in a petition to Mrs. Mayoreſs, who prevailed on her huſband to wink at their performances. The company immediately opened their ſynagogue theatre with the Merchant of Venice; and finding a quack doctor's zany, a droll fellow, they decoyed him into their ſervice; and he has ſince performed the part of the Mock Doctor with univerſal applauſe. Upon his revolt the doctor himſelf found it abſolutely neceſſary to enter of the company; and, having a talent for tragedy, has performed with great ſucceſs the Apothecary in Romeo and Juliet.

The performers at our ruſtic theatre are far beyond thoſe paltry ſtrollers, who run about the country, and exhibit in a barn or a cow-houſe: for (as their bills declare) they are a company of Comedians from the Theatre Royal; and I aſſure you they are as much applauded by our country critics, as any of your capital actors. The ſhops of our tradeſmen have been almoſt deſerted, and a croud of weavers and hardwaremen have elbowed each other two hours before the opening of the doors, when the bills have informed us, in enormous red letters, that the part of George Barnwell was to be performed by Mr. ———, at the particular deſire of ſeveral ladies of diſtinction. 'Tis true, indeed, that our principal actors have moſt of them had their education at Covent-garden or Drury-lane; but they have been employed in the buſineſs of the drama in a degree but juſt above a ſcene-ſhifter. An heroine, to whom your managers in town (in envy to her riſing merit) ſcarce allotted the humble part of a confidante, now blubbers out Andromache or Belvidera; the attendants on a monarch ſtrut monarchs themſelves, mutes find their voices, and meſſage-bearers riſe into heroes. The humour of our beſt comedian conſiſts in ſhrugs and grimaces; he jokes in a wry mouth, and repartees in a grin; in ſhort, he practiſes on Congreve and Vanbrugh all thoſe diſtortions which gained him ſo much applauſe from the galleries, in the drubs which he was condemned to undergo in pantomimes. I was vaſtly diverted at ſeeing a fellow in the character of Sir Harry Wildair, whoſe chief action was a continual preſſing together of the thumb and fore-finger, which, had he lifted them to his noſe, I ſhould have thought he deſigned as an imitation of taking ſnuff: but I could eaſily account for the cauſe of this ſingle geſture, when I diſcovered that Sir Harry was no leſs a perſon than the dextrous Mr. Clippit the candle-ſnuffer.

You would laugh to ſee how ſtrangely the parts of a play are caſt. They played Cato: and their Marcia was ſuch

an

an old woman, that when Juba came on with his——— "Hail! charming maid!"— ——the fellow could not help laughing. Another night I was ſurpriſed to hear an eager lover talk of ruſhing into his miſtreſs's arms, rioting on the nectar of her lips, and deſiring (in the tragedy rapture) to "hug her thus, and thus, for ever;" though he always took care to ſtand at a moſt ceremonious diſtance. But I was afterwards very much diverted at the cauſe of this extraordinary reſpect, when I was told that the lady laboured under the misfortune of an ulcer in her leg, which occaſioned ſuch a diſagreeable ſtench, that the performers were obliged to keep her at arms length. The entertainment was Lethe; and the part of the Frenchman was performed by a South Briton; who, as he could not pronounce a word of the French language, ſupplied its place by gabbling in his native Welſh.

The decorations, or (in the theatrical dialect) the property of our company are as extraordinary as the performers. Othello raves about a checked handkerchief; the ghoſt in Hamlet ſtalks in a poſtilion's leathern-jacket for a coat of mail; and Cupid enters with a fiddle-caſe ſlung over his ſhoulders for a quiver. The apothecary of the town is free of the houſe, for lending them a peſtle and mortar to ſerve as the bell in Venice Preſerved: and a barber-ſurgeon has the ſame privilege, for furniſhing them with baſons of blood to beſmear the daggers in Macbeth. Macbeth himſelf carries a rolling-pin in his hand for a truncheon; and, as the breaking of glaſſes would be very expenſive, he daſhes down a pewter pint-pot at the ſight of Banquo's ghoſt.

A fray happened here the other night, which was no ſmall diverſion to the audience. It ſeems there had been a great conteſt between two of thoſe mimic heroes, which was the fitteſt to play Richard the third. One of them was reckoned to have the better perſon, as he was very round-ſhouldered, and one of his legs was ſhorter than the other; but his antagoniſt carried the part, becauſe he ſtarted beſt in the tent ſcene. However, when the curtain drew up, they both ruſhed in upon the ſtage at once; and, bawling out together "Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths," they both went through the whole ſpeech without ſtopping. *Connoiſſeur.*

§ 76. *Players often miſtake one Effect for another.*

The French have diſtinguiſhed the artifices made uſe of on the ſtage to deceive the audience, by the expreſſion of *Jeu de Theatre*, which we may tranſlate, "the juggle of the theatre." When theſe little arts are exerciſed merely to aſſiſt nature, and ſet her off to the beſt advantage, none can be ſo critically nice as to object to them; but when tragedy by theſe means is lifted into rant, and comedy diſtorted into buffoonery, though the deceit may ſucceed with the multitude, men of ſenſe will always be offended at it. This conduct, whether of the poet or the player, reſembles in ſome ſort the poor contrivance of the ancients, who mounted their heroes upon ſtilts, and expreſſed the manners of their characters by the groteſque figures of their maſks. *Ibid.*

§ 77. *True Pleaſure defined.*

We are affected with delightful ſenſations, when we ſee the inanimate parts of the creation, the meadows, flowers, and trees, in a flouriſhing ſtate. There muſt be ſome rooted melancholy at the heart, when all nature appears ſmiling about us, to hinder us from correſponding with the reſt of the creation, and joining in the univerſal chorus of joy. But if meadows and trees in their chearful verdure, if flowers in their bloom, and all the vegetable parts of the creation in their moſt advantageous dreſs, can inſpire gladneſs into the heart, and drive away all ſadneſs but deſpair; to ſee the rational creation happy and flouriſhing, ought to give us a pleaſure as much ſuperior, as the latter is to the former in the ſcale of beings. But the pleaſure is ſtill heightened, if we ourſelves have been inſtrumental in contributing to the happineſs of our fellow-creatures, if we have helped to raiſe an heart drooping beneath the weight of grief, and revived that bar-

ren and dry land, where no water was, with refreſhing ſhowers of love and kindneſs. *Seed's Sermons.*

§ 78. *How Politeneſs is manifeſted.*

To correct ſuch groſs vices as lead us to commit a real injury to others, is the part of morals, and the object of the moſt ordinary education. Where that is not attended to, in ſome degree, no human ſociety can ſubſiſt. But in order to render converſation and the intercourſe of minds more eaſy and agreeable, good manners have been invented, and have carried the matter ſomewhat farther. Wherever nature has given the mind a propenſity to any vice, or to any paſſion diſagreeable to others, refined breeding has taught men to throw the bias on the oppoſite ſide, and to preſerve, in all their behaviour, the appearance of ſentiments contrary to thoſe which they naturally incline to. Thus, as we are naturally proud and ſelfiſh, and apt to aſſume the preference above others, a polite man is taught to behave with deference towards thoſe with whom he converſes, and to yield up the ſuperiority to them in all the common incidents of ſociety. In like manner, wherever a perſon's ſituation may naturally beget any diſagreeable ſuſpicion in him, 'tis the part of good-manners to prevent it, by a ſtudied diſplay of ſentiments directly contrary to thoſe of which he is apt to be jealous. Thus old men know their infirmities, and naturally dread contempt from youth: hence, well-educated youth redouble their inſtances of reſpect and deference to their elders. Strangers and foreigners are without protection: hence, in all polite countries, they receive the higheſt civilities, and are entitled to the firſt place in every company. A man is lord in his own family, and his gueſts are, in a manner, ſubject to his authority: hence, he is always the loweſt perſon in the company; attentive to the wants of every one; and giving himſelf all the trouble, in order to pleaſe, which may not betray too viſible an affectation, or impoſe too much conſtraint on his gueſts. Gallantry is nothing but an inſtance of the ſame generous and refined attention. As nature has given man the ſuperiority above woman, by endowing him with greater ſtrength both of mind and body, 'tis his part to alleviate that ſuperiority, as much as poſſible, by the generoſity of his behaviour, and by a ſtudied deference and complaiſance for all her inclinations and opinions. Barbarous nations diſplay this ſuperiority, by reducing their females to the moſt abject ſlavery; by confining them, by beating them, by ſelling them, by killing them. But the male ſex, among a polite people, diſcover their authority in a more generous, though not a leſs evident, manner; by civility, by reſpect, by complaiſance, and, in a word, by gallantry. In good company, you need not aſk, who is maſter of the feaſt? The man who ſits in the loweſt place, and who is always induſtrious in helping every one, is moſt certainly the perſon. We muſt either condemn all ſuch inſtances of generoſity, as foppiſh and affected, or admit of gallantry among the reſt. The ancient Moſcovites wedded their wives with a whip inſtead of a wedding ring. The ſame people, in their own houſes, took always the precedency above foreigners, even foreign ambaſſadors. Theſe two inſtances of their generoſity and politeneſs are much of a piece. *Hume's Eſſays.*

§ 79. *The Buſineſs and Qualifications of a Poet deſcribed.*

"Wherever I went, I found that poetry was conſidered as the higheſt learning, and regarded with a veneration ſomewhat approaching to that which man would pay to the angelic nature. And it yet fills me with wonder, that, in almoſt all countries, the moſt ancient poets are conſidered as the beſt: whether it be that every other kind of knowledge is an acquiſition gradually attained, and poetry is a gift conferred at once; or that the firſt poetry of every nation ſurpriſed them as a novelty, and retained the credit by conſent which it received by accident at firſt: or whether, as the province of poetry is to deſcribe nature and paſſion, which are always the ſame, the firſt writers took poſſeſſion of the moſt ſtriking objects for deſcription, and

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the moſt probable occurrences for fiction, and left nothing to thoſe that followed them, but tranſcriptions of the ſame events, and new combinations of the ſame images. Whatever be the reaſon, it is commonly obſerved that the early writers are in poſſeſſion of nature, and their followers of art: that the firſt excel in ſtrength and invention, and the latter in elegance and refinement.

"I was deſirous to add my name to this illuſtrious fraternity. I read all the poets of Perſia and Arabia, and was able to repeat by memory the volumes that are ſuſpended in the moſque of Mecca. But I ſoon found that no man was ever great by imitation. My deſire of excellence impelled me to transfer my attention to nature and to life. Nature was to be my ſubject, and men to be my auditors: I could never deſcribe what I had not ſeen: I could not hope to move thoſe with delight or terror, whoſe intereſts and opinions I did not underſtand.

"Being now reſolved to be a poet, I ſaw every thing with a new purpoſe; my ſphere of attention was ſuddenly magnified: no kind of knowledge was to be overlooked. I ranged mountains and deſerts for images and reſemblances, and pictured upon my mind every tree of the foreſt and flower of the valley. I obſerved with equal care the crags of the rock and the pinnacles of the palace. Sometimes I wandered along the mazes of the rivulet, and ſometimes watched the changes of the ſummer clouds. To a poet nothing can be uſeleſs. Whatever is beautiful, and whatever is dreadful, muſt be familiar to his imagination: he muſt be converſant with all that is awfully vaſt or elegantly little. The plants of the garden, the animals of the wood, the minerals of the earth, and meteors of the ſky, muſt all concur to ſtore his mind with inexhauſtible variety: for every idea is uſeful for the enforcement or decoration of moral or religious truth; and he, who knows moſt, will have moſt power of diverſifying his ſcenes, and of gratifying his reader with remote alluſions and unexpected inſtruction.

"All the appearances of nature I was therefore careful to ſtudy, and every country which I have ſurveyed has contributed ſomething to my poetical powers."

"In ſo wide a ſurvey," ſaid the prince, "you muſt ſurely have left much unobſerved. I have lived, till now, within the circuit of theſe mountains, and yet cannot walk abroad without the ſight of ſomething which I never beheld before, or never heeded."

"The buſineſs of a poet," ſaid Imlac, "is to examine, not the individual, but the ſpecies; to remark general properties and large appearances: he does not number the ſtreaks of the tulip, or deſcribe the different ſhades in the verdure of the foreſt. He is to exhibit in his portraits of nature ſuch prominent and ſtriking features, as recal the original to every mind; and muſt neglect the minuter diſcriminations, which one may have remarked, and another have neglected, for thoſe characteriſtics which are alike obvious to vigilance and careleſſneſs.

"But the knowledge of nature is only half the taſk of a poet; he muſt be acquainted likewiſe with all the modes of life. His character requires that he eſtimate the happineſs and miſery of every condition, obſerve the power of all the paſſions in all their combinations, and trace the changes of the human mind as they are modified by various inſtitutions, and accidental influences of climate or cuſtom, from the ſprightlineſs of infancy to the deſpondence of decrepitude. He muſt diveſt himſelf of the prejudices of his age or country; he muſt conſider right and wrong in their abſtract and invariable ſtate; he muſt diſregard preſent laws and opinions, and riſe to general and tranſcendental truths, which will always be the ſame: he muſt therefore content himſelf with the ſlow progreſs of his name; contemn the applauſe of his own time, and commit his claims to the juſtice of poſterity. He muſt write as the interpreter of nature, and the legiſlator of mankind, and conſider himſelf as preſiding over the thoughts and manners of future generations, as a being ſuperior to time and place.

" His labour is not yet at an end: he muſt know many languages and many ſciences; and, that his ſtyle may be worthy of his thoughts, muſt by inceſſant practice familiarize to himſelf every delicacy of ſpeech and grace of harmony." *Johnſon's Raſſelas.*

§ 80. *Remarks on ſome of the beſt Poets, both ancient and modern.*

'Tis manifeſt, that ſome particular ages have been more happy than others, in the production of great men, and all ſorts of arts and ſciences; as that of Euripides, Sophocles, Ariſtophanes, and the reſt, for ſtage poetry, amongſt the Greeks; that of Auguſtus for heroic, lyric, dramatic, elegiac, and indeed all ſorts of poetry, in the perſons of Virgil, Horace, Varius, Ovid, and many others; eſpecially if we take into that century the latter end of the commonwealth, wherein we find Varro, Lucretius, and Catullus: and at the ſame time lived Cicero, Salluſt, and Cæſar. A famous age in modern times, for learning in every kind, was that of Lorenzo de Medici and his ſon Leo X. wherein painting was revived, poetry flouriſhed, and the Greek language was reſtored.

Examples in all theſe are obvious: but what I would infer is this, That in ſuch an age, 'tis poſſible ſome great genius may ariſe to equal any of the ancients, abating only for the language; for great contemporaries whet and cultivate each other; and mutual borrowing, and commerce, makes the common riches of learning, as it does of civil government.

But ſuppoſe that Homer and Virgil were the only poets of their ſpecies, and that nature was ſo much worn out in producing them, that ſhe is never able to bear the like again; yet the example only holds in heroic poetry. In tragedy and ſatire, I offer myſelf to maintain, againſt ſome of our modern critics, that this age and the laſt, particularly in England, have excelled the ancients in both theſe kinds.

Thus I might ſafely confine myſelf to my native country: but if I would only croſs the ſeas, I might find in France a living Horace and a Juvenal, in the perſon of the admirable Boileau, whoſe numbers are excellent, whoſe expreſſions are noble, whoſe thoughts are juſt, whoſe language is pure, whoſe ſatire is pointed, and whoſe ſenſe is cloſe. What he borrows from the ancients, he repays with uſury of his own, in coin as good, and almoſt as univerſally valuable; for, ſetting prejudice and partiality apart, though he is our enemy, the ſtamp of a Louis, the patron of arts, is not much inferior to the medal of an Auguſtus Cæſar. Let this be ſaid without entering into the intereſts of factions and parties, and relating only the bounty of that king to men of learning and merit: a praiſe ſo juſt, that even we, who are his enemies, cannot refuſe it to him.

Now, if it may be permitted me to go back again to the conſideration of epic poetry, I have confeſſed that no man hitherto has reached, or ſo much as approached to the excellencies of Homer or Virgil; I muſt farther add, that Statius, the beſt verſificator next Virgil, knew not how to deſign after him, though he had the model in his eyes; that Lucan is wanting both in deſign and ſubject, and is beſides too full of heat and affection; that among the moderns, Arioſto neither deſigned juſtly, nor obſerved any unity of action or compaſs of time, or moderation in the vaſtneſs of his draught: his ſtyle is luxurious, without majeſty or decency; and his adventures without the compaſs of nature and poſſibility. Taſſo, whoſe deſign was regular, and who obſerved the rules of unity in time and place more cloſely than Virgil, yet was not ſo happy in his action; he confeſſes himſelf to have been too lyrical, that is, to have written beneath the dignity of heroic verſe, in his epiſodes of Sophronia, Erminia, and Armida; his ſtory is not ſo pleaſing as Arioſto's; he is too flatulent ſometimes, and ſometimes too dry; many times unequal, and almoſt always forced; and beſides, is full of conceptions, points of epigram, and witticiſms; all which are not only below the dignity of heroic verſe, but contrary to its nature. Virgil and Homer have not one of them: and

and thoſe who are guilty of ſo boyiſh an ambition in ſo grave a ſubject, are ſo far from being conſidered as heroic poets, that they ought to be turned down from Homer to Anthologia, from Virgil to Martial and Owen's epigrams, and from Spenſer to Flecno, that is, from the top to the bottom of all poetry. But to return to Taſſo; he borrows from the invention of Boyardo, and in his alteration of his poem, which is infinitely the worſt, imitates Homer ſo very ſervilely, that (for example) he gives the king of Jeruſalem fifty ſons, only becauſe Homer had beſtowed the like number on king Priam; he kills the youngeſt in the ſame manner, and has provided his hero with a Patroclus, under another name, only to bring him back to the wars, when his friend was killed. The French have performed nothing in this kind, which is not below thoſe two Italians, and ſubject to a thouſand more reflections, without examining their St. Louis, their Pucelle, or their Alarique. The Engliſh have only to boaſt of Spenſer and Milton, who neither of them wanted either genius or learning to have been perfect poets, and yet both of them are liable to many cenſures. For there is no uniformity in the deſign of Spenſer; he aims at the accompliſhment of no one action; he raiſes up a hero for every one of his adventures, and endows each of them with ſome particular moral virtue, which renders them all equal, without ſubordination or preference. Every one is moſt valiant in his own legend; only we muſt do them the juſtice to obſerve, that magnanimity, which is the character of Prince Arthur, ſhines through the whole poem, and ſuccours the reſt, when they are in diſtreſs. The original of every knight was then living in the court of queen Elizabeth; and he attributed to each of them that virtue which he thought moſt conſpicuous in them: an ingenious piece of flattery, though it turned not much to his account. Had he lived to finiſh his poem, in the ſix remaining legends, it had certainly been more of a piece; but could not have been perfect, becauſe the model was not true. But Prince Arthur, or his chief patron, Sir Philip Sidney, whom he intended to make happy by the marriage of his Gloriana, dying before him, deprived the poet both of means and ſpirit to accompliſh his deſign. For the reſt, his obſolete language, and ill choice of his ſtanza, are faults but of the ſecond magnitude: for, notwithſtanding the firſt, he is ſtill intelligible, at leaſt after a little practice; and for the laſt, he is the more to be admired, that, labouring under ſuch a difficulty, his verſes are ſo numerous, ſo various, and ſo harmonious, that only Virgil, whom he profeſſedly imitated, has ſurpaſſed him among the Romans, and only Mr. Waller among the Engliſh. *Dryden.*

§ 81. *Remarks on ſome of the beſt Engliſh dramatic Poets.*

Shakeſpeare was the man who, of all modern and perhaps ancient poets, had the largeſt and moſt comprehenſive ſoul. All the images of nature were ſtill preſent to him, and he drew them not laborioufly, but luckily: when he deſcribes any thing, you more than ſee it, you feel it too. Thoſe who accuſe him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation: he was naturally learned; he needed not the ſpectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards, and found her there. I cannot ſay he is every where alike; were he ſo, I ſhould do him injury to compare him with the greateſt of mankind. He is many times flat and inſipid; his comic wit degenerating into clenches; his ſerious, ſwelling into bombaſt. But he is always great, when ſome great occaſion is preſented to him: no man can ſay he ever had a fit ſubject for his wit, and did not then raiſe himſelf as high above the reſt of Poets,

Quantùm lenta ſolent inter viburna cupreſſi.

The conſideration of this made Mr. Hales of Eaton ſay, that there was no ſubject of which any poet ever writ, but he would produce it much better treated in Shakeſpeare; and, however others are now generally preferred before him, yet the age wherein he lived, which had contemporaries with him

Fletcher and Jonſon, never equalled them to him in their eſteem. And in the laſt king's court, when Ben's reputation was at the higheſt, Sir John Suckling, and with him the greater part of the courtiers, ſet our Shakeſpeare far above him.

Beaumont and Fletcher, of whom I am next to ſpeak, had, with the advantage of Shakeſpeare's wit, which was their precedent, great natural gifts, improved by ſtudy; Beaumont eſpecially being ſo accurate a judge of players, that Ben Jonſon, while he lived, ſubmitted all his writings to his cenſure, and, 'tis thought, uſed his judgment in correcting, if not contriving, all his plots. What value he had for him, appears by the verſes he writ to him, and therefore I need ſpeak no farther of it. The firſt play which brought Fletcher and him in eſteem was their Philaſter; for before that, they had written two or three very unſucceſsfully: and the like is reported of Ben Jonſon, before he writ Every Man in his Humour. Their plots were generally more regular than Shakeſpeare's, eſpecially thoſe which were made before Beaumont's death; and they underſtood and imitated the converſation of gentlemen much better, whoſe wild debaucheries, and quickneſs of repartees, no poet can ever paint as they have done. That humour which Ben Jonſon derived from particular perſons, they made it not their buſineſs to deſcribe: they repreſented all the paſſions very lively, but above all, love. I am apt to believe the Engliſh language in them arrived to its higheſt perfection: what words have been taken in ſince, are rather ſuperfluous than neceſſary. Their plays are now the moſt pleaſant and frequent entertainments of the ſtage; two of theirs being acted through the year for one of Shakeſpeare's or Jonſon's: the reaſon is, becauſe there is a certain gaiety in their comedies, and pathos in their more ſerious plays, which ſuits generally with all men's humour. Shakeſpeare's language is likewiſe a little obſolete, and Ben Jonſon's wit comes ſhort of theirs.

As for Jonſon, to whoſe character I am now arrived, if we look upon him while he was himſelf (for his laſt plays were but his dotages), I think him the moſt learned and judicious writer which any theatre ever had. He was a moſt ſevere judge of himſelf as well as others. One cannot ſay he wanted wit, but rather that he was frugal of it. In his works you find little to retrench or alter. Wit and language, and humour alſo in ſome meaſure, we had before him; but ſomething of art was wanting to the drama till he came. He managed his ſtrength to more advantage than any who preceded him. You ſeldom find him making love in any of his ſcenes, or endeavouring to move the paſſions; his genius was too ſullen and ſaturnine to do it gracefully, eſpecially when he knew he came after thoſe who had performed both to ſuch an height. Humour was his proper ſphere, and in that he delighted moſt to repreſent mechanic people. He was deeply converſant in the ancients, both Greek and Latin, and he borrowed boldly from them: there is not a poet or hiſtorian among the Roman authors of thoſe times, whom he has not tranſlated in Sejanus and Catiline. But he has done his robberies ſo openly, that one may ſee he fears not to be taxed by any law. He invades authors like a monarch, and what would be theft in other poets, is only victory in him. With the ſpoils of thoſe writers he ſo repreſents old Rome to us, in its rites, ceremonies, and cuſtoms, that if one of their poets had written either of his tragedies, we had ſeen leſs of it than in him. If there was any fault in his language, 'twas that he weav'd it too cloſely and laborioufly in his ſerious plays: perhaps, too, he did a little too much romanize our tongue, leaving the words which he tranſlated almoſt as much Latin as he found them; wherein, though he learnedly followed the idiom of their language, he did not enough comply with ours. If I would compare with him Shakeſpeare, I muſt acknowledge him the more correct poet, but Shakeſpeare the greater wit. Shakeſpeare was the Homer, or father of our dramatic poets, Jonſon was the Virgil,

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the pattern of elaborate writing; I admire him, but I love Shakeſpeare. To conclude of him: as he has given us the moſt correct plays, ſo, in the precepts which he has laid down in his diſcoveries, we have as many and as profitable rules for perfecting the ſtage as any wherewith the French can furniſh us. *Dryden's Eſſays.*

§ 82. *The Origin and Right of excluſive Property explained.*

There is nothing which ſo generally ſtrikes the imagination and engages the affections of mankind, as the right of property; or that ſole and deſpotic dominion which one man claims and exerciſes over the external things of the world, in a total excluſion of the right of any other individual in the univerſe. And yet there are very few that will give themſelves the trouble to conſider the original and foundation of this right. Pleaſed as we are with the poſſeſſion, we ſeem afraid to look back to the means by which it was acquired, as if fearful of ſome defect in our title; or at beſt we reſt ſatisfied with the deciſion of the laws in our favour, without examining the reaſon or authority upon which thoſe laws have been built. We think it enough that our title is derived by the grant of the former proprietor, by deſcent from our anceſtors, or by the laſt will and teſtament of the dying owner; not caring to reflect that (accurately and ſtrictly ſpeaking) there is no foundation in nature or in natural law, why a ſet of words upon parchment ſhould convey the dominion of land; why the ſon ſhould have a right to exclude his fellow-creatures from a determinate ſpot of ground, becauſe his father had done ſo before him; or why the occupier of a particular field or of a jewel, when lying on his death-bed, and no longer able to maintain poſſeſſion, ſhould be entitled to tell the reſt of the world, which of them ſhould enjoy it after him. Theſe enquiries, it muſt be owned, would be uſeleſs and even troubleſome in common life. It is well if the maſs of mankind will obey the laws when made, without ſcrutinizing too nicely into the reaſons of making them. But, when law is to be conſidered not only as matter of practice, but alſo as a rational ſcience, it cannot be improper or uſeleſs to examine more deeply the rudiments and grounds of theſe poſitive conſtitutions of ſociety.

In the beginning of the world, we are informed by holy writ, the all-bountiful Creator gave to man, "dominion over all the earth; and over the fiſh of the ſea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth *." This is the only true and ſolid foundation of man's dominion over external things, whatever airy metaphyſical notions may have been ſtarted by fanciful writers upon this ſubject. The earth therefore, and all things therein, are the general property of all mankind, excluſive of other beings, from the immediate gift of the Creator. And, while the earth continued bare of inhabitants, it is reaſonable to ſuppoſe that all was in common among them, and that every one took from the public ſtock to his own uſe ſuch things as his immediate neceſſities required.

Theſe general notions of property were then ſufficient to anſwer all the purpoſes of human life; and might perhaps ſtill have anſwered them, had it been poſſible for mankind to have remained in a ſtate of primæval ſimplicity: as may be collected from the manners of many American nations when firſt diſcovered by the Europeans; and from the ancient method of living among the firſt Europeans themſelves, if we may credit either the memorials of them preſerved in the golden age of the poets, or the uniform accounts given by hiſtorians of thoſe times wherein *erant omnia communia et indiviſa omnibus, veluti unum cunctis patrimonium eſſet* †. Not that this communion of goods ſeems ever to have been applicable, even in the earlieſt ages, to aught but the ſubſtance of the thing; nor could be extended to the uſe of it. For, by the law of nature and reaſon, he who firſt began to uſe it acquired therein a kind of tranſient property, that laſted ſo long as he was uſing it, and no longer ‡: or, to ſpeak with greater

* Gen. i. 28. † Juſtin. l. 43, c. 1.
‡ Barbeyr. Puff. l. 4, c. 4.

preciſion,

preciſion, the right of poſſeſſion continued for the ſame time only that the act of poſſeſſion laſted. Thus the ground was in common, and no part of it was the permanent property of any man in particular: yet whoever was in the occupation of any determinate ſpot of it, for reſt, for ſhade, or the like, acquired for the time a ſort of ownerſhip, from which it would have been unjuſt, and contrary to the law of nature, to have driven him by force; but the inſtant that he quitted the uſe or occupation of it, another might ſeize it without injuſtice. Thus alſo a vine or other tree might be ſaid to be in common, as all men were equally entitled to its produce; and yet any private individual might gain the ſole property of the fruit, which he had gathered for his own repaſt. A doctrine well illuſtrated by Cicero, who compares the world to a great theatre, which is common to the public, and yet the place which any man has taken is for the time his own *.

But when mankind increaſed in number, craft, and ambition, it became neceſſary to entertain conceptions of more permanent dominion: and to appropriate to individuals not the immediate uſe only, but the very ſubſtance of the thing to be uſed. Otherwiſe innumerable tumults muſt have ariſen, and the good order of the world been continually broken and diſturbed, while a variety of perſons were ſtriving who ſhould get the firſt occupation of the ſame thing, or diſputing which of them had actually gained it. As human life alſo grew more and more refined, abundance of conveniences were deviſed to render it more eaſy, commodious, and agreeable; as, habitations for ſhelter and ſafety, and raiment for warmth and decency. But no man would be at the trouble to provide either, ſo long as he had only an uſufructuary property in them, which was to ceaſe the inſtant that he quitted poſſeſſion;—if, as ſoon as he walked out of his tent, or pulled off his garment, the next ſtranger who came by would have a right to inhabit the one, and to wear the other. In the caſe of habitations, in particular, it was natural to obſerve, that even the brute creation, to whom every thing elſe was in common, maintained a kind of permanent property in their dwellings, eſpecially for the protection of their young; that the birds of the air had neſts, and the beaſts of the field had caverns, the invaſion of which they eſteemed a very flagrant injuſtice, and would ſacrifice their lives to preſerve them. Hence a property was ſoon eſtabliſhed in every man's houſe and homeſtall; which ſeem to have been originally mere temporary huts or moveable cabins, ſuited to the deſign of Providence for more ſpeedily peopling the earth, and ſuited to the wandering life of their owners, before any extenſive property in the ſoil or ground was eſtabliſhed. And there can be no doubt, but that moveables of every kind became ſooner appropriated than the permanent ſubſtantial ſoil; partly becauſe they were more ſuſceptible of a long occupance, which might be continued for months together without any ſenſible interruption, and at length by uſage ripen into an eſtabliſhed right; but principally becauſe few of them could be fit for uſe, till improved and meliorated by the bodily labour of the occupant: which bodily labour, beſtowed upon any ſubject which before lay in common to all men, is univerſally allowed to give the faireſt and moſt reaſonable title to an excluſive property therein.

The article of food was a more immediate call, and therefore a more early conſideration. Such as were not contented with the ſpontaneous product of the earth, ſought for a more ſolid refreſhment in the fleſh of beaſts which they obtained by hunting. But the frequent diſappointments, incident to that method of proviſion, induced them to gather together ſuch animals as were of a more tame and ſequacious nature; and to eſtabliſh a permanent property in their flocks and herds, in order to ſuſtain themſelves in a leſs precarious manner, partly by the milk of the dams, and partly by the fleſh of the young. The ſupport of theſe their cattle made the

* Quemadmodum theatrum, cum commune, ſit recte, tamen dici poteſt, ejus eſſe eum locum quem quiſque occuparit. De Fin. l. 3. c. 20.

the article of water alſo a very important point. And therefore the book of Geneſis (the moſt venerable monument of antiquity, conſidered merely with a view to hiſtory) will furniſh us with frequent inſtances of violent contentions concerning wells; the excluſive property of which appears to have been eſtabliſhed in the firſt digger or occupant, even in ſuch places where the ground and herbage remained yet in common. Thus we find Abraham, who was but a ſojourner, aſſerting his right to a well in the country of Abimelech, and exacting an oath for his ſecurity, "becauſe he had digged that well *." And Iſaac, about ninety years afterwards, reclaimed this his father's property; and, after much contention with the Philiſtines, was ſuffered to enjoy it in peace †.

All this while the ſoil and paſture of the earth remained ſtill in common as before, and open to every occupant: except perhaps in the neighbourhood of towns, where the neceſſity of a ſole and excluſive property in lands (for the ſake of agriculture) was earlier felt, and therefore more readily complied with. Otherwiſe, when the multitude of men and cattle had conſumed every convenience on one ſpot of ground, it was deemed a natural right to ſeize upon and occupy ſuch other lands as would more eaſily ſupply their neceſſities. This practice is ſtill retained among the wild and uncultivated nations that have never been formed into civil ſtates, like the Tartars and others in the Eaſt; where the climate itſelf, and the boundleſs extent of their territory, conſpire to retain them ſtill in the ſame ſavage ſtate of vagrant liberty, which was univerſal in the earlieſt ages, and which Tacitus informs us continued among the Germans till the decline of the Roman empire ‡. We have alſo a ſtriking example of the ſame kind in the hiſtory of Abraham and his nephew Lot ||. When their joint ſubſtance became ſo great, that paſture and other conveniencies grew ſcarce, the natural conſequence was, that a ſtrife aroſe between their ſervants; ſo that it was no longer practicable to dwell together. This contention Abraham thus endeavoured to compoſe: "Let there be no ſtrife, I pray thee, between thee and me. Is not the whole land before thee? Separate thyſelf, I pray thee, from me. If thou wilt take the left hand, then will I go to the right; or if thou depart to the right hand, then will I go to the left." This plainly implies an acknowledged right in either to occupy whatever ground he pleaſed, that was not preoccupied by other tribes. "And Lot lifted up his eyes, and beheld all the plain of Jordan, that it was well watered every where, even as the garden of the Lord. Then Lot choſe him all the plain of Jordan, and journeyed eaſt, and Abraham dwelt in the land of Canaan."

Upon the ſame principle was founded the right of migration, or ſending colonies to find out new habitations, when the mother-country was overcharged with inhabitants; which was practiſed as well by the Phœnicians and Greeks, as the Germans, Scythians, and other northern people. And ſo long as it was confined to the ſtocking and cultivation of deſart uninhabited countries, it kept ſtrictly within the limits of the law of nature. But how far the ſeizing on countries already peopled, and driving out or maſſacring the innocent and defenceleſs natives, merely becauſe they differed from their invaders in language, in religion, in cuſtoms, in government, or in colour; how far ſuch a conduct was conſonant to nature, to reaſon, or to chriſtianity, deſerved well to be conſidered by thoſe who have rendered their names immortal by thus civilizing mankind.

As the world by degrees grew more populous, it daily became more difficult to find out new ſpots to inhabit, without encroaching upon former occupants; and, by conſtantly occupying the ſame individual ſpot, the fruits of the earth were conſumed, and its ſpontaneous produce deſtroyed, without any proviſion for a future ſupply or ſucceſſion. It therefore became neceſſary to purſue

* Gen. xxi. 30. † Gen. xxvi. 15, 18, &c.

‡ Colunt diſcreti et diverſi; ut fons, ut campus, ut nemus placuit. De mor. Germ. 16.

|| Gen. xiii.

purſue ſome regular method of providing a conſtant ſubſiſtence; and this neceſſity produced, or at leaſt promoted and encouraged, the art of agriculture. And the art of agriculture, by a regular connexion and conſequence, introduced and eſtabliſhed the idea of a more permanent property in the ſoil, than had hitherto been received and adopted. It was clear that the earth would not produce her fruits in ſufficient quantities, without the aſſiſtance of tillage: but who would be at the pains of tilling it, if another might watch an opportunity to ſeize upon and enjoy the product of his induſtry, art, and labour? Had not therefore a ſeparate property in lands, as moveables, been veſted in ſome individuals, the world muſt have continued a foreſt, and men have been mere animals of prey; which, according to ſome philoſophers, is the genuine ſtate of nature. Whereas now (ſo graciouſly has Providence interwoven our duty and our happineſs together) the reſult of this very neceſſity has been the ennobling of the human ſpecies, by giving it opportunities of improving its rational faculties, as well as of exerting its natural. Neceſſity begat property; and, in order to inſure that property, recourſe was had to civil ſociety, which brought along with it a long train of inſeparable concomitants; ſtates, government, laws, puniſhments, and the public exerciſe of religious duties. Thus connected together, it was found that a part only of ſociety was ſufficient to provide, by their manual labour, for the neceſſary ſubſiſtence of all; and leiſure was given to others to cultivate the human mind, to invent uſeful arts, and to lay the foundations of ſcience.

The only queſtion remaining is, How this property became actually veſted; or what it is that gave a man an excluſive right to retain in a permanent manner that ſpecific land, which before belonged generally to every body, but particularly to nobody? And, as we before obſerved that occupancy gave the right to the temporary uſe of the ſoil, ſo it is agreed upon all hands, that occupancy gave alſo the original right to the permanent property in the ſubſtance of the earth itſelf; which excludes every one elſe but the owner from the uſe of it. There is indeed ſome difference among the writers on natural law, concerning the reaſon why occupancy ſhould convey this right, and inveſt one with this abſolute property: Grotius and Puffendorf inſiſting, that this right of occupancy is founded upon a tacit and implied aſſent of all mankind, that the firſt occupant ſhould become the owner; and Barbeyrac, Titius, Mr. Locke, and others, holding, that there is no ſuch implied aſſent, neither is it neceſſary that there ſhould be; for that the very act of occupancy, alone, being a degree of bodily labour, is, from a principle of natural juſtice, without any conſent or compact, ſufficient of itſelf to gain a title. A diſpute that ſavours too much of nice and ſcholaſtic refinement! However, both ſides agree in this, that occupancy is the thing by which the title was in fact originally gained; every man ſeizing to his own continued uſe ſuch ſpots of ground as he found moſt agreeable to his own convenience, provided he found them unoccupied by any one elſe.

Blackſtone's Commentaries.

§ 83. *Retirement of no Uſe to ſome.*

To lead the life I propoſe with ſatisfaction and profit, renouncing the pleaſures and buſineſs of the world, and breaking the habits of both, is not ſufficient: the ſupine creature whoſe underſtanding is ſuperficially employed, through life, about a few general notions, and is never bent to a cloſe and ſteady purſuit of truth, may renounce the pleaſures and buſineſs of the world, for even in the buſineſs of the world we ſee ſuch creatures often employed, and may break the habits; nay he may retire and drone away life in ſolitude like a monk, or like him over the door of whoſe houſe, as if his houſe had been his tomb, ſomebody writ, "Here lies ſuch an one:" but no ſuch man will be able to make the true uſe of retirement. The employment of his mind, that would have been agreeable and eaſy if he had

had accuſtomed himſelf to it early, will be unpleaſant and impracticable late: ſuch men loſe their intellectual powers for want of exerting them, and, having trifled away youth, are reduced to the neceſſity of trifling away age. It fares with the mind juſt as it does with the body. He who was born with a texture of brain as ſtrong as that of Newton, may become unable to perform the common rules of arithmetic; juſt as he who has the ſame elaſticity in his muſcles, the ſame ſuppleneſs in his joints, and all his nerves and ſinews as well braced as Jacob Hall, may become a fat unwieldy ſluggard. Yet further; the implicit creature, who has thought it all his life needleſs, or unlawful, to examine the principles of facts that he took originally on truſt, will be as little able as the other to improve his ſolitude to any good purpoſe: unleſs we call it a good purpoſe, for that ſometimes happens, to confirm and exalt his prejudices, ſo that he may live and die in one continued delirium. The confirmed prejudices of a thoughtful life are as hard to change as the confirmed habits of an indolent life: and as ſome muſt trifle away age becauſe they trifled away youth, others muſt labour on in a maze of error, becauſe they have wandered there too long to find their way out. *Bolingbroke.*

§ 84. *Conſequences of the Revolution of* 1688.

Few men at that time looked forward enough to foreſee the neceſſary conſequences of the new conſtitution of the revenue that was ſoon afterwards formed, nor of the method of funding that immediately took place; which, abſurd as they are, have continued ever ſince, till it is become ſcarce poſſible to alter them. Few people, I ſay, foreſaw how the creation of funds, and the multiplication of taxes, would encreaſe yearly the power of the crown, and bring our liberties, by a natural and neceſſary progreſſion, into more real, tho' leſs apparent danger, than they were in before the Revolution. The exceſſive ill huſbandry practiſed from the very beginning of King William's reign, and which laid the foundations of all we feel and all we fear, was not the effect of ignorance, miſtake, or what we call chance, but of deſign and ſcheme in thoſe who had the ſway at that time. I am not ſo uncharitable, however, as to believe, that they intended to bring upon their country all the miſchiefs that we, who came after them, experience, and apprehend. No; they ſaw the meaſures they took ſingly, and unrelatively, or relatively alone to ſome immediate object. The notion of attaching men to the new government, by tempting them to embark their fortunes on the ſame bottom, was a reaſon of ſtate to ſome: the notion of creating a new, that is, a monied intereſt, in oppoſition to the landed intereſt, or as a balance to it, and of acquiring a ſuperior influence in the city of London, at leaſt, by eſtabliſhment of great corporations, was a reaſon of party to others: and I make no doubt that the opportunity of amaſſing immenſe eſtates by the managements of funds, by trafficking in paper, and by all the arts of jobbing, was a reaſon of private intereſt to thoſe who ſupported and improved this ſcheme of iniquity, if not to thoſe who deviſed it. They looked no farther. Nay, we who came after them, and have long taſted the bitter fruits of the corruption they planted, were far from taking ſuch an alarm at our diſtreſs, and our danger, as they deſerved; till the moſt remote and fatal effect of cauſes, laid by the laſt generation, was very near becoming an object of experience in this. *Ibid.*

§ 85. *Defence of Riddles: in a Letter to a Lady.*

It is with wonderful ſatisfaction I find you are grown ſuch an adept in the occult arts, and that you take a laudable pleaſure in the ancient and ingenious ſtudy of making and ſolving riddles. It is a ſcience, undoubtedly, of moſt neceſſary acquirement, and deſerves to make a part in the meditation of both ſexes. Thoſe of yours may by this means very innocently indulge their uſual curioſity of diſcovering and diſcloſing a ſecret; whilſt ſuch amongſt ours who have a turn for deep ſpeculations,

lations, and are fond of puzzling themſelves and others, may exerciſe their faculties this way with much private ſatisfaction, and without the leaſt diſturbance to the public. It is an art indeed which I would recommend to the encouragement of both the univerſities, as it affords the eaſieſt and ſhorteſt method of conveying ſome of the moſt uſeful principles of logic, and might therefore be introduced as a very proper ſubſtitute in the room of thoſe dry ſyſtems which are at preſent in vogue in thoſe places of education. For as it it conſiſts in diſcovering truth under borrowed appearances, it might prove of wonderful advantage in every branch of learning, by habituating the mind to ſeparate all foreign ideas, and conſequently preſerving it from that grand ſource of error, the being deceived by falſe connections. In ſhort, Timoclea, this your favourite ſcience contains the ſum of all human policy; and as there is no paſſing through the world without ſometimes mixing with fools and knaves; who would not chooſe to be maſter of the enigmatical art, in order, on proper occaſions, to be able to lead aſide craft and impertinence from their aim, by the convenient artifice of a prudent diſguiſe? It was the maxim of a very wiſe prince, that "he who knows not how to diſſemble, knows not how to reign:" and I deſire you would receive it as mine, that "he who knows not how to riddle, knows not how to live."

But beſides the general uſefulneſs of this art, it will have a further recommendation to all true admirers of antiquity, as being practiſed by the moſt conſiderable perſonages of early times. It is almoſt three thouſand years ago ſince Samſon propoſed his famous riddle ſo well known; tho' the advocates for ancient learning muſt forgive me, if in this article I attribute the ſuperiority to the moderns; for if we may judge of the ſkill of the former in this profound art by that remarkable ſpecimen of it, the geniuſes of thoſe early ages were by no means equal to thoſe which our times have produced. But as a friend of mine has lately finiſhed, and intends very ſhortly to publiſh, a moſt learned work in folio, wherein he has fully proved that important point, I will not anticipate the pleaſure you will receive by peruſing this curious performance. In the mean while let it be remembered, to the immortal glory of this art, that the wiſeſt man, as well as the greateſt prince that ever lived, is ſaid to have amuſed himſelf and a neighbouring monarch in trying the ſtrength of each other's talents in this way; ſeveral riddles, it ſeems, having paſſed between Solomon and Hiram, upon condition that he who failed in the ſolution ſhould incur a certain penalty. It is recorded likewiſe of the great father of poetry, even the divine Homer himſelf, that he had a taſte of this ſort; and we are told by a Greek writer of his life, that he died with vexation for not being able to diſcover a riddle which was propoſed to him by ſome fiſhermen at a certain iſland called Jo. *Fitzoſborne's Letters.*

§ 86. *The true Uſe of the Senſes perverted by Faſhion.*

Nothing has been ſo often explained, and yet ſo little underſtood, as ſimplicity in writing; and the reaſon of its remaining ſo much a myſtery, is our own want of ſimplicity in manners. By our preſent mode of education, we are forcibly warped from the bias of nature, in mind as well as in body; we are taught to diſguiſe, diſtort, and alter our ſentiments until our thinking faculty is diverted into an unnatural channel; and we not only relinquiſh and forget, but alſo become incapable of our original diſpoſitions. We are totally changed into creatures of art and affectation; our perception is abuſed, and our ſenſes are perverted; our minds loſe their nature, force, and flavour; the imagination, ſweated by artificial fire, produces nought but vapid and ſickly bloom; the genius, inſtead of growing like a vigorous tree, that extends its branches on every ſide, buds, bloſſoms, and bears delicious fruit, reſembles a lopped and ſtunted yew, tortured into ſome wretched form, projecting no ſhade or ſhelter, diſplaying no flower, diffuſing no fragrance, and producing

producing no fruit, and exhibiting nothing but a barren conceit for the amuſement of the idle ſpectator.

Thus debauched from Nature, how can we reliſh her genuine productions? As well might a man diſtinguiſh objects through the medium of a priſm, that preſents nothing but a variety of colours to the eye; or a maid pining in the green-ſickneſs prefer a biſcuit to a cinder.

It has often been alleged, that the paſſions can never be wholly depoſed, and that by appealing to theſe, a good writer will always be able to force himſelf into the hearts of his readers; but even the ſtrongeſt paſſions are weakened, nay ſometimes totally extinguiſhed and deſtroyed, by mutual oppoſition, diſſipation, and acquired inſenſibility. How often at our theatre has the tear of ſympathy and burſt of laughter been repreſſed by a malignant ſpecies of pride, refuſing approbation to the author and actor, and renouncing ſociety with the audience! I have ſeen a young creature, poſſeſſed of the moſt delicate complexion, and exhibiting features that indicate ſenſibility, ſit without the leaſt emotion, and behold the moſt tender and pathetic ſcenes of Otway repreſented with all the energy of action; ſo happy had ſhe been in her efforts to conquer the prejudices of nature. She had been trained up in the belief that nothing was more aukward, than to betray a ſenſe of ſhame or ſympathy; ſhe ſeemed to think that a conſent of paſſion with the vulgar, would impair the dignity of her character; and that ſhe herſelf ought to be the only object of approbation. But ſhe did not conſider that ſuch approbation is ſeldom acquired by diſdain; and that want of feeling is a very bad recommendation to the human heart. For my own ſhare, I never fail to take a ſurvey of the female part of an audience, at every intereſting incident of the drama. When I perceive the tear ſtealing down a lady's cheek, and the ſudden ſigh eſcape from her breaſt, I am attracted toward her by an irreſiſtible emotion of tenderneſs and eſteem; her eyes ſhine with enchanting luſtre, through the pearly moiſture that ſurrounds them; my heart warms at the glow which humanity kindles on her cheek, and keeps time with the accelerated heavings of her ſnowy boſom; I at once love her benevolence, and revere her diſcernment. On the contrary, when I ſee a fine woman's face unaltered by the diſtreſs of the ſcene, with which I myſelf am affected, I reſent her indifference as an inſult on my own underſtanding; I ſuppoſe her heart to be ſavage, her diſpoſition unſocial, her organs indelicate, and exclaim with the fox in the fable, *O pulchrum caput, ſed cerebrum non habet!*

Yet this inſenſibility is not perhaps owing to any original defect. Nature may have ſtretched the ſtring, tho' it has long ceaſed to vibrate. It may have been diſplaced and diſtracted by the firſt violence offered to the native machine; it may have loſt its tone through long diſuſe; or be ſo twiſted and overſtrained as to produce an effect very different from that which was primarily intended. If ſo little regard is paid to Nature when ſhe knocks ſo powerfully at the breaſt, ſhe muſt be altogether neglected and deſpiſed in her calmer mood of ſerene tranquillity, when nothing appears to recommend her but ſimplicity, propriety, and innocence. A clear, blue ſky, ſpangled with ſtars, will prove a homely and inſipid object to eyes accuſtomed to the glare of torches, tapers, gilding, and glitter; they will be turned with loathing and diſguſt from the green mantle of the ſpring, ſo gorgeouſly adorned with buds and foliage, flowers and bloſſoms, to contemplate a gaudy negligee, ſtriped and interſected with abrupt unfriendly tints that fetter the maſſes of light, and diſtract the viſion; and cut and pinked into the moſt fantaſtic forms; and flounced and furbelowed, patched and fringed with all the littleneſs of art, unknown to elegance. Thoſe ears that are offended by the ſweetly wild notes of the thruſh, the black-bird, and the nightingale, the diſtant cawing of the rook, the tender cooing of the turtle, the ſoft ſighing of reeds and oſiers, the magic murmur of lapſing ſtreams; will be regaled and raviſhed by the extravagant and alarming notes of a ſqueaking fiddle, extracted by a muſician

muſician who has no other genius than that which lies in his fingers; they will even be entertained with the rattling of coaches, the rumbling of carts, and the delicate cry of cod and mackarel.

The ſenſe of ſmelling that delights in the ſcent of excrementitious animal juices, ſuch as muſk, civet, and urinous ſalts, will loath the fragrancy of new-mown hay, the hawthorn's bloom, the ſweet-briar, the honey-ſuckle, and the roſe; and the organs that are gratified with the taſte of ſickly veal which has been bled into the palſy, rotten pullets crammed into fevers, brawn made up of dropſical pig, the abortion of pigeons and of poultry, 'ſparagus gorged with the crude unwholeſome juice of dung, peaſe without ſubſtance, peaches without taſte, and pine-apples without flavour, will certainly nauſeate the native, genuine, and ſalutary taſte of Welſh beef, Banſtead mutton, Hampſhire pork, and barn-door fowls; whoſe juices are concocted by a natural digeſtion, and whoſe fleſh is conſolidated by free air and exerciſe.

In ſuch a total perverſion of the ſenſes, the ideas muſt be miſrepreſented, the powers of the imagination diſordered, and the judgment of conſequence unſound. The diſeaſe is attended with a falſe appetite, which the natural food of the mind will not ſatisfy. It muſt have ſauces compounded of the moſt heterogeneous traſh. The ſoul ſeems to ſink into a kind of ſleepy idiotiſm, or childiſh vacancy of thought. It is diverted by toys and baubles, which can only be pleaſing to the moſt ſuperficial curioſity. It is enlivened by a quick ſucceſſion of trivial objects, that gliden, and glance, and dance before the eye; and, like an infant kept awake and inſpirited by the ſound of a rattle, it muſt not only be dazzled and aroused, but alſo cheated, hurried, and perplexed by the artifice of deception, buſineſs, intricacy, and intrigue, which is a kind of low juggle that may be termed the legerdemain of genius. This being the caſe, it cannot enjoy, nor indeed diſtinguiſh, the charms of natural and moral beauty or decorum. The ingenuous bluſh of native innocence, the plain language of ancient faith and ſincerity, the chearful reſignation to the will of Heaven, the mutual affection of the charities, the voluntary reſpect paid to ſuperior dignity or ſtation, the virtue of beneficence extended even to the brute creation, nay the very crimſon glow of health and ſwelling lines of beauty, are deſpiſed, deteſted, ſcorned, and ridiculed as ignorance, rudeneſs, ruſticity, and ſuperſtition. *Smollett.*

§ 87. *Simplicity a principal Beauty in Writing.*

If we examine the writers whoſe compoſitions have ſtood the teſt of ages, and obtained that higheſt honour, the concurrent approbation of diſtant times and nations, we ſhall find that the character of ſimplicity is the unvarying circumſtance, which alone hath been able to gain this univerſal homage from mankind. Among the Greeks, whoſe writers in general are of the ſimple kind, the divineſt poet, the moſt commanding orator, the fineſt hiſtorian, and deepeſt philoſopher, are, above the reſt, conſpicuouſly eminent in this great quality. The Roman writers riſe towards perfection according to that meaſure of true ſimplicity which they mingle in their works. Indeed, they are all inferior to the Greek models. But who will deny, that Lucretius, Horace, Virgil, Livy, Terence, Tully, are at once the ſimpleſt and beſt of Roman writers? unleſs we add the noble Annaliſt, who appeared in after times; who, notwithſtanding the political turn of his genius, which ſometimes interferes, is admirable in this great quality; and by it, far ſuperior to his contemporaries. It is this one circumſtance that hath raiſed the venerable Dante, the father of modern poetry, above the ſucceeding poets of his country, who could never long maintain the local and temporary honours beſtowed upon them; but have fallen under that juſt neglect, which time will ever decree to thoſe who deſert a juſt ſimplicity for the florid colourings of ſtyle, contrafted phraſes, affected conceits, the mere trappings of compoſition, and Gothic minutiæ. It is this hath given to Boileau the moſt laſting wreath in France,

and

and to Shakeſpeare and Milton in England; eſpecially to the laſt, whoſe writings are more unmixed in this reſpect, and who had formed himſelf entirely on the ſimple model of the beſt Greek writers and the ſacred ſcriptures. As it appears from theſe inſtances, that ſimplicity is the only univerſal characteriſtic of juſt writing; ſo the ſuperior eminence of the ſacred ſcriptures in this prime quality hath been generally acknowledged. One of the greateſt critics in antiquity, himſelf conſpicuous in the ſublime and ſimple manner, hath borne this teſtimony to the writings of Moſes and St. Paul; and by parity of reaſon we muſt conclude, that had he been converſant with the other ſacred writers, his taſte and candour would have allowed them the ſame encomium. *Brown's Eſſay.*

§ 88. *Simplicity conſpicuous in the Scriptures.*

It hath been often obſerved, even by writers of no mean rank, that the "ſcriptures ſuffer in their credit by the diſadvantage of a literal verſion, while other ancient writings enjoy the advantage of a free and embelliſhed tranſlation." But in reality theſe gentlemen's concern is ill placed and groundleſs. For the truth is, "That moſt other writings are indeed impaired by a literal tranſlation; whereas, giving only a due regard to the idioms of different languages, the ſacred writings, when literally tranſlated, are then in their full perfection."

Now this is an internal proof, that in all other writings there is a mixture of local, relative, exterior ornament; which is often loſt in the transfuſion from one language to another. But the internal beauties, which depend not on the particular conſtruction of tongues, no change of tongue can deſtroy. Hence the bible compoſition preſerves its native beauty and ſtrength alike in every language, by the ſole energy of unadorned phraſe, natural images, weight of ſentiment, and great ſimplicity.

It is in this reſpect like a rich vein of gold, which, under the ſevereſt trials of heat, cold, and moiſture, retains its original weight and ſplendor, without either loſs or alloy; while baſer metals are corrupted by earth, air, water, fire, and aſſimilated to the various elements through which they paſs.

This circumſtance then may be juſtly regarded as ſufficient to vindicate the compoſition of the ſacred ſcriptures; as it is at once their chief excellence, and greateſt ſecurity. It is their excellence, as it renders them intelligible and uſeful to all; it is their ſecurity, as it prevents their being diſguiſed by the falſe and capricious ornaments of vain or weak tranſlators.

We may ſafely appeal to experience and fact for the confirmation of theſe remarks on the ſuperior ſimplicity, utility, and excellence of the ſtyle of the holy ſcripture. Is there any book in the world ſo perfectly adapted to all capacities? that contains ſuch ſublime and exalted precepts, conveyed in ſuch an artleſs and intelligible ſtrain? that can be read with ſuch pleaſure and advantage by the lettered ſage and the unlettered peaſant? *Ibid.*

§ 89. *Simplicity ſhould be preferred to Refinement in Writing.*

Fine writing, according to Mr. Addiſon, conſiſts of ſentiments which are natural, without being obvious. There cannot be a juſter, and more conciſe definition of fine writing.

Sentiments which are merely natural, affect not the mind with any pleaſure, and ſeem not worthy to engage our attention. The pleaſantries of a waterman, the obſervations of a peaſant, the ribaldry of a porter or hackney coachman; all theſe are natural, and diſagreeable. What an inſipid comedy ſhould we make of the chit-chat of the tea-table, copied faithfully and at full length? Nothing can pleaſe perſons of taſte, but nature drawn with all her graces and ornaments, *la belle nature*; or if we copy low-life, the ſtrokes muſt be ſtrong and remarkable, and muſt convey a lively image to the mind. The abſurd naiveté of Sancho Pancha is repreſented in ſuch inimitable colours by Cervantes, that it entertains as much as the picture of the moſt magnanimious hero or ſofteſt lover.

conceit. It was thus the age of Claudius and Nero became ſo much inferior to that of Auguſtus in taſte and genius: and perhaps there are, at preſent, ſome ſymptoms of a like degeneracy of taſte, in France as well as in England.

Hume.

§ 90. *An Eſſay on Suicide.*

The laſt ſeſſions deprived us of the only ſurviving member of a ſociety, which (during its ſhort exiſtence) was equal both in principles and practice to the Mohocks and Hell-fire club of tremendous memory. This ſociety was compoſed of a few broken gameſters and deſperate young rakes, who threw the ſmall remains of their bankrupt fortunes into one common ſtock, and thence aſſumed the name of the Laſt Guinea Club. A ſhort life and a merry one was their favourite maxim; and they determined, when their finances ſhould be exhauſted, to die as they had lived, like gentlemen. Some of their members had the luck to get a reprieve by a good run at cards, and others by ſnapping up a rich heireſs or a dowager; while the reſt, who were not cut off in the natural way by duels or the gallows, very reſolutely made their *quietus* with laudanum or the piſtol. The laſt that remained of this ſociety had very calmly prepared for his own execution: he had cocked his piſtol, deliberately placed the muzzle of it to his temple, and was juſt going to pull the trigger, when he bethought himſelf that he could employ it to better purpoſe upon Hounſlow heath. This brave man, however, had but a very ſhort reſpite, and was obliged to ſuffer the ignominy of going out of the world in the vulgar way, by an halter.

The enemies of play will perhaps conſider thoſe gentlemen, who boldly ſtake their whole fortunes at the gaming table, in the ſame view with theſe deſperadoes; and they may even go ſo far as to regard the polite and honourable aſſembly at White's as a kind of Laſt Guinea Club. Nothing, they will ſay, is ſo fluctuating as the property of a gameſter, who (when luck runs againſt him) throws away whole acres at every caſt of the dice, and whoſe houſes are as unſure a poſſeſſion, as if they were built with cards. Many, indeed, have been reduced to their laſt guinea at this genteel gaming-houſe; but the moſt inveterate enemies to White's muſt allow, that it is but now and then, that a gameſter of quality, who looks upon it as an even bet whether there is another world, takes his chance, and diſpatches himſelf, when the odds are againſt him in this.

But however free the gentlemen of White's may be from any imputation of this kind, it muſt be confeſſed, that ſuicide begins to prevail ſo generally, that it is the moſt gallant exploit, by which our modern heroes chuſe to ſignalize themſelves; and in this, indeed, they behave with uncommon proweſs. From the days of Plato down to theſe, a ſuicide has always been compared to a ſoldier on guard deſerting his poſt: but I ſhould rather conſider a ſet of theſe deſperate men, who ruſh on certain death, as a body of troops ſent out on the forlorn hope. They meet every face of death, however horrible, with the utmoſt reſolution: ſome blow their brains out with a piſtol; ſome expire, like Socrates, by poiſon; ſome fall, like Cato, on the point of their own ſwords; and others, who have lived like Nero, affect to die like Seneca, and bleed to death. The moſt exalted geniuſes I ever remember to have heard of were a party of reduced gameſters, who bravely reſolved to pledge each other in a bowl of laudanum. I was lately informed of a gentleman, who went among his uſual companions at the gaming-table the day before he made away with himſelf, and coolly queſtioned them, which they thought the eaſieſt and genteeleſt method of going out of the world: for there is as much difference between a mean perſon and a man of quality in their manner of deſtroying themſelves, as in their manner of living. The poor ſneaking wretch, ſtarving in a garret, tucks himſelf up in his laſt garters; a ſecond, croſt in love, drowns himſelf like a blind puppy in Roſamond's pond; and a third cuts his throat with his own razor. But the man of faſhion almoſt always dies by a piſtol; and even the cobler of any

ſpirit

ſpirit goes off by a doſe or two extraordinary of gin.

But this falſe notion of courage, however noble it may appear to the deſperate and abandoned, in reality amounts to no more than the reſolution of the highwayman, who ſhoots himſelf with his own piſtol, when he finds it impoſſible to avoid being taken. All practicable means, therefore, ſhould be deviſed to extirpate ſuch abſurd bravery, and to make it appear every way horrible, odious, contemptible, and ridiculous. From reading the public prints, a foreigner might be naturally led to imagine, that we are the moſt lunatic people in the whole world. Almoſt every day informs us, that the coroner's inqueſt has ſat on the body of ſome miſerable ſuicide, and brought in their verdict lunacy; but it is very well known, that the enquiry has not been made into the ſtate of mind of the deceaſed, but into his fortune and family. The law has indeed provided, the deliberate ſelf-murderer ſhould be treated like a brute, and denied the rites of burial: but among hundreds of lunatics by purchaſe, I never knew this ſentence executed but on one poor cobler, who hanged himſelf in his own ſtall. A pennyleſs poor wretch, who has not left enough to defray the funeral charges, may perhaps be excluded the church-yard; but ſelf-murder by a piſtol qualifies the polite owner for a ſudden death, and entitles him to a pompous burial, and a monument ſetting forth his virtues in Weſtminſter Abbey. Every man in his ſober ſenſes muſt wiſh, that the moſt ſevere laws that could poſſibly be contrived were enacted againſt ſuicides. This ſhocking bravado never did (and I am confident never will) prevail among the more delicate and tender ſex in our own nation: though hiſtory informs us, that the Roman ladies were once ſo infatuated as to throw off the ſoftneſs of their nature, and commit violence on themſelves, till the madneſs was curbed by the expoſing their naked bodies in the public ſtreets. This, I think, would afford an hint for fixing the like mark of ignominy on our male ſuicides; and I would have every lower wretch of this ſort dragged at the cart's tail, and afterwards hung in chains at his own door, or have his quarters put up *in terrorem* in the moſt public places, as a rebel to his Maker. But, that the ſuicide of quality might be treated with more reſpect, he ſhould be indulged in having his wounded corpſe and ſhattered brains laid (as it were) in ſtate for ſome days; of which dreadful ſpectacle we may conceive the horror from the following picture drawn by Dryden:

> The ſlayer of himſelf too ſaw I there;
> The gore congeal'd was clotted in his hair:
> With eyes half cloſ'd, and mouth wide ope he lay,
> And grim as when he breath'd his ſullen ſoul away.

The common murderer has his ſkeleton preſerved at Surgeons-Hall, in order to deter others from being guilty of the ſame crime; and I think it would not be improper to have a charnel-houſe ſet apart to receive the bones of theſe more unnatural ſelf-murderers, in which monuments ſhould be erected, giving an account of their deaths, and adorned with the glorious enſigns of their raſhneſs, the rope, the knife, the ſword, or the piſtol.

The cauſe of theſe frequent ſelf-murders among us has been generally imputed to the peculiar temperature of our climate. Thus a dull day is looked upon as a natural order of execution, and Engliſhmen muſt neceſſarily ſhoot, hang, and drown themſelves in November. That our ſpirits are in ſome meaſure influenced by the air cannot be denied; but we are not ſuch mere barometers as to be driven to deſpair and death by the ſmall degree of gloom that our winter brings with it. If we have not ſo much ſunſhine as ſome countries in the world, we have infinitely more than many others; and I do not hear that men diſpatch themſelves by dozens in Ruſſia or Sweden, or that they are unable to keep up their ſpirits even in the total darkneſs of Greenland. Our climate exempts us from many diſeaſes, to which other more ſouthern nations are naturally ſubject; and I can never be perſuaded, that being born near the north pole is a phyſical cauſe for ſelf-murder.

Deſpair, indeed, is the natural cauſe of theſe ſhocking actions; but this is commonly deſpair brought on by wilful extravagance and debauchery. Theſe firſt involve men into difficulties, and then death at once delivers them of their lives and their cares. For my part, when I ſee a young profligate wantonly ſquandering his fortune in bagnios or at the gaming-table, I cannot help looking on him as haſtening his own death, and in a manner digging his own grave. As he is at laſt induced to kill himſelf by motives ariſing from his vices, I conſider him as dying of ſome diſeaſe, which thoſe vices naturally produce. If his extravagance has been chiefly in luxurious eating and drinking, I imagine him poiſoned by his wines, or ſurfeited by a favourite diſh; and if he has thrown away his eſtate in bawdy-houſes, I conclude him deſtroyed by rottenneſs and filthy diſeaſes.

Another principal cauſe of the frequency of ſuicide is the noble ſpirit of free-thinking, which has diffuſed itſelf among all ranks of people. The libertine of faſhion has too refined a taſte to trouble himſelf at all about a ſoul or an hereafter; but the vulgar infidel is at wonderful pains to get rid of his bible, and labours to perſuade himſelf out of his religion. For this purpoſe he attends conſtantly at the diſputant ſocieties, where he hears a great deal about free-will, free-agency, and predeſtination, till at length he is convinced that man is at liberty to do as he pleaſes, lays his misfortunes to the charge of Providence, and comforts himſelf that he was inevitably deſtined to be tied up in his own garters. The courage of theſe heroes proceeds from the ſame principles, whether they fall by their own hands, or thoſe of Jack Ketch: the ſuicide of whatever rank looks death in the face without ſhrinking; as the gallant rogue affects an eaſy unconcern under Tyburn, throws away the pſalm-book, bids the cart drive off with an oath, and ſwings like a gentleman. *Connoiſſeur.*

§ 91. *An Enumeration of Superſtitions obſerved in the Country.*

You muſt know, Mr. Town, that I am juſt returned from a viſit of a fortnight to an old aunt in the North; where I was mightily diverted with the traditional ſuperſtitions, which are moſt religiouſly preſerved in the family, as they have been delivered down (time out of mind) from their ſagacious grandmothers.

When I arrived, I found the miſtreſs of the houſe very buſily employed, with her two daughters, in nailing an horſe-ſhoe to the threſhold of the door. This, they told me, was to guard againſt the ſpiteful deſigns of an old woman, who was a witch, and had threatened to do the family a miſchief, becauſe one of my young couſins laid two ſtraws acroſs, to ſee if the old hag could walk over them. The young lady aſſured me, that ſhe had ſeveral times heard Goody Cripple muttering to herſelf; and to be ſure ſhe was ſaying the Lord's Prayer backwards. Beſides, the old woman had very often aſked them for a pin: but they took care never to give her any thing that was ſharp, becauſe ſhe ſhould not bewitch them. They afterwards told me many other particulars of this kind, the ſame as are mentioned with infinite humour by the SPECTATOR: and to confirm them, they aſſured me, that the eldeſt miſs, when ſhe was little, uſed to have fits, till the mother flung a knife at another old witch (whom the devil had carried off in an high wind), and fetched blood from her.

When I was to go to bed, my aunt made a thouſand apologies for not putting me in the beſt room in the houſe; which (ſhe ſaid) had never been lain in ſince the death of an old waſherwoman, who walked every night, and haunted that room in particular. They fancied that the old woman had hid money ſomewhere, and could not reſt till ſhe had told ſomebody; and my couſin aſſured me, that ſhe might have had it all to herſelf; for the ſpirit came one night to her bed-ſide, and wanted to tell her, but ſhe had not courage to ſpeak to it. I learned alſo, that they had a footman once, who hanged himſelf for love; and he walked for a great while, till they got the parſon to lay him in the Red Sea.

I had not been here long, when an

accident happened, which very much alarmed the whole family. Towzer one night howled moſt terribly; which was a ſure ſign, that ſomebody belonging to them would die. The youngeſt miſs declared, that ſhe had heard the hen crow that morning; which was another fatal prognoſtic. They told me, that, juſt before uncle died, Towzer howled ſo for ſeveral nights together, that they could not quiet him; and my aunt heard the death-watch tick as plainly, as if there had been a clock in the room: the maid too, who ſat up with him, heard a bell toll at the top of the ſtairs, the very moment the breath went out of his body. During this diſcourſe, I overheard one of my couſins whiſper the other, that ſhe was afraid their mamma would not live long; for ſhe ſmelt an ugly ſmell, like a dead carcaſe. They had a dairy-maid, who died the very week after an hearſe had ſtopt at their door in its way to church: and the eldeſt miſs, when ſhe was but thirteen, ſaw her own brother's ghoſt (who was gone to the Weſt Indies) walking in the garden; and to be ſure, nine months after, they had an account, that he died on board the ſhip, the very ſame day, and hour of the day, that miſs ſaw his apparition.

I need not mention to you the common incidents, which were accounted by them no leſs prophetic. If a cinder popped from the fire, they were in haſte to examine whether it was a purſe or a coffin. They were aware of my coming long before I arrived, becauſe they had ſeen a ſtranger on the grate. The youngeſt miſs will let nobody uſe the poker but herſelf; becauſe, when ſhe ſtirs the fire, it always burns bright, which is a ſign ſhe will have a briſk huſband: and ſhe is no leſs ſure of a good one, becauſe ſhe generally has ill luck at cards. Nor is the candle leſs oracular than the fire: for the 'ſquire of the pariſh came one night to pay them a viſit, when the tallow winding-ſheet pointed towards him; and he broke his neck ſoon after in a fox-chaſe. My aunt one night obſerved with great pleaſure a letter in the candle; and the very next day one came from her ſon in London. We knew when a ſpirit was in the room, by the candle burning blue: but poor couſin Nancy was ready to cry one time, when ſhe ſnuffed it out, and could not blow it in again; though her ſiſter did it at a whiff, and conſequently triumphed in her ſuperior virtue.

We had no occaſion for an almanack or the weather-glaſs, to let us know whether it would rain or ſhine. One evening I propoſed to ride out with my couſins the next day to ſee a gentleman's houſe in the neighbourhood; but my aunt aſſured us it would be wet, ſhe knew very well, from the ſhooting of her corn. Beſides, there was a great ſpider crawling up the chimney, and the blackbird in the kitchen began to ſing; which were both of them as certain fore-runners of rain. But the moſt to be depended on in theſe caſes is a tabby cat, which uſually lies baſking on the parlour hearth. If the cat turned her tail to the fire, we were to have an hard froſt; if the cat licked her tail, rain would certainly enſue. They wondered what ſtranger they ſhould ſee; becauſe puſs waſhed her foot over her left ear. The old lady complained of a cold, and her eldeſt daughter remarked, it would go through the family; for ſhe obſerved, that poor Tab had ſneezed ſeveral times. Poor Tab, however, once flew at one of my couſins: for which ſhe had like to have been deſtroyed, as the whole family began to think ſhe was no other than a witch.

It is impoſſible to tell you the ſeveral tokens by which they know whether good or ill luck will happen to them. Spilling the ſalt, or laying knives acroſs, are every where accounted ill omens; but a pin with the head turned towards you, or to be followed by a ſtrange dog, I found were very lucky. I heard one of my couſins tell the cook-maid, that ſhe boiled away all her ſweethearts, becauſe ſhe had let her diſh-water boil over. The ſame young lady one morning came down to breakfaſt with her cap the wrong ſide out; which the mother obſerving, charged her not to alter it all day, for fear ſhe ſhould turn luck.

But, above all, I could not help remarking the various prognoſtics which the old lady and her daughters uſed to collect from almoſt every part of the body. A white ſpeck upon the nails made them as ſure of a gift as if they had it already in their pockets. The eldeſt ſiſter is to have one huſband more than the youngeſt, becauſe ſhe has one wrinkle more in her forehead; but the other will have the advantage of her in the number of children, as was plainly proved by ſnapping their finger-joints. It would take up too much room to ſet down every circumſtance, which I obſerved of this ſort during my ſtay with them: I ſhall therefore conclude my letter with the ſeveral remarks on other parts of the body, as far as I could learn them from this prophetic family: for, as I was a relation, you know, they had leſs reſerve.

If the head itches, it is a ſign of rain. If the head aches, it is a profitable pain. If you have the toot-ache, you don't love true. If your eye-brow itches, you will ſee a ſtranger. If your right eye itches, you will cry; if your left, you will laugh: but left or right is good at night. If your noſe itches, you will ſhake hands with or kiſs a fool, drink a glaſs of wine, run againſt a cuckold's door, or miſs them all four. If your right ear or cheek burns, your left friends are talking of you; if your left, your right friends are talking of you. If your elbow itches, you will change your bedfellow. If your right hand itches, you will pay away money; if your left, you will receive. If your ſtomach itches, you will eat pudding. If your back itches, butter will be cheap when graſs grows there. If your ſide itches, ſomebody is wiſhing for you. If your gartering-place itches, you will go to a ſtrange place. If your foot itches, you will tread upon ſtrange ground. Laſtly, If you ſhiver, ſomebody is walking over your grave.

Connoiſſeur.

§ 92. *Swearing an indelicate as well as a wicked Practice.*

As there are ſome vices, which the vulgar have preſumed to copy from the great; ſo there are others, which the great have condeſcended to borrow from the vulgar. Among theſe, I cannot but ſet down the ſhocking practice of curſing and ſwearing; a practice, which (to ſay nothing at preſent of its impiety and prophaneneſs) is low and indelicate, and places the man of quality on the ſame level with the chairman at his door. A gentleman would forfeit all pretenſions to that title, who ſhould chuſe to embelliſh his diſcourſe with the oratory of Billingſgate, and converſe in the ſtyle of an oyſter-woman; but it is accounted no diſgrace to him to uſe the ſame coarſe expreſſions of curſing and ſwearing with the meaneſt of the mob. For my own part, I cannot ſee the difference between a *By-gad* or a *Gad dem-me*, minced and ſoftened by a genteel pronunciation from well-bred lips, and the ſame expreſſion bluntly bolted out from the broad mouth of a porter or hackney-cochman.

I ſhall purpoſely wave making any reflections on the impiety of this practice, as I am ſatisfied they would have but little weight either with the *beau-monde* or the *canaille*. The ſwearer of either ſtation devotes himſelf piece-meal, as it were, to deſtruction; pours out anathemas againſt his eyes, his heart, his ſoul, and every part of his body; nor does he ſcruple to extend the ſame good wiſhes to the limbs and joints of his friends and acquaintance. This they both do with the ſame fearleſs unconcern; but with this only difference, that the gentleman-ſwearer damns himſelf and others with the greateſt civility and good-breeding imaginable.

My predeceſſor the Tatler gives us an account of a certain humoriſt, who got together a party of noted ſwearers to dinner with him, and ordered their diſcourſes to be taken down in ſhort-hand; which being afterwards repeated to them, they were extremely ſtartled and ſurpriſed at their own common talk. A dialogue of this nature would be no improper ſupplement to Swift's *polite converſation*; though, indeed, it would appear too ſhocking to be ſet down in print. But I cannot help wiſhing, that it were poſſible to draw out a catalogue of the faſhionable oaths and curſes

curſes in preſent uſe at Arthur's, or at any other polite aſſembly: by which means the company themſelves would be led to imagine, that their converſation had been carried on between the loweſt of the mob; and they would bluſh to find, that they had gleaned the choiceſt phraſes from lanes and alleys, and enriched their diſcourſe with the elegant dialect of Wapping and Broad St. Giles's.

The legiſlature has indeed provided againſt this offence, by affixing a penalty on every delinquent according to his ſtation: but this law, like thoſe made againſt gaming, is of no effect; while the genteeler ſort of ſwearers pour forth the ſame execrations at the hazard-table or in the tennis-court, which the more ordinary gameſters repeat, with the ſame impunity, over the ſhuffle-board or in the ſkittle-alley. Indeed, were this law to be rigorouſly put in execution, there would appear to be little or no proportion in the puniſhment: ſince the gentleman would eſcape by depoſiting his crown; while the poor wretch, who cannot raiſe a ſhilling, muſt be clapt into the ſtocks, or ſent to Bridewell. But as the offence is exactly the ſame, I would alſo have no diſtinction made in the treatment of the offenders: and it would be a moſt ridiculous but a due mortification to a man of quality, to be obliged to thruſt his leg through the ſame ſtocks with a carman or a coal-heaver; ſince he firſt degraded himſelf, and qualified himſelf for their company, by talking in the ſame mean dialect.

I am aware that it will be pleaded in excuſe for this practice, that oaths and curſes are intended only as mere expletives, which ſerve to round a period, and give a grace and ſpirit to converſation. But there are ſtill ſome old-faſhioned creatures, who adhere to their common acceptation, and cannot help thinking it a very ſerious matter, that a man ſhould devote his body to the devil, or call down damnation on his ſoul. Nay, the ſwearer himſelf, like the old man in the fable calling upon death, would be exceeding loth to be taken at his word; and, while he wiſhes deſtruction to every part of his body, would be highly concerned to have a limb rot away, his noſe fall off, or an eye drop out of the ſocket. It would therefore be adviſeable to ſubſtitute ſome other terms equally unmeaning, and at the ſame time remote from the vulgar curſing and ſwearing.

It is recorded to the honour of the famous Dean Stanhope, that in his younger days, when he was chaplain to a regiment, he reclaimed the officers, who were much addicted to this vulgar practice, by the following method of reproof: One evening, as they were all in company together, after they had been very eloquent in this kind of rhetoric, ſo natural to the gentlemen of the army, the worthy dean took occaſion to tell a ſtory in his turn; in which he frequently repeated the words *bottle* and *glaſs*, inſtead of the uſual expletives of *God*, *devil*, and *damn*, which he did not think quite ſo becoming for one of his cloth to make free with. I would recommend it to our people of faſhion to make uſe of the like innocent phraſes, whenever they are obliged to have recourſe to theſe ſubſtitutes for thought and expreſſion. "Bottle and glaſs" might be introduced with great energy in the table-talk at the King's-Arms or St. Alban's taverns. The gameſter might be indulged, without offence, in ſwearing by the "knave of clubs," or the "curſe of Scotland;" or he might with ſome propriety retain the old execration of "the deuce take it." The beau ſhould be allowed to ſwear by his "gracious ſelf," which is the god of his idolatry; and the common expletives ſhould conſiſt only of "upon my word, and upon my honour;" which terms, whatever ſenſe they might formerly bear, are at preſent underſtood only as words of courſe without meaning. *Connoiſſeur.*

§ 93. *Sympathy a Source of the Sublime.*

It is by the paſſion of ſympathy that we enter into the concerns of others; that we are moved as they are moved, and are never ſuffered to be indifferent ſpectators of almoſt any thing which men can do or ſuffer. For ſympathy muſt

muſt be conſidered as a ſort of ſubſtitution, by which we are put into the place of another man, and affected in a good meaſure as he is affected; ſo that this paſſion may either partake of the nature of thoſe which regard ſelf-preſervation, and turning upon pain may be a ſource of the ſublime; or it may turn upon ideas of pleaſure, and then, whatever has been ſaid of the ſocial affections, whether they regard ſociety in general, or only ſome particular modes of it, may be applicable here.

It is by this principle chiefly that poetry, painting, and other affecting arts, transfuſe their paſſions from one breaſt to another, and are often capable of grafting a delight on wretchedneſs, miſery, and death itſelf. It is a common obſervation, that objects, which in the reality would ſhock, are, in tragical and ſuch-like repreſentations, the ſource of a very high ſpecies of pleaſure. This, taken as a fact, has been the cauſe of much reaſoning. This ſatisfaction has been commonly attributed, firſt, to the comfort we receive in conſidering that ſo melancholy a ſtory is no more than a fiction; and next, to the contemplation of our own freedom from the evils we ſee repreſented. I am afraid it is a practice much too common, in enquiries of this nature, to attribute the cauſe of feelings which merely ariſe from the mechanical ſtructure of our bodies, or from the natural frame and conſtitution of our minds, to certain concluſions of the reaſoning faculty on the objects preſented to us; for I have ſome reaſon to apprehend, that the influence of reaſon in producing our paſſions is nothing near ſo extenſive as is commonly believed.

Burke on the Sublime.

§ 94. *Effects of Sympathy in the Diſtreſſes of others.*

To examine this point concerning the effect of tragedy in a proper manner, we muſt previouſly conſider, how we are affected by the feelings of our fellow-creatures in circumſtances of real diſtreſs. I am convinced we have a degree of delight, and that no ſmall one, in the real misfortunes and pains of others; for, let the affection be what it will in appearance, if it does not make us ſhun ſuch objects, if, on the contrary, it induces us to approach them, if it makes us dwell upon them, in this caſe I conceive we muſt have a delight or pleaſure, of ſome ſpecies or other, in contemplating objects of this kind. Do we not read the authentic hiſtories of ſcenes of this nature with as much pleaſure as romances or poems, where the incidents are fictitious? The proſperity of no empire, nor the grandeur of no king, can ſo agreeably affect in the reading, as the ruin of the ſtate of Macedon, and the diſtreſs of its unhappy prince. Such a cataſtrophe touches us in hiſtory, as much as the deſtruction of Troy does in fable. Our delight in caſes of this kind is very greatly heightened, if the ſufferer be ſome excellent perſon who ſinks under an unworthy fortune. Scipio and Cato are both virtuous characters; but we are more deeply affected by the violent death of the one, and the ruin of the great cauſe he adhered to, than with the deſerved triumphs and uninterrupted proſperity of the other; for terror is a paſſion which always produces delight when it does not preſs too cloſe, and pity is a paſſion accompanied with pleaſure, becauſe it ariſes from love and ſocial affection. Whenever we are formed by nature to any active purpoſe, the paſſion which animates us to it is attended with delight, or a pleaſure of ſome kind, let the ſubject matter be what it will; and as our Creator has deſigned we ſhould be united together by ſo ſtrong a bond as that of ſympathy, he has therefore twiſted along with it a proportionable quantity of this ingredient; and always in the greateſt proportion where our ſympathy is moſt wanted, in the diſtreſſes of others. If this paſſion was ſimply painful, we ſhould ſhun, with the greateſt care, all perſons and places that could excite ſuch a paſſion; as ſome, who are ſo far gone in indolence as not to endure any ſtrong impreſſion, actually do. But the caſe is widely different with the greater part of mankind; there is no ſpectacle we ſo eagerly purſue, as that of ſome uncommon and grievous calamity;

ty; ſo that whether the misfortune is before our eyes, or whether they are turned back to it in hiſtory, it always touches with delight; but it is not an unmixed delight, but blended with no ſmall uneaſineſs. The delight we have in ſuch things, hinders us from ſhunning ſcenes of miſery; and the pain we feel, prompts us to relieve ourſelves in relieving thoſe who ſuffer; and all this antecedent to any reaſoning, by an inſtinct that works us to its own purpoſes, without our concurrence.

Burke on the Sublime.

§ 95. *Tears not unworthy of an Hero.*

If tears are arguments of cowardice, what ſhall I ſay of Homer's hero? Shall Achilles paſs for timorous becauſe he wept, and wept on leſs occaſions than Eneas? Herein Virgil muſt be granted to have excelled his maſter. For once both heroes are deſcribed lamenting their loſt loves: Briſeis was taken away by force from the Grecian; Creuſa was loſt for ever to her huſband. But Achilles went roaring along the ſalt ſea-ſhore, and like a booby was complaining to his mother, when he ſhould have revenged his injury by his arms. Eneas took a nobler courſe; for, having ſecured his father and ſon, he repeated all his former dangers to have found his wife, if ſhe had been above ground.

And here your lordſhip may obſerve the addreſs of Virgil; it was not for nothing that this paſſage was related with all theſe tender circumſtances. Eneas told it; Dido heard it. That he had been ſo affectionate a huſband, was no ill argument to the coming dowager, that he might prove as kind to her. Virgil has a thouſand ſecret beauties, though I have not leiſure to remark them.

Segrais, on this ſubject of a hero ſhedding tears, obſerves, that hiſtorians commend Alexander for weeping, when he read the mighty actions of Achilles; and Julius Cæſar is likewiſe praiſed, when, out of the ſame noble envy, he wept at the victories of Alexander. But if we obſerve more cloſely, we ſhall find that the tears of Eneas were always on a laudable occaſion. Thus he weeps out of compaſſion and tenderneſs of nature, when in the temple of Carthage he beholds the pictures of his friends, who ſacrificed their lives in defence of their country. He deplores the lamentable end of his pilot Palinurus; the untimely death of young Pallas his confederate; and the reſt, which I omit. Yet even for theſe tears, his wretched critics dare condemn him. They make Eneas little better than a kind of St. Swithin's hero, always raining. One of theſe cenſors is bold enough to arraign him of cowardice, when, in the beginning of the firſt book, he not only weeps but trembles at an approaching ſtorm:

Extemplo Eneæ ſolvuntur frigore membra:
Ingemit, et duplices tendens ad ſidera palmas, &c.

But to this I have anſwered formerly, that his fear was not for himſelf, but his people. And what can give a ſovereign a better commendation, or recommend a hero more to the affection of the reader? They were threatened with a tempeſt, and he wept; he was promiſed Italy, and therefore he prayed for the accompliſhment of that promiſe. All this in the beginning of a ſtorm; therefore he ſhewed the more early piety, and the quicker ſenſe of compaſſion. Thus much I have urged elſewhere in the defence of Virgil; and ſince I have been informed by Mr. Moyl, a young gentleman whom I can never ſufficiently commend, that the ancients accounted drowning an accurſed death. So that if we grant him to have been afraid, he had juſt occaſion for that fear, both in relation to himſelf and to his ſubjects.

Dryden.

§ 96. *Terror a Source of the Sublime.*

No paſſion ſo effectually robs the mind of all its powers of acting and reaſoning as fear; for fear being an apprehenſion of pain or death, it operates in a manner that reſembles actual pain. Whatever therefore is terrible with regard to ſight, is ſublime too, whether this cauſe of terror be endued with greatneſs of dimenſions or not; for it is impoſſible to look on any thing as trifling or contemptible, that may be

be dangerous. There are many animals, who, though far from being large, are yet capable of raiſing ideas of the ſublime, becauſe they are conſidered as objects of terror; as ſerpents and poiſonous animals of almoſt all kinds. Even to things of great dimenſions, if we annex any adventitious idea of terror, they become without compariſon greater. An even plain of a vaſt extent on land, is certainly no mean idea; the proſpect of ſuch a plain may be as extenſive as a proſpect of the ocean; but can it ever fill the mind with any thing ſo great as the ocean itſelf? This is owing to ſeveral cauſes, but it is owing to none more than to this, that the ocean is an object of no ſmall terror. *Burke on the Sublime.*

§ 97. *Tragedy compared with Epic Poetry.*

To raiſe, and afterwards to calm the paſſions; to purge the ſoul from pride, by the examples of human miſeries which befal the greateſt; in few words, to expel arrogance and introduce compaſſion, are the greateſt effects of tragedy. Great, I muſt confeſs, if they were altogether as laſting as they are pompous. But are habits to be introduced at three hours warning? Are radical diſeaſes ſo ſuddenly removed? A mountebank may promiſe ſuch a cure, but a ſkilful phyſician will not undertake it. An epic poem is not ſo much in haſte; it works leiſurely; the changes which it makes are ſlow; but the cure is likely to be more perfect. The effects of tragedy, as I ſaid, are too violent to be laſting. If it be anſwered, that for this reaſon tragedies are often to be ſeen, and the doſe to be repeated; this is tacitly to confeſs, that there is more virtue in one heroic poem, than in many tragedies. A man is humbled one day, and his pride returns the next. Chymical medicines are obſerved to relieve oftener than to cure; for 'tis the nature of ſpirits to make ſwift impreſſions, but not deep. Galenical decoctions, to which I may properly compare an epic poem, have more of body in them; they work by their ſubſtance and their weight. It is one reaſon of Ariſtotle's to prove that tragedy is the more noble, becauſe it turns in a ſhorter compaſs; the whole action being circumſcribed within the ſpace of four-and-twenty hours. He might prove as well that a muſhroom is to be preferred before a peach, becauſe it ſhoots up in the compaſs of a night. A chariot may be driven round the pillar in leſs ſpace than a large machine, becauſe the bulk is not ſo great. Is the moon a more noble planet than Saturn, becauſe ſhe makes her revolution in leſs than thirty days; and he in little leſs than thirty years? Both their orbs are in proportion to their ſeveral magnitudes; and, conſequently, the quickneſs or ſlowneſs of their motion, and the time of their circumvolutions, is no argument of the greater or leſs perfection. And beſides, what virtue is there in a tragedy, which is not contained in an epic poem? where pride is humbled, virtue rewarded, and vice puniſhed; and thoſe more amply treated, than the narrowneſs of the drama can admit? The ſhining quality of an epic hero, his magnanimity, his conſtancy, his patience, his piety, or whatever characteriſtical virtue his poet gives him, raiſes firſt our admiration: we are naturally prone to imitate what we admire; and frequent acts produce a habit. If the hero's chief quality be vicious, as, for example, the choler and obſtinate deſire of vengeance in Achilles, yet the moral is inſtructive: and beſides, we are informed in the very propoſition of the Iliad, that this anger was pernicious; that it brought a thouſand ills on the Grecian camp. The courage of Achilles is propoſed to imitation, not his pride and diſobedience to his general, nor his brutal cruelty to his dead enemy, nor the ſelling his body to his father: we abhor thoſe actions while we read them, and what we abhor we never imitate: the poet only ſhews them, like rocks or quickſands, to be ſhunned.

By this example the critics have concluded, that it is not neceſſary the manners of the hero ſhould be virtuous. They are poetically good, if they are of a piece. Though where a character of perfect virtue is ſet before us, 'tis more

more lovely; for there the whole hero is to be imitated. This is the Eneas of Virgil: this is that idea of perfection in an epic poem, which painters and ſtatuaries have only in their minds, and which no hands are able to expreſs. Theſe are the beauties of a god in a human body. When the picture of Achilles is drawn in tragedy, he is taken with thoſe warts and moles, and hard features, by thoſe who repreſent him on the ſtage, or he is no more Achilles; for his creator Homer has ſo deſcribed him. Yet even thus he appears a perfect hero, though an imperfect character of virtue. Horace paints him after Homer, and delivers him to be copied on the ſtage with all thoſe imperfections; therefore they are either not faults in an heroic poem, or faults common to the drama. After all, on the whole merits of the caſe, it muſt be acknowledged, that the epic poem is more for the manners, and tragedy for the paſſions. The paſſions, as I have ſaid, are violent; and acute diſtempers require medicines of a ſtrong and ſpeedy operation. Ill habits of the mind and chronical diſeaſes are to be corrected by degrees, and cured by alteratives: wherein though purges are ſometimes neceſſary, yet diet, good air, and moderate exerciſe, have the greateſt part. The matter being thus ſtated, it will appear that both ſorts of poetry are of uſe for their proper ends. The ſtage is active, the epic poem works at greater leiſure, yet is acted too, when need requires: for dialogue is imitated by the drama, from the more active parts of it. One puts off a fit like the quinquina, and relieves us only for a time; the other roots out the diſtemper, and gives a healthful habit. The ſun enlightens and chears us, diſpels fogs, and warms the ground with his daily beams; but the corn is ſowed, increaſes, is ripened, and reaped for uſe, in proceſs of time, and its proper ſeaſon. I proceed from the greatneſs of the action to the dignity of the actors; I mean, to the perſons employed in both poems. There likewiſe tragedy will be ſeen to borrow from the epopee; and that which borrows is always of leſs dignity, becauſe it has not of its own. A ſubject, 'tis true, may lend to his ſovereign; but the act of borrowing makes the king inferior, becauſe he wants, and the ſubject ſupplies. And ſuppoſe the perſons of the drama wholly fabulous, or of the poet's invention, yet heroic poetry gave him the examples of that invention; becauſe it was firſt, and Homer the common father of the ſtage. I know not of any one advantage which Tragedy can boaſt above heroic poetry, but that it is repreſented to the view, as well as read; and inſtructs in the cloſet, as well as on the theatre. This is an uncontested excellence, and a chief branch of its prerogative; yet I may be allowed to ſay, without partiality, that herein the actors ſhare the poet's praiſe. Your lordſhip knows ſome modern tragedies which are beautiful on the ſtage, and yet I am confident you would not read them. Tryphon the ſtationer complains they are ſeldom aſked for in his ſhop. The poet who flouriſhed in the ſcene, is damned in the *ruelle*; nay more, he is not eſteemed a good poet, by thoſe who ſee and hear his extravagancies with delight. They are a ſort of ſtately fuſtian and lofty childiſhneſs. Nothing but nature can give a ſincere pleaſure: where that is not imitated, 'tis groteſque painting; the fine woman ends in a fiſh's tail. *Dryden.*

§ 98. *Hiſtory of Tranſlations.*

Among the ſtudies which have exerciſed the ingenious and the learned for more than three centuries, none has been more diligently or more ſucceſſfully cultivated than the art of tranſlation; by which the impediments which bar the way to ſcience are, in ſome meaſure, removed, and the multiplicity of languages becomes leſs incommodious.

Of every other kind of writing the ancients have left us models which all ſucceeding ages have laboured to imitate; but tranſlation may juſtly be claimed by the moderns as their own. In the firſt ages of the world inſtruction was commonly oral, and learning traditional, and what was not written could not be tranſlated. When alphabetical

betical writing made the conveyance of opinions and the tranſmiſſion of events more eaſy and certain, literature did not flouriſh in more than one country at once; for diſtant nations had little commerce with each other, and thoſe few whom curioſity ſent abroad in queſt of improvement, delivered their acquiſitions in their own manner, deſirous perhaps to be conſidered as the inventors of that which they had learned from others.

The Greeks for a time travelled into Egypt, but they tranſlated no books from the Egyptian language; and when the Macedonians had overthrown the empire of Perſia, the countries that became ſubject to the Grecian dominion ſtudied only the Grecian literature. The books of the conquered nations, if they had any among them, ſunk in oblivion; Greece conſidered herſelf as the miſtreſs, if not as the parent of arts, her language contained all that was ſuppoſed to be known, and, except the ſacred writings of the Old Teſtament, I know not that the library of Alexandria adopted any thing from a foreign tongue.

The Romans confeſſed themſelves the ſcholars of the Greeks, and do not appear to have expected, what has ſince happened, that the ignorance of ſucceeding ages would prefer them to their teachers. Every man who in Rome aſpired to the praiſe of literature, thought it neceſſary to learn Greek, and had no need of verſions when they could ſtudy the originals. Tranſlation, however, was not wholly neglected. Dramatic poems could be underſtood by the people in no language but their own, and the Romans were ſometimes entertained with the tragedies of Euripides and the comedies of Menander. Other works were ſometimes attempted; in an old ſcholiaſt there is mention of a Latin Iliad, and we have not wholly loſt Tully's verſion of the poem of Aratus; but it does not appear that any man grew eminent by interpreting another, and perhaps it was more frequent to tranſlate for exerciſe or amuſement than for fame.

The Arabs were the firſt nation who felt the ardour of tranſlation: when they had ſubdued the eaſtern provinces of the Greek empire, they found their captives wiſer than themſelves, and made haſte to relieve their wants by imparted knowledge. They diſcovered that many might grow wiſe by the labour of a few, and that improvements might be made with ſpeed, when they had the knowledge of former ages in their own language. They therefore made haſte to lay hold on medicine and philoſophy, and turned their chief authors into Arabic. Whether they attempted the poets is not known; their literary zeal was vehement, but it was ſhort, and probably expired before they had time to add the arts of elegance to thoſe of neceſſity.

The ſtudy of ancient literature was interrupted in Europe by the irruption of the northern nations, who ſubverted the Roman empire, and erected new kingdoms with new languages. It is not ſtrange, that ſuch confuſion ſhould ſuſpend literary attention; thoſe who loſt, and thoſe who gained dominion, had immediate difficulties to encounter and immediate miſeries to redreſs, and had little leiſure, amidſt the violence of war, the trepidation of flight, the diſtreſſes of forced migration, or the tumults of unſettled conqueſt, to enquire after ſpeculative truth, to enjoy the amuſement of imaginary adventures, to know the hiſtory of former ages, or ſtudy the events of any other lives. But no ſooner had this chaos of dominion ſunk into order, than learning began again to flouriſh in the calm of peace. When life and poſſeſſions were ſecure, convenience and enjoyment were ſoon ſought, learning was found the higheſt gratification of the mind, and tranſlation became one of the means by which it was imparted.

At laſt, by a concurrence of many cauſes, the European world was rouſed from its lethargy; thoſe arts which had been long obſcurely ſtudied in the gloom of monaſteries became the general favourites of mankind; every nation vied with its neighbour for the prize of learning; the epidemical emulation ſpread from ſouth to north, and curioſity and tranſlation found their way to Britain.

He that reviews the progreſs of

Engliſh

Engliſh literature, will find that tranſlation was very early cultivated among us, but that ſome principles, either wholly erroneous or too far extended, hindered our ſucceſs from being always equal to our diligence.

Chaucer, who is generally conſidered as the father of our poetry, has left a verſion of Boetius on the Comforts of Philoſophy, the book which ſeems to have been the favourite of middle ages, which had been tranſlated into Saxon by king Alfred, and illuſtrated with a copious comment aſcribed to Aquinas. It may be ſuppoſed that Chaucer would apply more than common attention to an author of ſo much celebrity, yet he has attempted nothing higher than a verſion ſtrictly literal, and has degraded the poetical parts to proſe, that the conſtraint of verſification might not obſtruct his zeal for fidelity.

Caxton taught us typography about the year 1490. The firſt book printed in Engliſh was a tranſlation. Caxton was both the tranſlator and printer of the Deſtruccion of Troye, a book which, in that infancy of learning, was conſidered as the beſt account of the fabulous ages, and which, tho' now driven out of notice by authors of no greater uſe or value, ſtill continued to be read in Caxton's Engliſh to the beginning of the preſent century.

Caxton proceeded as he began, and, except the poems of Gower and Chaucer, printed nothing but tranſlations from the French, in which the original is ſo ſcrupulouſly followed, that they afford us little knowledge of our own language; though the words are Engliſh, the phraſe is foreign.

As learning advanced, new works were adopted into our language, but I think with little improvement of the art of tranſlation, though foreign nations and other languages offered us models of a better method; till in the age of Elizabeth we began to find that greater liberty was neceſſary to elegance, and that elegance was neceſſary to general reception; ſome eſſays were then made upon the Italian poets, which deſerve the praiſe and gratitude of poſterity.

But the old practice was no ſuddenly forſaken; Holland filled the nation with literal tranſlation, and, what is yet more ſtrange, the ſame exactneſs was obſtinately practiſed in the verſions of the poets. This abſurd labour of conſtruing into rhyme was countenanced by Jonſon in his verſion of Horace; and, whether it be that more men have learning than genius, or that the endeavours of that time were more directed towards knowledge than delight, the accuracy of Jonſon found more imitators than the elegance of Fairfax; and May, Sandys, and Holiday, confined themſelves to the toil of rendering line for line, not indeed with equal felicity, for May and Sandys were poets, and Holiday only a ſcholar and a critic.

Feltham appears to conſider it as the eſtabliſhed law of poetical tranſlation, that the lines ſhould be neither more nor fewer than thoſe of the original; and ſo long had this prejudice prevailed, that Denham praiſes Fanſhaw's verſion of Guarini as the example of a "new and noble way," as the firſt attempt to break the boundaries of cuſtom, and aſſert the natural freedom of the muſe.

In the general emulation of wit and genius which the feſtivity of the Reſtoration produced, the poets ſhook off their conſtraint, and conſidered tranſlation as no longer confined to ſervile cloſeneſs. But reformation is ſeldom the work of pure virtue or unaſſiſted reaſon. Tranſlation was improved more by accident than conviction. The writers of the foregoing age had at leaſt learning equal to their genius, and, being often more able to explain the ſentiments or illuſtrate the alluſions of the ancients, than to exhibit their graces and transfuſe their ſpirit, were perhaps willing ſometimes to conceal their want of poetry by profuſion of literature, and therefore tranſlated literally, that their fidelity might ſhelter their inſipidity or harſhneſs. The wits of Charles's time had ſeldom more than ſlight and ſuperficial views, and their care was to hide their want of learning behind the colours of a gay imagination; they therefor tranſlated always with freedom, ſometimes with licentiouſneſs,

licentiouſneſs, and perhaps expected that their readers ſhould accept ſprightlineſs for knowledge, and conſider ignorance and miſtake as the impatience and negligence of a mind too rapid to ſtop at difficulties, and too elevated to deſcend to minuteneſs.

Thus was tranſlation made more eaſy to the writer, and more delightful to the reader; and there is no wonder if eaſe and pleaſure have found their advocates. The paraphraſtic liberties have been almoſt univerſally admitted; and Sherbourn, whoſe learning was eminent, and who had no need of any excuſe to paſs ſlightly over obſcurities, is the only writer who, in later times, has attempted to juſtify or revive the ancient ſeverity.

There is undoubtedly a mean to be obſerved. Dryden ſaw very early that cloſeneſs beſt preſerved an author's ſenſe, and that freedom beſt exhibited his ſpirit; he therefore will deſerve the higheſt praiſe who can give a repreſentation at once faithful and pleaſing, who can convey the ſame thoughts with the ſame graces, and who, when he tranſlates, changes nothing but the language.

Idler.

§ 99. *What Talents are requiſite to form a good Tranſlator.*

After all, a tranſlator is to make his author appear as charming as poſſibly he can, provided he maintains his character, and makes him not unlike himſelf. Tranſlation is a kind of drawing after the life; where every one will acknowledge there is a double ſort of likeneſs, a good one and a bad. 'Tis one thing to draw the outlines true, the features like, the proportions exact, the colouring itſelf perhaps tolerable; and another thing to make all theſe graceful, by the poſture, the ſhadowings, and chiefly by the ſpirit which animates the whole. I cannot without ſome indignation look on an ill copy of an excellent original; much leſs can I behold with patience Virgil, Homer, and ſome others, whoſe beauties I have been endeavouring all my life to imitate, ſo abuſed, as I may ſay, to their faces, by a botching interpreter. What Engliſh readers, unacquainted with Greek or Latin, will believe me, or any other man, when we commend thoſe authors, and confeſs we derive all that is pardonable in us from their fountains, if they take thoſe to be the ſame poets whom our Ogilbys have tranſlated? But I dare aſſure them, that a good poet is no more like himſelf, in a dull tranſlation, than a carcaſe would be to his living body. There are many who underſtand Greek and Latin, and yet are ignorant of their mother-tongue. The proprieties and delicacies of the Engliſh are known to few: 'tis impoſſible even for a good wit to underſtand and practiſe them, without the help of a liberal education, long reading, and digeſting of thoſe few good authors we have amongſt us; the knowledge of men and manners; the freedom of habitudes and converſation with the beſt of company of both ſexes; and, in ſhort, without wearing off the ruſt which he contracted, while he was laying in a ſtock of learning. Thus difficult it is to underſtand the purity of Engliſh, and critically to diſcern not only good writers from bad, and a proper ſtyle from a corrupt, but alſo to diſtinguiſh that which is pure in a good author, from that which is vicious and corrupt in him. And for want of all theſe requiſites, or the greateſt part of them, moſt of our ingenious young men take up ſome cry'd-up Engliſh poet for their model, adore him, and imitate him, as they think, without knowing wherein he is defective, where he is boyiſh and trifling, wherein either his thoughts are improper to his ſubject, or his expreſſions unworthy of his thoughts, or the turn of both is unharmonious. Thus it appears neceſſary, that a man ſhould be a nice critic in his mother-tongue, before he attempts to tranſlate a foreign language. Neither is it ſufficient that he be able to judge of words and ſtyle; but he muſt be a maſter of them too: he muſt perfectly underſtand his author's tongue, and abſolutely command his own: ſo that, to be a thorough tranſlator, he muſt be a thorough poet. Neither is it enough to give his author's ſenſe in good Engliſh, in poetical expreſſions, and in muſical numbers: for, though all thoſe are exceeding

ing difficult to perform, there yet remains an harder taſk; and 'tis a ſecret of which few tranſlators have ſufficiently thought. I have already hinted a word or two concerning it; that is, the maintaining the character of an author, which diſtinguiſhes him from all others, and makes him appear that individual poet whom you would interpret. For example, not only the thoughts, but the ſtyle and verſification of Virgil and Ovid are very different. Yet I ſee even in our beſt poets, who have tranſlated ſome parts of them, that they have confounded their ſeveral talents; and by endeavouring only at the ſweetneſs and harmony of numbers, have made them both ſo much alike, that if I did not know the originals, I ſhould never be able to judge by the copies, which was Virgil, and which was Ovid. It was objected againſt a late noble painter (Sir P. Lely) that he drew many graceful pictures, but few of them were alike. And this happened to him, becauſe he always ſtudied himſelf more than thoſe who ſat to him. In ſuch tranſlators I can eaſily diſtinguiſh the hand which performed the work, but I cannot diſtinguiſh their poet from another. Suppoſe two authors are equally ſweet, yet there is a great diſtinction to be made in ſweetneſs; as in that of ſugar, and in that of honey. I can make the difference more plain, by giving you (if it be worth knowing) my own method of proceeding in my tranſlations out of four ſeveral poets; Virgil, Theocritus, Lucretius, and Horace. In each of theſe, before I undertook them, I conſidered the genius and diſtinguiſhing character of my author. I looked on Virgil as a ſuccinct, grave, and majeſtic writer; one who weighed, not only every thought, but every word and ſyllable; who was ſtill aiming to croud his ſenſe into as narrow a compaſs as poſſibly he could; for which reaſon he is ſo very figurative, that he requires (I may almoſt ſay) a grammar apart to conſtrue him. His verſe is every where ſounding the very thing in your ears whoſe ſenſe it bears; yet the numbers are perpetually varied, to encreaſe the delight of the reader; ſo that the ſame ſounds are never repeated twice together. On the contrary, Ovid and Claudian, though they write in ſtyles differing from each other, yet have each of them but one ſort of muſic in their verſes. All the verſification and little variety of Claudian is included within the compaſs of four or five lines, and then he begins again in the ſame tenour; perpetually cloſing his ſenſe at the end of a verſe, and verſe commonly which they call golden, or two ſubſtantives and two adjectives, with a verb betwixt them to keep the peace. Ovid, with all his ſweetneſs, has as little variety of numbers and ſound as he: he is always, as it were, upon the hand-gallop, and his verſe runs upon carpet-ground. He avoids, like the other, all ſynalæphas, or cutting off one vowel when it comes before another, in the following word. But to return to Virgil: though he is ſmooth where ſmoothneſs is required, yet he is ſo far from affecting it, that he ſeems rather to diſdain it; frequently makes uſe of ſynalæphas; and concludes his ſenſe in the middle of his verſe. He is every where above conceits of epigrammatic wit, and groſs hyperboles: he maintains majeſty in the midſt of plainneſs; he ſhines, but glares not; and is ſtately without ambition, which is the vice of Lucan. I drew my definition of poetical wit from my particular conſideration of him: for propriety of thoughts and words are only to be found in him; and where they are proper, they will be delightful. Pleaſure follows of neceſſity, as the effect does the cauſe; and therefore is not to be put into the definition. This exact propriety of Virgil I particularly regarded as a great part of his character; but muſt confeſs to my ſhame, that I have not been able to tranſlate any part of him ſo well, as to make him appear wholly like himſelf: for where the original is cloſe, no verſion can reach it in the ſame compaſs. Hannibal Caro's, in the Italian, is the neareſt, the moſt poetical, and the moſt ſonorous of any tranſlation of the Æneid: yet, though he takes the advantage of blank verſe, he commonly allows two lines for one of Virgil, and does not always hit his ſenſe. Taſſo tells us, in his letters, that Sperone

Speroni, a great Italian wit, who was his contemporary, obſerved of Virgil and Tully, that the Latin orator endeavoured to imitate the copiouſneſs of Homer, the Greek poet; and that the Latin poet made it his buſineſs to reach the conciſeneſs of Demoſthenes, the Greek orator. Virgil therefore, being ſo very ſparing of his words, and leaving ſo much to be imagined by the reader, can never be tranſlated as he ought, in any modern tongue. To make him copious is to alter his character; and to tranſlate him line for line is impoſſible, becauſe the Latin is naturally a more ſuccinct language than either the Italian, Spaniſh, French, or even than the Engliſh, which, by reaſon of its monoſyllables, is far the moſt compendious of them. Virgil is much the cloſeſt of any Roman poet, and the Latin hexameter has more feet than the Engliſh heroic. *Dryden.*

§ 100. *The Nature of Wit in Writing.*

The compoſition of all poems is, or ought to be, of wit; and wit in poetry, or wit-writing (if you will give me leave to uſe a ſchool-diſtinction) is no other than the faculty of imagination in the writer, which, like a nimble ſpaniel, beats over and ranges through the field of memory, till it ſprings the quarry it hunted after; or, without a metaphor, which ſearches over all the memory for the ſpecies or ideas of thoſe things which it deſigns to repreſent. Wit written is that which is well defined, the happy reſult of thought, or product of imagination. But to proceed from wit, in the general notion of it, to the proper wit of an heroic or hiſtorical poem; I judge it chiefly to conſiſt in the delightful imagination of perſons, actions, paſſions, or things. 'Tis not the jerk or ſting of an epigram, nor the ſeeming contradiction of a poor antitheſis (the delight of an ill-judging audience in a play of rhyme) nor the jingle of a more poor paranomaſia; neither is it ſo much the morality of a grave ſentence, affected by Lucan, but more ſparingly uſed by Virgil; but it is ſome lively and apt deſcription, dreſſed in ſuch colours of ſpeech that it ſets before your eyes the abſent object as perfectly and more delightfully than nature. So then the firſt happineſs of a poet's imagination, is properly invention, or finding of the thought; the ſecond is fancy, or the variation, dreſſing or moulding of that thought, as the judgment repreſents it, proper to the ſubject; the third is elocution, or the art of cloathing and adorning that thought, ſo found and varied, in apt, ſignificant, and ſounding words: the quickneſs of the imagination is ſeen in the invention, the fertility in the fancy, and accuracy in the expreſſion. For the firſt of theſe, Ovid is famous amongſt the poets; for the latter, Virgil. Ovid images more often the movements and affections of the mind, either combating between two contrary paſſions, or extremely diſcompoſed by one. His words therefore are the leaſt part of his care; for he pictures nature in diſorder, with which the ſtudy and choice of words is inconſiſtent. This is the proper wit of dialogue or diſcourſe, and conſequently of the drama, where all that is ſaid is to be ſuppoſed the effect of ſudden thought; which though it excludes not the quickneſs of wit in repartees, yet admits not a too curious election of words, too frequent alluſions, or uſe of tropes, or, in fine, any thing that ſhews remoteneſs of thought or labour in the writer. On the other ſide, Virgil ſpeaks not ſo often to us in the perſon of another, like Ovid, but in his own: he relates almoſt all things as from himſelf, and thereby gains more liberty than the other to expreſs his thoughts with all the graces of elocution, to write more figuratively, and to confeſs as well the labour as the force of his imagination. Though he deſcribes his Dido well and naturally, in the violence of her paſſions, yet he muſt yield in that to the Myrrha, the Biblis, the Althæa, of Ovid; for as great an admirer of him as I am, I muſt acknowledge, that if I ſee not more of their ſouls than I ſee of Dido's, at leaſt I have a greater concernment for them: and that convinces me, that Ovid has touched thoſe tender ſtrokes more delicately than Virgil could. But when actions or perſons are to be deſcribed, when any ſuch image is to be ſet before

us,

us, how bold, how maſterly are the ſtrokes of Virgil! We ſee the objects he preſents us with in their native figures, in their proper motions; but ſo we ſee them, as our own eyes could never have beheld them ſo beautiful in themſelves. We ſee the ſoul of the poet, like that univerſal one of which he ſpeaks, informing and moving through all his pictures:

——Totamque infuſa per artus
Mens agitat molem, & magno ſe corpore miſcet.

We behold him embelliſhing his images, as he makes Venus breathing beauty upon her ſon Æneas.

——lumenque juventæ
Purpureum, & lætos oculis afflârat honores:
Quale manus addunt ebori decus, aut ubi flavo
Argentum Pariuſve lapis circumdatur auro.

See his tempeſt, his funeral ſports, his combats of Turnus and Æneas; and in his Georgics, which I eſteem the divineſt part of all his writings, the plague, the country, the battle of the bulls, the labour of the bees, and thoſe many other excellent images of nature, moſt of which are neither great in themſelves, nor have any natural ornament to bear them up; but the words wherewith he deſcribes them are ſo excellent, that it might be well applied to him, which was ſaid by Ovid, *Materiam ſuperabat opus:* the very ſound of his words has often ſomewhat that is connatural to the ſubject; and while we read him, we ſit, as in a play, beholding the ſcenes of what he repreſents. To perform this, he made frequent uſe of tropes, which you know change the nature of a known word, by applying it to ſome other ſignification; and this is it which Horace means in his epiſtle to the Piſos:

Dixeris egregiè notum ſi callida verbum
Reddiderit junctura novum——

Dryden.

§ 101. *Examples that Words may affect without raiſing Images.*

I find it very hard to perſuade ſeveral that their paſſions are affected by words from whence they have no ideas; and yet harder to convince them, that in the ordinary courſe of converſation we are ſufficiently underſtood without raiſing any images of the things concerning which we ſpeak. It ſeems to be an odd ſubject of diſpute with any man, whether he has ideas in his mind or not. Of this at firſt view, every man, in his own forum, ought to judge without appeal. But ſtrange as it may appear, we are often at a loſs to know what ideas we have of things, or whether we have any ideas at all upon ſome ſubjects. It even requires ſome attention to be thoroughly ſatisfied on this head. Since I wrote theſe papers I found two very ſtriking inſtances of the poſſibility there is that a man may hear words without having any idea of the things which they repreſent, and yet afterwards be capable of returning them to others, combined in a new way, and with great propriety, energy, and inſtruction. The firſt inſtance is that of Mr. Blacklock, a poet blind from his birth. Few men bleſſed with the moſt perfect ſight can deſcribe viſual objects with more ſpirit and juſtneſs than this blind man; which cannot poſſibly be owing to his having a clearer conception of the things he deſcribes than is common to other perſons. Mr. Spence, in an elegant preface which he has written to the works of this poet, reaſons very ingeniouſly, and I imagine for the moſt part very rightly, upon the cauſe of this extraordinary phænomenon; but I cannot altogether agree with him, that ſome improprieties in language and thought which occur in theſe poems have ariſen from the blind poet's imperfect conception of viſual objects, ſince ſuch improprieties, and much greater, may be found in writers even of an higher claſs than Mr. Blacklock, and who, notwithſtanding, poſſeſſed the faculty of ſeeing in its full perfection. Here is a poet doubtleſs as much affected by his own deſcriptions as any that reads them can be; and yet he is affected with this ſtrong enthuſiaſm by things of which he neither has, nor can poſſibly have any idea, further than that of a bare ſound; and why may not thoſe who read his works be affected in the ſame manner that he was, with as little of any real ideas of the things deſcribed? The ſecond inſtance is of Mr.

Saunderſon, profeſſor of mathematics in the univerſity of Cambridge. This learned man had acquired great knowledge in natural philoſophy, in aſtronomy, and whatever ſciences depend upon mathematical ſkill. What was the moſt extraordinary, and the moſt to my purpoſe, he gave excellent lectures upon light and colours; and this man taught others the theory of thoſe ideas which they had, and which he himſelf undoubtedly had not. But the truth is, that the words red, blue, green, anſwered to him as well as the ideas of the colours themſelves; for the ideas of greater or leſſer degrees of refrangibility being applied to [illegible] words, and the blind man being inſtructed in what other reſpects they were found to agree or to diſagree, it was as eaſy for him to reaſon upon the words, as if he had been fully maſter of the ideas. Indeed it muſt be owned he could make no new diſcoveries in the way of experiment. He did nothing but what we do every day in common diſcourſe. When I wrote this laſt ſentence, and uſed the words *every day* and *common diſcourſe*, I had no images in my mind of any ſucceſſion of time; nor of men in conference with each other; nor do I imagine that the reader will have any ſuch ideas on reading it. Neither when I ſpoke of red, blue, and green, as well as of refrangibility, had I theſe ſeveral colours, or the rays of light paſſing into a different medium, and there diverted from their courſe, painted before me in the way of images. I know very well that the mind poſſeſſes a faculty of raiſing ſuch images at pleaſure; but then an act of the will is neceſſary to this; and in ordinary converſation or reading it is very rarely that any image at all is excited in the mind. If I ſay, "I ſhall go to Italy next ſummer," I am well underſtood. Yet I believe nobody has by this painted in his imagination the exact figure of the ſpeaker paſſing by land or by water, or both; ſometimes on horſeback, ſometimes in a carriage; with all the particulars of the journey. Still leſs has he any idea of Italy, the country to which I propoſed to go; or of the greenneſs of the fields, the ripening of the fruits, and the warmth of the air, with the change to this from a different ſeaſon, which are the ideas for which the word *ſummer* is ſubſtituted; but leaſt of all has he any image from the word *next*; for this word ſtands for the idea of many ſummers, with the excluſion of all but one: and ſurely the man who ſays *next ſummer*, has no images of ſuch a ſucceſſion, and ſuch an excluſion. In ſhort, it is not only thoſe ideas which are commonly called abſtract, and of which no image at all can be found, but even of particular real beings, that we converſe without having any idea of them excited in the imagination; as will certainly appear on a diligent examination of our own minds.

Burke on the Sublime.

§ 102. *The real Characteriſtics of the Whig and Tory Parties.*

When we compare the parties of Whig and Tory to thoſe of Roundhead and Cavalier, the moſt obvious difference which appears betwixt them, conſiſts in the principles of paſſive obedience and indefeaſible right, which were but little heard of among the Cavaliers, but became the univerſal doctrine, and were eſteemed the true characteriſtic of a Tory. Were theſe principles puſhed into their moſt obvious conſequences, they imply a formal renunciation of all our liberties, and an avowal of abſolute monarchy; ſince nothing can be a greater abſurdity than a limited power which muſt be reſiſted, even when it exceeds its limitations. But as the moſt rational principles are often but a weak counterpoiſe to paſſion, 'tis no wonder that theſe abſurd principles, ſufficient, according to a celebrated author, to ſhock the common ſenſe of a Hottentot or Samoiede, were found too weak for that effect. The Tories, as men, were enemies to oppreſſion; and alſo, as Engliſhmen, they were enemies to deſpotic power. Their zeal for liberty was, perhaps, leſs fervent than that of their antagoniſts, but was ſufficient to make them forget all their general principles, when they ſaw themſelves openly threatened with a ſubverſion of the ancient government. From theſe ſentiments aroſe the Revolution;

volution; an event of mighty conſequence, and the firmeſt foundation of Britiſh liberty. The conduct of the Tories, during that event and after it, will afford us a true inſight into the nature of that party.

In the firſt place, they appear to have had the ſentiments of a True Briton in them in their affection to liberty, and in their determined reſolution not to ſacrifice it to any abſtract principles whatſoever, or to any imaginary rights of princes. This part of their character might juſtly have been doubted of before the Revolution, from the obvious tendency of their avowed principles, and from their almoſt unbounded compliances with a court, which made little ſecret of its arbitrary deſigns. The Revolution ſhewed them to have been in this reſpect nothing but a genuine court party, ſuch as might be expected in a Britiſh government; that is, lovers of liberty, but greater lovers of monarchy. It muſt, however, be confeſt, that they carried their monarchical principles farther, even in practice, but more ſo in theory, than was, in any degree, conſiſtent with a limited government.

Secondly, Neither their principles nor affections concurred, entirely or heartily, with the ſettlement made at the Revolution, or with that which has ſince taken place. This part of their character may ſeem contradictory to the former, ſince any other ſettlement, in thoſe circumſtances of the nation, muſt probably have been dangerous, if not fatal to liberty. But the heart of man is made to reconcile contradictions; and this contradiction is not greater than that betwixt paſſive obedience, and the reſiſtance employed at the Revolution. A Tory, therefore, ſince the Revolution, may be defined in a few words to be a lover of monarchy, though without abandoning liberty, and a partizan of the family of Stuart; as a Whig may be defined to be a lover of liberty, though without renouncing monarchy; and a friend to the ſettlement in the proteſtant line.

Hume's Eſſays.

§ 103. *Painting diſagreeable in Women.*

A lady's face, like the coat in the Tale of a Tub, if left alone, will wear well; but if you offer to load it with foreign ornaments, you deſtroy the original ground.

Among other matter of wonder on my firſt coming to town, I was much ſurpriſed at the general appearance of youth among the ladies. At preſent there is no diſtinction in their complexions between a beauty in her teens and a lady in her grand climacteric; yet at the ſame time I could not but take notice of the wonderful variety in the face of the ſame lady. I have known an olive beauty on Monday grow very ruddy and blooming on Tueſday; turn pale on Wedneſday; come round to the olive hue again on Thurſday; and in a word, change her complexion as often as her gown. I was amazed to find no old aunts in this town, except a few unfaſhionable people, whom no body knows; the reſt ſtill continuing in the zenith of their youth and health, and falling off, like timely fruit, without any previous decay. All this was a myſtery that I could not unriddle, till on being introduced to ſome ladies, I unluckily improved the hue of my lips at the expence of a fair one, who unthinkingly had turned her cheek; and found that my kiſſes were given (as is obſerved in the epigram), like thoſe of Pyramus, through a wall. I then diſcovered, that this ſurpriſing youth and beauty was all counterfeit; and that (as Hamlet ſays) "God had given them one face, and they had made themſelves another."

I have mentioned the accident of my carrying off half a lady's face by a ſalute, that your courtly dames may learn to put on their faces a little tighter; but as for my own daughters, while ſuch faſhions prevail, they ſhall ſtill remain in Yorkſhire. There, I think, they are pretty ſafe; for this unnatural faſhion will hardly make its way into the country, as this vamped complexion would not ſtand againſt the rays of the ſun, and would inevitably melt away in a country-dance. The ladies have, indeed,

been always the greateſt enemies to their own beauty, and ſeem to have a deſign againſt their own faces. At one time the whole countenance was eclipſed in a black velvet maſk; at another it was blotted with patches; and at preſent it is cruſted over with plaiſter of Paris. In thoſe battered belles who ſtill aim at conqueſt, this practice is in ſome ſort excuſable; but it is ſurely as ridiculous in a young lady to give up beauty for paint, as it would be to draw a good ſet of teeth merely to fill their places with a row of ivory.

Indeed ſo common is this faſhion among the young as well as the old, that when I am in a groupe of beauties, I conſider them as ſo many pretty pictures; looking about me with as little emotion as I do at Hudſon's: and if any thing fills me with admiration, it is the judicious arrangement of the tints, and delicate touches of the painter. Art very often ſeems almoſt to vie with nature: but my attention is too frequently diverted by conſidering the texture and hue of the ſkin beneath; and the picture fails to charm, while my thoughts are engroſſed by the wood and canvaſs. *Connoiſſeur.*

§ 104. *Advantages of well-directed Satire pointed out.*

A ſatiriſt of true genius, who is warmed by a generous indignation of vice, and whoſe cenſures are conducted by candour and truth, merits the applauſe of every friend to virtue. He may be conſidered as a ſort of ſupplement to the legiſlative authority of his country; as aſſiſting the unavoidable defects of all legal inſtitutions for regulating of manners, and ſtriking terror even where the divine prohibitions themſelves are held in contempt. The ſtrongeſt defence, perhaps, againſt the inroads of vice, among the more cultivated part of our ſpecies, is well-directed ridicule: they who fear nothing elſe dread to be marked out to the contempt and indignation of the world. There is no ſucceeding in the ſecret purpoſes of diſhoneſty, without preſerving ſome ſort of credit among mankind; as there cannot exiſt a more impotent creature than a knave convict. To expoſe, therefore, the falſe pretenſions of counterfeit virtue, is to diſarm it at once of all power of miſchief, and to perform a public ſervice of the moſt advantageous kind, in which any man can employ his time and his talents. The voice, indeed, of an honeſt ſatiriſt is not only beneficial to the world, as giving an alarm againſt the deſigns of an enemy ſo dangerous to all ſocial intercourſe; but as proving likewiſe the moſt efficacious preventive to others, of aſſuming the ſame character of diſtinguiſhed infamy. Few are ſo totally vitiated, as to have abandoned all ſentiments of ſhame; and when every other principle of integrity is ſurrendered, we generally find the conflict is ſtill maintained in this laſt poſt of retreating virtue. In this view, therefore, it ſhould ſeem, the function of a ſatiriſt may be juſtified, notwithſtanding it ſhould be true (what an excellent moraliſt has aſſerted) that his chaſtiſements rather exaſperate, than reclaim thoſe on whom they fall. Perhaps no human penalties are of any moral advantage to the criminal himſelf: and the principal benefit that ſeems to be derived from civil puniſhments of any kind, is their reſtraining influence upon the conduct of others.

It is not every man, however, that is qualified to manage this formidable bow. The arrows of ſatire, when they are pointed by virtue, as well as wit, recoil upon the hand that directs them, and wound none but him from whom they proceed. Accordingly, Horace reſts the whole ſucceſs of writings of this ſort upon the poet's being *integer ipſe*; free himſelf from thoſe immoral ſtains which he points out in others. There cannot, indeed, be a more odious, nor at the ſame time a more contemptible character, than that of a vicious ſatiriſt:

Quis cœlum terris non miſceat & mare cœlo,
Si fur diſpliceat Verri, homicida Miloni?
Juv.

The moſt favourable light in which a cenſor of this ſpecies could poſſibly be viewed, would be that of a public executioner,

cutioner, who inflicts the punishment on others, which he has already merited himself. But the truth of it is, he is not qualified even for so wretched an office; and there is nothing to be dreaded from the satirist of known dishonesty, but his applause.

Fitzsborne's Letters.

§ 105. *Juvenal and Horace compared as Satirists.*

I would willingly divide the palm betwixt these poets upon the two heads of profit and delight, which are the two ends of poetry in general. It must be granted by the favourers of Juvenal, that Horace is the more copious and profitable in his instructions of human life: but in my particular opinion, which I set not up for a standard to better judgments, Juvenal is the more delightful author. I am profited by both, I am pleased with both; but I owe more to Horace for my instruction, and more to Juvenal for my pleasure. This, as I said, is my particular taste of these two authors: they who will have either of them to excel the other in both qualities, can scarce give better reasons for their opinion, than I for mine; but all unbiassed readers will conclude, that my moderation is not to be condemned. To such impartial men I must appeal; for they who have already formed their judgment, may justly stand suspected of prejudice: and though all who are my readers will set up to be my judges, I enter my caveat against them, that they ought not so much as to be of my jury; ori f they be admitted, 'tis but reason that they should first hear what I have to urge in the defence of my opinion.

That Horace is somewhat the better instructor of the two, is proved hence, that his instructions are more general, Juvenal's more limited: so that, granting that the counsels which they give are equally good for moral use, Horace, who gives the most various advice, and most applicable to all occasions which can occur to us in the course of our lives; as including in his discourses not only all the rules of morality, but also of civil conversation; is undoubtedly to be preferred to him, who is more circumscribed in his instructions, makes them to fewer people, and on fewer occasions, than the other. I may be pardoned for using an old saying, since it is true, and to the purpose, *Bonum quo communius eo melius.* Juvenal, excepting only his first satire, is in all the rest confined to the exposing some particular vice; that he lashes, and there he sticks. His sentences are truly shining and instructive; but they are sprinkled here and there. Horace is teaching us in every line, and is perpetually moral; he had found out the skill of Virgil, to hide his sentences; to give you the virtue of them, without shewing them in their full extent: which is the ostentation of a poet, and not his art. And this Petronius charges on the authors of his time, as a vice of writing, which was then growing on the age: *Ne sententiæ extra corpus orationis eminent.* He would have them weaved into the body of the work, and not appear embossed upon it, and striking directly on the reader's view. Folly was the proper quarry of Horace, and not vice: and as there are but few notoriously wicked men, in comparison with a shoal of fools and fops; so 'tis a harder thing to make a man wise, than to make him honest: for the will is only to be reclaimed in the one; but the understanding is to be informed in the other. There are blind sides and follies, even in the professors of moral philosophy; and there is not any one set of them that Horace has not exposed. Which, as it was not the design of Juvenal, who was wholly employed in lashing vices, some of them the most enormous that can be imagined; so, perhaps, it was not so much his talent. *Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico, tangit, & admissus circum præcordia ludit.* This was the commendation that Persius gave him; where by *vitium*, he means those little vices which we call follies, the defects of human understanding, or at most the peccadillos of life, rather than the tragical vices, to which men are hurried by their unruly passions and exorbitant desires. But on the word *omne*, which is universal, he concludes with me, that the divine wit of Horace left nothing untouched; that he entered into the in-

moſt receſſes of nature; found out the imperfections even of the moſt wiſe and grave, as well as of the common people; diſcovering even in the great Trebatius, to whom he addreſſes the firſt ſatire, his hunting after buſineſs, and following the court; as well as in the perſecutor Criſpinus, his impertinence and importunity. 'Tis true, he expoſes Criſpinus openly as a common nuiſance; but he rallies the other as a friend, more finely. The exhortations of Perſius are confined to noblemen; and the ſtoick philoſophy is that alone which he recommends to them: Juvenal exhorts to particular virtues, as they are oppoſed to thoſe vices againſt which he declaims; but Horace laughs to ſhame all follies, and inſinuates virtue rather by familiar examples than by the ſeverity of precepts.

This laſt conſideration ſeems to incline the balance on the ſide of Horace, and to give him the preference to Juvenal, not only in profit, but in pleaſure. But, after all, I muſt confeſs that the delight which Horace gives me, is but languiſhing. Be pleaſed ſtill to underſtand, that I ſpeak of my own taſte only: he may raviſh other men; but I am too ſtupid and inſenſible to be tickled. Where he barely grins himſelf, and, as Scaliger ſays, only ſhews his white teeth, he cannot provoke me to any laughter. His urbanity, that is, his good-manners, are to be commended, but his wit is faint; and his ſalt, if I may dare to ſay ſo, almoſt inſipid. Juvenal is of a more vigorous and maſculine wit; he gives me as much pleaſure as I can bear: he fully ſatisfies my expectation: he treats his ſubject home: his ſpleen is raiſed, and he raiſes mine: I have the pleaſure of concernment in all he ſays: he drives his reader along with him: and when he is at the end of his way, I willingly ſtop with him. If he went another ſtage, it would be too far, it would make a journey of a progreſs, and turn the delight into fatigue. When he gives over, 'tis a ſign the ſubject is exhauſted, and the wit of man can carry it no farther. If a fault can be juſtly found in him, 'tis that he is ſometimes too luxuriant, too redundant; ſays more than he needs, like my friend the Plain Dealer, but never more than pleaſes. Add to this, that his thoughts are as juſt as thoſe of Horace, and much more elevated. His expreſſions are ſonorous and more noble, his verſe more numerous, and his words are ſuitable to his thoughts, ſublime and lofty. All theſe contribute to the pleaſure of the reader; and the greater the ſoul of him who reads, his tranſports are the greater. Horace is always on the amble, Juvenal on the gallop; but his way is perpetually on carpet-ground. He goes with more impetuoſity than Horace, but as ſecurely; and the ſwiftneſs adds more lively agitation to the ſpirits. *Dryden.*

§ 106. *Delicate Satire not eaſily hit off.*

How eaſy is it to call rogue and villain, and that wittily! but how hard to make a man appear a fool, a blockhead, or a knave, without uſing any of thoſe opprobrious terms! To ſpare the groſſneſs of the names, and to do the thing yet more ſeverely, is to draw a full face, and to make the noſe and cheeks ſtand out, and yet not to employ any depth of ſhadowing. This is the myſtery of that noble trade, which yet no maſter can teach to his apprentice: he may give the rules, but the ſcholar is never the nearer in his practice. Neither is it true, that this fineneſs of raillery is offenſive. A witty man is tickled while he is hurt in this manner; and a fool feels it not. The occaſion of an offence may poſſibly be given, but he cannot take it, if it be granted, that in effect this way does more miſchief; that a man is ſecretly wounded; and though he be not ſenſible himſelf, yet the malicious world will find it out for him: yet there is ſtill a vaſt difference betwixt the ſlovenly butchering of a man, and the fineneſs of a ſtroke that ſeparates the head from the body, and leaves it ſtanding in its place. A man may be capable, as Jack Ketch's wife ſaid of her ſervant, of a plain piece of work, a bare hanging: but to make a malefactor die ſweetly, was only belonging to her huſband. I wiſh I could apply it to myſelf, if the reader would be kind enough

enough to think it belongs to me. The character of Zimri in my Abſalom, is, in my opinion, worth the whole poem: tis not bloody, but 'tis ridiculous enough: and he for whom it was intended, was too witty to reſent it as an injury. If I had railed, I might have ſuffered for it juſtly; but I managed mine own works more happily, perhaps more dexterouſly. I avoided the mention of great crimes, and applied myſelf to the repreſenting of blind ſides, and little extravagancies, to which, the wittier a man is, he is generally the more obnoxious. It ſucceeded as I wiſhed; the jeſt went round, and he was out in his turn who began the frolic. *Dryden.*

§ 107. *The Works of Art defective in entertaining the Imagination.*

If we conſider the works of nature and art, as they are qualified to entertain the imagination, we ſhall find the laſt very defective, in compariſon of the former; for though they may ſometimes appear as beautiful or ſtrange, they can have nothing in them of that vaſtneſs and immenſity, which afford ſo great an entertainment to the mind of the beholder. The one may be as polite and delicate as the other, but can never ſhew herſelf ſo auguſt and magnificent in the deſign. There is ſomething more bold and maſterly in the rough careleſs ſtrokes of nature, than in the nice touches and embelliſhments of art. The beauties of the moſt ſtately garden or palace lie in a narrow compaſs, the imagination immediately runs them over, and requires ſomething elſe to gratify her; but, in the wide fields of nature, the ſight wanders up and down without confinement, and is fed with an infinite variety of images, without any certain ſtint or number. For this reaſon we always find the poet in love with a country-life, where nature appears in the greateſt perfection, and furniſhes out all thoſe ſcenes that are moſt apt to delight the imagination.

Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus et fugit urbes. Hor.

Hîc ſecura quies, et neſcia fallere vita,
Dives opum variarum; hîc latis otia fundis,
Speluncæ, vivique lacus, hîc frigida Tempe,
Mugituſque boum, molleſque ſub arbore ſomni.
Virg.

But though there are ſeveral of theſe wild ſcenes, that are more delightful than any artificial ſhows; yet we find the works of nature ſtill more pleaſant, the more they reſemble thoſe of art; for in this caſe our pleaſure riſes from a double principle; from the agreeableneſs of the objects to the eye, and from their ſimilitude to other objects: we are pleaſed as well with comparing their beauties, as with ſurveying them, and can repreſent them to our minds either as copies or origials. Hence it is that we take delight in a proſpect which is well laid out, and diverſified with fields and meadows, woods and rivers; in thoſe accidental landſkips of trees, clouds, and cities, that are ſometimes found in the veins of marble; in the curious fret-work of rocks and grottos; and, in a word, in any thing that hath ſuch a variety or regularity as may ſeem the effects of deſign, in what we call the works of chance.

Advantage from their Similarity to thoſe of Nature.

If the products of nature riſe in value, according as they more or leſs reſemble thoſe of art, we may be ſure that artificial works receive a greater advantage from their reſemblance to ſuch as are natural; becauſe here the ſimilitude is not only pleaſant, but the pattern more perfect. The prettieſt landſkip I ever ſaw, was one drawn on the walls of a dark room, which ſtood oppoſite on one ſide to a navigable river, and on the other to a park. The experiment is very common in optics. Here you might diſcover the waves and fluctuations of the water in ſtrong and proper colours, with the picture of a ſhip entering at one end, and ſailing by degrees through the whole piece. On another there appeared the green ſhadow of trees, waving to and fro with the wind, the herds of deer among them in miniature, leaping about upon the wall. I muſt confeſs, the novelty of ſuch

ſuch a ſight may be one occaſion of its pleaſantneſs to the imagination, but certainly the chief reaſon is its near reſemblance to nature, as it does not only, like other pictures, give the colour and figure, but the motion of the things it repreſents.

We have before obſerved, that there is generally in nature ſomething more grand and auguſt, than what we meet with in the curioſities of art. When, therefore, we ſee this imitated in any meaſure, it gives us a nobler and more exalted kind of pleaſure than what we receive from the nicer and more accurate productions of art. On this account our Engliſh gardens are not ſo entertaining to the fancy as thoſe in France and Italy, where we ſee a large extent of ground covered over with an agreeable mixture of garden and foreſt, which repreſent every where an artificial rudeneſs, much more charming than that neatneſs and elegance which we meet with in thoſe of our own country. It might, indeed, be of ill conſequence to the public, as well as unprofitable to private perſons, to alienate ſo much ground from paſturage and the plow, in many parts of a country that is ſo well peopled, and cultivated to a far greater advantage. But why may not a whole eſtate be thrown into a kind of garden by frequent plantations, that may turn as much to the profit, as the pleaſure of the owner? A marſh overgrown with willows, or a mountain ſhaded with oaks, are not only more beautiful but more beneficial, than when they lie bare and unadorned. Fields of corn make a pleaſant proſpect, and if the walks were a little taken care of that lie between them, if the natural embroidery of the meadows were helped and improved by ſome ſmall additions of art, and the ſeveral rows of hedges ſet off by trees and flowers that the ſoil was capable of receiving, a man might make a pretty landſkip of his own poſſeſſions. *Spectator.*

§ 108. *On the Progreſs of the Arts.*

The natural progreſs of the works of men is from rudeneſs to convenience, from convenience to elegance, and from elegance to nicety.

The firſt labour is enforced by neceſſity. The ſavage finds himſelf incommoded by heat and cold, by rain and wind; he ſhelters himſelf in the hollow of a rock, and learns to dig a cave where there was none before. He finds the ſun and the wind excluded by the thicket, and when the accidents of the chace, or the convenience of paſturage leads him into more open places, he forms a thicket for himſelf, by planting ſtakes at proper diſtances, and laying branches from one to another.

The next gradation of ſkill and induſtry produces a houſe, cloſed with doors, and divided by partitions; and apartments are multiplied and diſpoſed according to the various degrees of power or invention; improvement ſucceeds improvement, as he that is freed from a greater evil grows impatient of a leſs, 'till eaſe in time is advanced to pleaſure.

The mind, ſet free from the importunities of natural want, gains leiſure to go in ſearch of ſuperfluous gratifications, and adds to the uſes of habitation the delights of proſpect. Then begins the reign of ſymmetry; orders of architecture are invented, and one part of the edifice is conformed to another, without any other reaſon than that the eye may not be offended.

The paſſage is very ſhort from elegance to luxury. Ionic and Corinthian columns are ſoon ſucceeded by gilt cornices, inlaid floors, and petty ornaments, which ſhew rather the wealth than the taſte of the poſſeſſor.

Idler.

§ 109. *The Study of Aſtronomy peculiarly delightful.*

In fair weather, when my heart is cheared, and I feel that exaltation of ſpirits which reſults from light and warmth, joined with a beautiful proſpect of nature, I regard myſelf as one placed by the hand of God in the midſt of an ample theatre, in which the ſun, moon, and ſtars, the fruits alſo and vegetables of the earth, perpetually changing their poſitions or their aſpects, exhibit

exhibit an elegant entertainment to the underſtanding as well as to the eye.

Thunder and lightning, rain and hail, the painted bow and the glaring comet, are decorations of this mighty theatre; and the ſable hemiſphere ſtudded with ſpangles, the blue vault at noon, the glorious gildings and the rich colours in the horizon, I look on as ſo many ſucceſſive ſcenes.

When I conſider things in this light, methinks it is a ſort of impiety to have no attention to the courſe of nature, and the revolutions of the heavenly bodies. To be regardleſs of thoſe phænomena that are placed within our view, on purpoſe to entertain our faculties, and diſplay the wiſdom and power of our Creator, is an affront to Providence of the ſame kind (I hope it was not impious to make ſuch a ſimile) as it would be to a good poet to ſit out his play without minding the plot or beauties of it. And yet how few are there who attend to the drama of nature, its artificial ſtructure, and thoſe admirable ſcenes whereby the paſſions of a philoſopher are gratefully agitated, and his ſoul affected with the ſweet emotions of joy and ſurprize!

How many fox-hunters and rural ſquires are to be found all over Great-Britain, who are ignorant that they have lived all this time in a planet; that the ſun is ſeveral thouſand times bigger than the earth; and that there are ſeveral other worlds within our view, greater and more glorious than our own! "Ay, but," ſays ſome illiterate fellow, "I enjoy the world, and leave it to others to contemplate it." Yet you eat, and drink, and run about upon it; that is, you enjoy as a brute; but to enjoy as a rational being is to know it, to be ſenſible of its greatneſs and beauty, to be delighted with its harmony, and by theſe reflections to obtain juſt ſentiments of the almighty mind that framed it.

The man who, unembarraſſed with vulgar cares, leiſurely attends to the flux of things in heaven and things on earth, and obſerves the laws by which they are governed, hath ſecured to himſelf an eaſy and convenient ſeat, where he beholds with pleaſure all that paſſes on the ſtage of nature, while thoſe about him are, ſome faſt aſleep, and others ſtruggling for the higheſt places, or turning their eyes from the entertainment prepared by Providence, to play at puſh-pin with one another.

Within this ample circumference of the world, the glorious lights that are hung on high, the meteors in the middle region, the various livery of the earth, and the profuſion of good things that diſtinguiſh the ſeaſons, yields a proſpect which annihilates all human grandeur. *Tatler.*

§ 110. *The planetary and terreſtrial Worlds comparatively conſidered.*

To us, who dwell on its ſurface, the earth is by far the moſt extenſive orb that our eyes can any where behold: it is alſo clothed with verdure, diſtinguiſhed by trees, and adorned with variety of beautiful decorations; whereas to a ſpectator placed on one of the planets, it wears an uniform aſpect, looks all luminous, and no larger than a ſpot. To beings who ſtill dwell at greater diſtances it entirely diſappears. That which we call alternately the morning and the evening ſtar; as in one part of the orbit ſhe rides foremoſt in the proceſſion of night, in the other uſhers in and anticipates the dawn; is a planetary world, which with the four others, that ſo wonderfully vary their myſtic dance, are in themſelves dark bodies, and ſhine only by reflection; have fields, and ſeas, and ſkies of their own, are furniſhed with all accommodations for animal ſubſiſtence, and are ſuppoſed to be the abodes of intellectual life; all which, together with our earthly habitation, are dependent on that grand diſpenſer of divine munificence, the ſun; receive their light from the diſtribution of his rays, and derive their comfort from his benign agency.

The ſun, which ſeems to perform its daily ſtages through the ſky, is in this reſpect fixed and immoveable; 'tis the great axle of heaven, about which the globe we inhabit, and other more ſpacious orbs, wheel their ſtated courſes. The ſun, though ſeemingly ſmaller than the dial it illuminates, is abundantly

ſtantly larger than this whole earth, on which ſo many lofty mountains riſe, and ſuch vaſt oceans roll. A line extending from ſide to ſide through the centre of that reſplendent orb, would meaſure more than eight hundred thouſand miles: a girdle formed to go round its circumference, would require a length of millions. Were its ſolid contents to be eſtimated, the account would overwhelm our underſtanding, and be almoſt beyond the power of language to expreſs. Are we ſtartled at theſe reports of philoſophy? Are we ready to cry out in a tranſport of ſurprize, "How mighty is the Being who kindled ſuch a prodigious fire, and keeps alive from age to age ſuch an enormous maſs of flame!" let us attend our philoſophic guides, and we ſhall be brought acquainted with ſpeculations more enlarged and more inflaming.

This ſun, with all its attendant planets, is but a very little part of the grand machine of the univerſe; every ſtar, though in appearance no bigger than the diamond that glitters upon a lady's ring, is really a vaſt globe, like the ſun in ſize and in glory; no leſs ſpacious, no leſs luminous, than the radiant ſource of the day: ſo that every ſtar is not barely a world, but the centre of a magnificent ſyſtem; has a retinue of worlds, irradiated by its beams, and revolving round its attractive influence, all which are loſt to our ſight in unmeaſurable wilds of ether. That the ſtars appear like ſo many diminutive and ſcarce diſtinguiſhable points, is owing to their immenſe and inconceivable diſtance. Immenſe and inconceivable indeed it is, ſince a ball, ſhot from the loaded cannon, and flying with unabated rapidity, muſt travel at this impetuous rate almoſt ſeven hundred thouſand years, before it could reach the neareſt of theſe twinkling luminaries.

While, beholding this vaſt expanſe, I learn my own extreme meanneſs, I would alſo diſcover the abject littleneſs of all terreſtrial things. What is the earth, with all her oſtentatious ſcenes, compared with this aſtoniſhing grand furniture of the ſkies? What, but a dim ſpeck, hardly perceivable in the map of the univerſe? It is obſerved by a very judicious writer, that if the ſun himſelf, which enlightens this part of the creation, was extinguiſhed, and all the hoſt of planetary worlds, which move about him, were annihilated, they would not be miſſed by an eye that can take in the whole compaſs of nature, any more than a grain of ſand upon the ſea-ſhore. The bulk of which they conſiſt, and the ſpace which they occupy, is ſo exceedingly little in compariſon of the whole, that their loſs would leave ſcarce a blank in the immenſity of God's works. If then, not our globe only, but this whole ſyſtem, be ſo very diminutive, what is a kingdom or a county? What are a few lordſhips, or the ſo much admired patrimonies of thoſe who are ſtiled wealthy? When I meaſure them with my own little pittance, they ſwell into proud and bloated dimenſions: but when I take the univerſe for my ſtandard, how ſcanty is their ſize, how contemptible their figure! they ſhrink into pompous nothings. *Spectator.*

§ 111. *The Character of Toby Bumper.*

It is one of the greateſt advantages of education, that it encourages an ingenuous ſpirit, and cultivates a liberal diſpoſition. We do not wonder that a lad who has never been ſent to ſchool, and whoſe faculties have been ſuffered to ruſt at the hall-houſe, ſhould form too cloſe an intimacy with his beſt friends, the groom and the game-keeper; but it would amaze us to ſee a boy, well educated, cheriſh this ill-placed pride of being, as it is called, the head of the company. A perſon of this humble ambition will be very well content to pay the reckoning, for the honour of being diſtinguiſhed by the title of the gentleman, while he is unwilling to aſſociate with men of faſhion, leſt they ſhould be his ſuperiors in rank or fortune; or with men of parts, leſt they ſhould excel him in abilities. Sometimes indeed it happens that a perſon of genius and learning will ſtoop to receive the incenſe of mean and illiterate flatterers in a porter-houſe and cyder-cellar; and I remember to have heard of a poet, who was once caught in a brothel, in the very

very fact of reading his verſes to the good old mother and a circle of her daughters.

There are ſome few, who have been led into low company, merely from an affectation of humour, and, from a deſire of ſeeing the droller ſcenes of life, have deſcended to aſſociate with the meaneſt of the mob, and picked their cronies from lanes and alleys. The moſt ſtriking inſtance I know of this low paſſion for drollery, is Toby Bumper, a young fellow of family and fortune, and not without talents, who has taken more than ordinary pains to degrade himſelf; and is now become almoſt as low a character, as any of thoſe whom he has choſen for his companions. Toby will drink purl in a morning, ſmoke his pipe in a night-cellar, dive for a dinner, or eat black-puddings at Bartholomew-fair, for the humour of the thing. He has alſo ſtudied, and practiſes, all the plebeian arts and exerciſes, under the beſt maſters; and has diſgraced himſelf with every unpolite accompliſhment. He has had many a ſet-to with Buckhorſe; and has now and then the honour of receiving a fall from the great Broughton himſelf. Nobody is better known among the hackney-coachmen, as a brother whip: at the noble game of priſon-bars, he is a match even for the natives of Eſſex and Cheſhire; and he is frequently engaged at the Artillery-ground with Faulkner and Dingate at cricket; and is himſelf eſteemed as good a bat as either of the Bennets. Another of Toby's favourite amuſements is, to attend the executions at Tyburn; and it once happened, that one of his familiar intimates was unfortunately brought thither; when Toby carried his regard to his deceaſed friend ſo far, as to get himſelf knocked down in endeavouring to reſcue the body from the ſurgeons.

As Toby affects to mimic, in every particular, the art and manners of the vulgar, he never fails to enrich his converſation with their emphatic oaths and expreſſive dialect, which recommends him as a man of excellent humour and high fun, among the Choice Spirits at Comus's court, or at the meeting of the *Sons of ſound Senſe and Satisfaction*. He is alſo particularly famous for ſinging thoſe cant ſongs, drawn up in the barbarous dialect of ſharpers and pickpockets; the humour of which he often heightens, by ſcrewing up his mouth, and rolling about a large quid of tobacco between his jaws. Theſe and other like accompliſhments frequently promote him to the chair in theſe facetious ſocieties.

Toby has indulged the ſame notions of humour even in his amours; and is well known to every ſtreet-walker from Cheapſide to Charing-croſs. This has given ſeveral ſhocks to his conſtitution, and often involved him in unlucky ſcrapes. He has been frequently bruiſed, beaten, and kicked, by the bullies of Wapping and Fleet-ditch; and was once ſoundly drubbed by a ſoldier, for engaging with his trull. The laſt time I ſaw him he was laid up with two black eyes, and a broken pate, which he got in a midnight ſkirmiſh, about a miſtreſs, in a night-cellar.

Connoiſſeur.

§ 112. *Cauſes of national Characters.*

The vulgar are very apt to carry all national characters to extremes; and having once eſtabliſhed it as a principle, that any people are knaviſh, or cowardly, or ignorant, they will admit of no exception, but comprehend every individual under the ſame character. Men of ſenſe condemn theſe undiſtinguiſhing judgments; though at the ſame time they allow, that each nation has a peculiar ſet of manners, and that ſome particular qualities are more frequently to be met with among one people than among their neighbours. The common people in Switzerland have ſurely more probity than thoſe of the ſame rank in Ireland; and every prudent man will, from that circumſtance alone, make a difference in the truſt which he repoſes in each. We have reaſon to expect greater wit and gaiety in a Frenchman than in a Spaniard, though Cervantes was born in Spain. An Engliſhman will naturally be thought to have more wit than a Dane, though Tycho Brahe was a native of Denmark.

Different reaſons are aſſigned for theſe national

national characters, while ſome account for them from moral, and others from phyſical cauſes. By moral cauſes I mean all circumſtances which are fitted to work on the mind, as motives or reaſons, and which render a peculiar ſet of manners habitual to us. Of this kind are the nature of the government, the revolutions of public affairs, the plenty or penury in which the people live, the ſituation of the nation with regard to its neighbours, and ſuch like circumſtances. By phyſical cauſes, I mean thoſe qualities of the air and climate, which are ſuppoſed to work inſenſibly on the temper, by altering the tone and habit of the body, and giving a particular complexion; which, tho' reflection and reaſon may ſometimes overcome, yet will it prevail among the generality of mankind, and have an influence on their manners.

That the character of a nation will very much depend on moral cauſes, muſt be evident to the moſt ſuperficial obſerver; ſince a nation is nothing but a collection of individuals, and the manners of individuals are frequently determined by theſe cauſes. As poverty and hard labour debaſe the minds of the common people, and render them unfit for any ſcience and ingenious profeſſion, ſo where any government becomes very oppreſſive to all its ſubjects, it muſt have a proportional effect on their temper and genius, and muſt baniſh all the liberal arts from amongſt them.

The ſame principle of moral cauſes fixes the characters of different profeſſions, and alters even the diſpoſition which the particular members receive from the hand of nature. A ſoldier and a prieſt are different characters in all nations and all ages, and this difference is founded on circumſtances, whoſe operation is external and unalterable.

The uncertainty of their life makes ſoldiers laviſh and generous, as well as brave; their idleneſs, as well as the large ſocieties which they form in camps or garriſons, inclines them to pleaſure and gallantry; by their frequent change of company they acquire good-breeding and an openneſs of behaviour; being employed only againſt a public and open enemy, they become candid, honeſt, and undeſigning: and as they uſe more the labour of the body than the mind, they are commonly thoughtleſs and ignorant.

'Tis a trite but not altogether a falſe maxim, that prieſts of all religions are the ſame; and though the character of the profeſſion will not in every inſtance prevail over the perſonal character, yet is it ſure always to predominate with the greater number. For as chymiſts obſerve, that ſpirits when raiſed to a certain height are all the ſame, from whatever materials they be extracted; ſo theſe men being elevated above humanity, acquire an uniform character, which is entirely their own, and which is in my opinion, generally ſpeaking, not the moſt amiable that is to be met with in human ſociety: it is in moſt points oppoſite to that of a ſoldier, as is the way of life from which it is derived.

Hume's Eſſays.

§ 113. *Chaſtity an additional Ornament to Beauty.*

There is no charm in the female ſex, that can ſupply the place of virtue. Without innocence, beauty is unlovely, and quality contemptible; good-breeding degenerates into wantonneſs, and wit into impudence. It is obſerved, that all the virtues are repreſented by both painters and ſtatuaries under female ſhapes; but if any one of them has a more particular title to that ſex, it is Modeſty. I ſhall leave it to the divines to guard them againſt the oppoſite vice, as they may be overpowered by temptations; it is ſufficient for me to have warned them againſt it, as they may be led aſtray by inſtinct.

Spectator.

§ 114. *Chaſtity a valuable Virtue in a Man.*

But as I am now talking to the world yet untainted, I will venture to recommend chaſtity as the nobleſt male qualification.

It is, methinks, very unreaſonable, that the difficulty of attaining all other good habits, is what makes them honourable;

nourable; but in this caſe, the very attempt is become very ridiculous: but in ſpite of all the raillery of the world, truth is ſtill truth, and will have beauties inſeparable from it. I ſhould, upon this occaſion, bring examples of heroic chaſtity, were I not afraid of having my paper thrown away by the modiſh part of the town, who go no farther at beſt, than the mere abſence of ill, and are contented to be rather irreproachable, than praiſe-worthy. In this particular, a gentleman in the court of Cyrus reported to his majeſty the charms and beauty of Panthea; and ended his panegyric by telling him, that ſince he was at leiſure, he would carry him to viſit her. But that prince, who is a very great man to this day, anſwered the pimp, becauſe he was a man of quality, without roughneſs, and ſaid, with a ſmile, "If I ſhould viſit her upon your introduction, now I have leiſure, I don't know but I might go again upon her own invitation, when I ought to be better employed." But when I caſt about all the inſtances which I have met with in all my reading, I find not one ſo generous, ſo honeſt, and ſo noble, as that of Joſeph in holy writ. When his maſter had truſted him ſo unreſervedly (to ſpeak it in the emphatical manner of the ſcripture) "He knew not aught he had ſave the bread which he did eat," he was ſo unhappy as to appear irreſiſtibly beautiful to his miſtreſs; but when this ſhameleſs woman proceeds to ſolicit him, how gallant is his anſwer! "Behold my maſter wotteth not what is with me in the houſe, and hath committed all that he hath to my hand; there is none greater in the houſe than I, neither hath he kept back any thing from me but thee, becauſe thou art his wife." The ſame argument, which a baſe mind would have made to itſelf for committing the evil, was to this brave man the greateſt motive for forbearing it, that he could do it with impunity; the malice and falſhood of the diſappointed woman naturally aroſe on that occaſion, and there is but a ſhort ſtep from the practice of virtue to the hatred of it. It would therefore be worth ſerious conſideration in both ſexes, and the matter is of importance enough to them, to aſk themſelves whether they would change lightneſs of heart, indolence of mind, chearful meals, untroubled ſlumbers, and gentle diſpoſitions, for a conſtant pruriency which ſhuts out all things that are great or indifferent, clouds the imagination with inſenſibility and prejudice to all manner of delight, but that which is common to all creatures that extend their ſpecies.

A looſe behaviour, and an inattention to every thing that is ſerious, flowing from ſome degree of this petulancy, is obſervable in the generality of the youth of both ſexes in this age. It is the one common face of moſt public meetings, and breaks in upon the ſobriety, I will not ſay ſeverity, that we ought to exerciſe in churches. The pert boys and flippant girls are but faint followers of thoſe in the ſame inclinations at more advanced years. I know not who can oblige them to mend their manners; all that I pretend to, is to enter my proteſt, that they are neither fine gentlemen nor fine ladies for this behaviour. As for the portraitures which I would propoſe, as the images of agreeable men and women, if they are not imitated or regarded, I can only anſwer, as I remember Mr. Dryden did on the like occaſion, when a young fellow, juſt come from the play of Cleomenes, told him in raillery againſt the continency of his principal character, If I had been alone with a lady, I ſhould not have paſſed my time like your Spartan; "That may be," anſwered the bard with a very grave face, "but give me leave to tell you, Sir, you are no hero." *Guardian.*

§ 115. *The Characters of Gameſters.*

The whole tribe of gameſters may be ranked under two diviſions: Every man who makes carding, dicing, and betting his daily practice, is either a dupe or a ſharper; two characters equally the objects of envy and admiration. The dupe is generally a perſon of great fortune and weak intellects,

"Who will as tenderly be led by th' noſe,
"As aſſes are." SHAKESPEARE.

He

He plays, not that he has any delight in cards and dice, but becauſe it is the faſhion; and if whiſt or hazard are propoſed, he will no more refuſe to make one at the table, than among a ſet of hard drinkers he would object drinking his glaſs in turn, becauſe he is not dry.

There are ſome few inſtances of men of ſenſe, as well as family and fortune, who have been dupes and bubbles. Such an unaccountable itch of play has ſeized them, that they have ſacrificed every thing to it, and have ſeemed wedded to ſeven's the main, and the odd trick. There is not a more melancholy object than a gentleman of ſenſe thus infatuated. He makes himſelf and family a prey to a gang of villains more infamous than highwaymen; and perhaps when his ruin is completed, he is glad to join with the very ſcoundrels that deſtroyed him, and live upon the ſpoil of others, whom he can draw into the ſame follies that proved ſo fatal to himſelf.

Here we may take a ſurvey of the character of a ſharper; and that he may have no room to complain of foul play, let us begin with his excellencies. You will perhaps be ſtartled, Mr. Town, when I mention the excellencies of a ſharper; but a gameſter, who makes a decent figure in the world, muſt be endued with many amiable qualities, which would undoubtedly appear with great luſtre, were they not eclipſed by the odious character affixed to his trade. In order to carry on the common buſineſs of his profeſſion, he muſt be a man of quick and lively parts, attended with a ſtoical calmneſs of temper, and a conſtant preſence of mind. He muſt ſmile at the loſs of thouſands; and is not to be diſcompoſed, though ruin ſtares him in the face. As he is to live among the great, he muſt not want politeneſs and affability; he muſt be ſubmiſſive, but not ſervile; he muſt be maſter of an ingenuous liberal air, and have a ſeeming openneſs of behaviour.

Theſe muſt be the chief accompliſhments of our hero: but leſt I ſhould be accuſed of giving too favourable a likeneſs of him, now we have ſeen his outſide, let us take a view of his heart. There we ſhall find avarice the main-ſpring that moves the whole machine. Every gameſter is eaten up with avarice; and when this paſſion is in full force, it is more ſtrongly predominant than any other. It conquers even luſt; and conquers it more effectually than age. At ſixty we look at a fine woman with pleaſure; but when cards and dice have engroſſed our attention, women and all their charms are ſlighted at five-and-twenty. A thorough gameſter renounces Venus and Cupid for Plutus and Ames-ace, and owns no miſtreſs of his heart except the queen of trumps. His inſatiable avarice can only be gratified by hypocriſy; ſo that all thoſe ſpecious virtues already mentioned, and which, if real, might be turned to the benefit of mankind, muſt be directed in a gameſter towards the deſtruction of his fellow-creatures. His quick and lively parts ſerve only to inſtruct and aſſiſt him in the moſt dexterous method of packing the cards and cogging the dice; his fortitude, which enables him to loſe thouſands without emotion, muſt often be practiſed againſt the ſtings and reproaches of his own conſcience, and his liberal deportment and affected openneſs is a ſpecious veil to recommend and conceal the blackeſt villainy.

It is now neceſſary to take a ſecond ſurvey of his heart; and as we have ſeen its vices, let us conſider its miſeries. The covetous man who has not ſufficient courage or inclination to encreaſe his fortune by bets, cards, or dice, but is contented to hoard up thouſands by theſts leſs public, or by cheats leſs liable to uncertainty, lives in a ſtate of perpetual ſuſpicion and terror; but the avaricious fears of the gameſter are infinitely greater. He is conſtantly to wear a maſk; and like Monſieur St. Croix, *coadjuteur* to that famous *empoiſonneuſe*, Madame Brinvillier, if his maſk falls off, he runs the hazard of being ſuffocated by the ſtench of his own poiſons. I have ſeen ſome examples of this ſort not many years ago at White's. I am uncertain whether the wretches are ſtill alive; but if they are, they breathe like toads under ground, crawling amidſt old walls, and paths long ſince unfrequented.

But ſuppoſing that the Sharper's hypocriſy remains undetected, in what a ſtate of mind muſt that man be, whoſe fortune depends upon the inſincerity of his heart, the diſingenuity of his behaviour, and the falſe bias of his dice! What ſenſations muſt he ſuppreſs, when he is obliged to ſmile, although he is provoked; when he muſt look ſerene in the height of deſpair: and when he muſt act the ſtoic, without the conſolation of one virtuous ſentiment, or one moral principle! How unhappy muſt he be even in that ſituation from which he hopes to reap moſt benefit; I mean amidſt ſtars, garters, and the various herds of nobility! Their lordſhips are not always in a humour for play: they chooſe to laugh; they chooſe to joke; in the mean while our hero muſt patiently await the good hour, and muſt not only join in the laugh, and applaud the joke, but muſt humour every turn and caprice to which that ſet of ſpoiled children, called bucks of quality, are liable. Surely his brother Thicket's employment, of ſauntering on horſeback in the wind and rain till the Reading coach paſſes through Smallberry-green, is the more eligible, and no leſs honeſt occupation.

The Sharper has alſo frequently the mortification of being thwarted in his deſigns. Opportunities of fraud will not for ever preſent themſelves. The falſe dice cannot be conſtantly produced, nor the packed cards always be placed upon the table. It is then our gameſter is in the greateſt danger. But even then, when he is in the power of fortune, and has nothing but mere luck and fair play on his ſide, he muſt ſtand the brunt, and perhaps give away his laſt guinea, as coolly as he would lend a nobleman a ſhilling.

Our hero is now going off the ſtage, and his cataſtrophe is very tragical. The next news we hear of him is his death, atchieved by his own hand, and with his own piſtol. An inqueſt is bribed, he is buried at midnight, and forgotten before ſun-riſe.

Theſe two portraits of a Sharper, wherein I have endeavoured to ſhew different likeneſſes in the ſame man, put me in mind of an old print, which I remember at Oxford, of count Guiſcard. At firſt ſight he was exhibited in a full-bottomed wig, a hat and feather, embroidered cloaths, diamond buttons, and the full court dreſs of thoſe days; but by pulling a ſtring the folds of the paper were ſhifted, the face only remained, a new body came forward, and count Guiſcard appeared to be a devil.

Connoiſſeur.

§ 116. *The* TATLER's *Advice to his Siſter Jenny; a good Leſſon for young Ladies.*

My brother Tranquillus being gone out of town for ſome days, my ſiſter Jenny ſent me word ſhe would come and dine with me, and therefore deſired me to have no other company. I took care accordingly, and was not a little pleaſed to ſee her enter the room with a decent and matron-like behaviour, which I thought very much became her. I ſaw ſhe had a great deal to ſay to me, and eaſily diſcovered in her eyes, and the air of her countenance, that ſhe had abundance of ſatisfaction in her heart, which ſhe longed to communicate. However, I was reſolved to let her break into her diſcourſe her own way, and reduced her to a thouſand little devices and intimations to bring me to the mention of her huſband. But finding I was reſolved not to name him, ſhe began of her own accord; "My huſband," ſays ſhe, "gives his humble ſervice to you;" to which I only anſwered, "I hope he is well;" and without waiting for a reply, fell into other ſubjects. She at laſt was out of all patience, and ſaid, with a ſmile and manner that I thought had more beauty and ſpirit than I had ever obſerved before in her; "I did not think, brother, you had been ſo ill-natured. You have ſeen ever ſince I came in, that I had a mind to talk of my huſband, and you will not be ſo kind as to give me an occaſion." "I did not know," ſaid I, "but it might be a diſagreeable ſubject to you. You do not take me for ſo old-faſhioned a fellow as to think of entertaining a young lady with the diſcourſe of her huſband. I know nothing is more acceptable than to ſpeak of one who is to be ſo; but to ſpeak of one who is ſo—indeed, Jenny,

I am a better bred man than you think me." She ſhewed a little diſlike to my raillery, and by her bridling up, I perceived ſhe expected to be treated hereafter not as Jenny Diſtaff, but Mrs. Tranquillus. I was very well pleaſed with the change in her humour, and upon talking with her on ſeveral ſubjects, I could not but fancy that I ſaw a great deal of her huſband's way and manner in her remarks, her phraſes, the tone of her voice, and the very air of her countenance. This gave me an unſpeakable ſatisfaction, not only becauſe I had found her a huſband from whom ſhe could learn many things that were laudable, but alſo becauſe I looked upon her imitation of him as an infallible ſign that ſhe entirely loved him. This is an obſervation that I never knew fail, though I do not remember that any other has made it. The natural ſlyneſs of her ſex hindered her from telling me the greatneſs of her own paſſion, but I eaſily collected it from the repreſentation ſhe gave me of his. "I have every thing in Tranquillus," ſays ſhe, "that I can wiſh for and enjoy in him (what indeed you told me were to be met with in a good huſband) the fondneſs of a lover, the tenderneſs of a parent, and the intimacy of a friend." It tranſported me to ſee her eyes ſwimming in tears of affection when ſhe ſpoke. "And is there not, dear ſiſter," ſaid I, "more pleaſure in the poſſeſſion of ſuch a man, than in all the little impertinences of balls, aſſemblies, and equipage, which it coſt me ſo much pains to make you contemn?" She anſwered ſmiling, "Tranquillus has made me a ſincere convert in a few weeks, though I am afraid you could not have done it in your whole life. To tell you truly, I have only one fear hanging upon me, which is apt to give me trouble in the midſt of all my ſatisfactions: I am afraid, you muſt know, that I ſhall not always make the ſame amiable appearance in his eyes, that I do at preſent. You know, brother Bickerſtaff, that you have the reputation of a conjurer, and if you have any one ſecret in your art to make your ſiſter always beautiful, I ſhould be happier than if I were miſtreſs of all the worlds you have ſhewn me in a ſtarry night." "Jenny," ſaid I, "without having recourſe to magic, I ſhall give you one plain rule, that will not fail of making you always amiable to a man who has ſo great a paſſion for you, and is of ſo equal and reaſonable a temper as Tranquillus; Endeavour to pleaſe, and you muſt pleaſe. Be always in the ſame diſpoſition as you are when you aſk for this ſecret, and you may take my word, you will never want it: an inviolable fidelity, good-humour, and complacency of temper, outlive all the charms of a fine face, and make the decays of it invifible." *Tatler.*

§ 117. *Curioſity.*

The love of variety, or curioſity of ſeeing new things, which is the ſame or at leaſt a ſiſter paſſion to it,—ſeems wove into the frame of every ſon and daughter of Adam; we uſually ſpeak of it as one of nature's levities, though planted within us for the ſolid purpoſes of carrying forward the mind to freſh enquiry and knowledge: ſtrip us of it, the mind (I fear) would doze for ever over the preſent page; and we ſhould all of us reſt at eaſe with ſuch objects as preſented themſelves in the pariſh or province where we firſt drew breath.

It is to this ſpur which is ever in our ſides, that we owe the impatience of this deſire for travelling: the paſſion is no ways bad,—but as others are—in its miſmanagement or exceſs;—order it rightly, the advantages are worth the purſuit; the chief of which are—to learn the languages, the laws and cuſtoms, and underſtand the government and intereſt of other nations,—to acquire an urbanity and confidence of behaviour, and fit the mind more eaſily for converſation and diſcourſe;—to take us out of the company of our aunts and grandmothers, and from the tracks of nurſery miſtakes; and by ſhewing us new objects, or old ones in new lights, to reform our judgments—by taſting perpetually the varieties of nature, to know what is good—by obſerving the addreſs and arts of men, to conceive what is ſincere,—and by ſeeing the difference of ſo many various humours and manners——to look into ourſelves and form our own.

This

This is ſome part of the cargo we might return with; but the impulſe of ſeeing new ſights, augmented with that oe getting clear from all leſſons both of wiſdom and reproof at home—carries our youth too early out, to turn this venture to much account; on the contrary, if the ſcene painted of the prodigal in his travels, looks more like a copy than an original—will it not be well if ſuch an adventurer, with ſo unpromiſing a ſetting-out,—without care, —without compaſs,—be not caſt away for ever,—and may he not be ſaid to eſcape well—if he returns to his country only as naked as he firſt left it?

But you will ſend an able pilot with your ſon—a ſcholar.—

If wiſdom could ſpeak no other language but Greek or Latin—you do well—or if mathematics will make a gentleman,—or natural philoſophy but teach him to make a bow,—he may be of ſome ſervice in introducing your ſon into good ſocieties, and ſupporting him in them when he has done—but the upſhot will be generally this, that in the moſt preſſing occaſions of addreſs, if he is a mere man of reading, the unhappy youth will have the tutor to carry, —and not the tutor to carry him.

But you will avoid this extreme; he ſhall be eſcorted by one who knows the world, not merely from books—but from his own experience:—a man who has been employed on ſuch ſervices, and thrice made the tour of Europe with ſucceſs.

—That is, without breaking his own, or his pupil's neck;—for if he is ſuch as my eyes have ſeen! ſome broken Swiſs valet-de-chambre——ſome general undertaker, who will perform the journey in ſo many months, "if God permit,"—much knowledge will not accrue;—ſome profit at leaſt,—he will learn the amount to a halfpenny, of every ſtage from Calais to Rome;—he will be carried to the beſt inns,—inſtructed where there is the beſt wine, and ſup a livre cheaper, than if the youth had been left to make the tour and bargain himſelf. Look at our governor! I beſeech you:—ſee, he is an inch taller as he relates the advantages,—

—And here endeth his pride—his knowledge, and his uſe.

But when your ſon gets abroad, he will be taken out of his hand, by his ſociety with men of rank and letters, with whom he will paſs the greateſt part of his time.

Let me obſerve, in the firſt place,—that company which is really good, is very rare—and very ſhy: but you have ſurmounted this difficulty, and procured him the beſt letters of recommendation to the moſt eminent and reſpectable in every capital.

And I anſwer, that he will obtain all by them, which courteſy ſtrictly ſtands obliged to pay on ſuch occaſions,—but no more.

There is nothing in which we are ſo much deceived, as in the advantages propoſed from our connections and diſcourſe with the literati, &c. in foreign parts; eſpecially if the experiment is made before we are matured by years or ſtudy.

Converſation is a traffick; and if you enter into it, without ſome ſtock of knowledge, to balance the account perpetually betwixt you,—the trade drops at once: and this is the reaſon,—however it may be boaſted to the contrary, why travellers have ſo little (eſpecially good) converſation with natives,—owing to their ſuſpicion,—or perhaps conviction, that there is nothing to be extracted from the converſation of young itinerants, worth the trouble of their bad language,—or the interruption of their viſits.

The pain on theſe occaſions is uſually reciprocal; the conſequence of which is, that the diſappointed youth ſeeks an eaſier ſociety; and as bad company is always ready,—and ever laying in wait —the career is ſoon finiſhed; and the poor prodigal returns the ſame object of pity, with the prodigal in the goſpel.

Sterne's Sermons.

§ 218. *Controverſy ſeldom decently conducted.*

'Tis no uncommon circumſtance in controverſy, for the parties to engage in all the fury of diſputation, without preciſely

ciſely inſtructing their readers, or truly knowing themſelves, the particulars about which they differ. Hence that fruitleſs parade of argument, and thoſe oppoſite pretences to demonſtration, with which moſt debates, on every ſubject, have been infeſted. Would the contending parties firſt be ſure of their own meaning, and then communicate their ſenſe to others in plain terms and ſimplicity of heart, the face of controverſy would ſoon be changed, and real knowledge, inſtead of imaginary conqueſt, would be the noble reward of literary toil. *Browne's Eſſays.*

§ 118. *How to pleaſe in Converſation.*

None of the deſires dictated by vanity is more general, or leſs blameable, than that of being diſtinguiſhed for the arts of converſation. Other accompliſhments may be poſſeſſed without opportunity of exerting them, or wanted without danger that the defect can often be remarked; but as no man can live otherwiſe than in an hermitage without hourly pleaſure or vexation, from the fondneſs or neglect of thoſe about him, the faculty of giving pleaſure is of continual uſe. Few are more frequently envied than thoſe who have the power of forcing attention wherever they come, whoſe entrance is conſidered as a promiſe of felicity, and whoſe departure is lamented, like the receſs of the ſun from northern climates, as a privation of all that enlivens fancy or inſpires gaiety.

It is apparent that to excellence in this valuable art, ſome peculiar qualifications are neceſſary; for every man's experience will inform him, that the pleaſure which men are able to give in converſation holds no ſtated proportion to their knowledge or their virtue. Many find their way to the tables and the parties of thoſe who never conſider them as of the leaſt importance in any other place; we have all, at one time or other, been content to love thoſe whom we could not eſteem, and been perſuaded to try the dangerous experiment of admitting him for a companion whom we know to be too ignorant for a counſellor, and too treacherous for a friend.

He that would pleaſe muſt rarely aim at ſuch excellence as depreſſes his hearers in their own opinion, or debars them from the hope of contributing reciprocally to the entertainment of the company. Merriment extorted by ſallies of imagination, ſprightlineſs of remark, or quickneſs of reply, is too often what the Latins call, the Sardinian laughter, a diſtortion of face without gladneſs of heart.

For this reaſon no ſtile of converſation is more extenſively acceptable than the narrative. He who has ſtored his memory with ſlight anecdotes, private incidents, and perſonal peculiarities, ſeldom fails to find his audience favourable. Almoſt every man liſtens with eagerneſs to extemporary hiſtory; for almoſt every man has ſome real or imaginary connection with a celebrated character, ſome deſire to advance or oppoſe a riſing name. Vanity often cooperates with curioſity. He that is a hearer in one place qualifies himſelf to become a ſpeaker in another; for though he cannot comprehend a ſeries of argument, or tranſport the volatile ſpirit of wit without evaporation, yet he thinks himſelf able to treaſure up the various incidents of a ſtory, and pleaſes his hopes with the information which he ſhall give to ſome inferior ſociety.

Narratives are for the moſt part heard without envy, becauſe they are not ſuppoſed to imply any intellectual qualities above the common rate. To be acquainted with facts not yet echoed by plebeian mouths, may happen to one man as well as to another, and to relate them when they are known, has in appearance ſo very little difficulty, that every one concludes himſelf equal to the taſk. *Rambler.*

§ 120. *The various Faults in Converſation and Behaviour pointed out.*

I ſhall not attempt to lay down any particular rules for converſation, but rather point out ſuch faults in diſcourſe and behaviour, as render the company

of

of half mankind rather tedious than amuſing. It is in vain, indeed, to look for converſation, where we might expect to find it in the greateſt perfection, among perſons of faſhion: there it is almoſt annihilated by univerſal card-playing; inſomuch that I have heard it given as a reaſon, why it is impoſſible for our preſent writers to ſucceed in the dialogue of genteel comedy, that our people of quality ſcarce ever meet but to game. All their diſcourſe turns upon the odd trick and the four honours: and it is no leſs a maxim with the votaries of whiſt than with thoſe of Bacchus, that talking ſpoils company.

Every one endeavours to make himſelf as agreeable to ſociety as he can: but it often happens, that thoſe, who moſt aim at ſhining in converſation, over-ſhoot their mark. Though a man ſucceeds, he ſhould not (as is frequently the caſe) engroſs the whole talk to himſelf; for that deſtroys the very eſſence of converſation, which is talking together. We ſhould try to keep up converſation like a ball bandied to and fro from one to the other, rather than ſeize it all to ourſelves, and drive it before us like a foot-ball. We ſhould likewiſe be cautious to adapt the matter of our diſcourſe to our company; and not talk Greek before ladies, or of the laſt new furbelow to a meeting of country juſtices.

But nothing throws a more ridiculous air over our whole converſation, than certain peculiarities, eaſily acquired, but very difficultly conquered and diſcarded. In order to diſplay theſe abſurdities in a truer light, it is my preſent purpoſe to enumerate ſuch of them, as are moſt commonly to be met with; and firſt to take notice of thoſe buffoons in ſociety, the Attitudinarians and Face-makers. Theſe accompany every word with a peculiar grimace or geſture: they aſſent with a ſhrug, and contradict with a twiſting of the neck; are angry by a wry mouth, and pleaſed in a caper of a minuet ſtep. They may be conſidered as ſpeaking harlequins; and their rules of eloquence are taken from the poſture-maſter. Theſe ſhould be condemned to converſe only in dumb ſhew with their own perſons in the looking-glaſs; as well as the Smirkers and Smilers, who ſo prettily ſet off their faces, together with their words, by a *je-ne ſçai-quoi* between a grin and a dimple. With theſe we may likewiſe rank the affected tribe of Mimics, who are conſtantly taking off the peculiar tone of voice or geſture of their acquaintance: though they are ſuch wretched imitators, that (like bad painters) they are frequently forced to write the name under the picture, before we can diſcover any likeneſs.

Next to thoſe, whoſe elocution is abſorbed in action, and who converſe chiefly with their arms and legs, we may conſider the profeſſed Speakers. And firſt, the emphatical; who ſqueeze, and preſs, and ram down every ſyllable with exceſſive vehemence and energy. Theſe orators are remarkable for their diſtinct elocution and force of expreſſion: they dwell on the important particles *of* and *the*, and the ſignificant conjunctive *and*; which they ſeem to hawk up, with much difficulty, out of their own throats, and to cram them, with no leſs pain, into the ears of their auditors. Theſe ſhould be ſuffered only to ſyringe (as it were) the ears of a deaf man, through an hearing-trumpet: though I muſt confeſs, that I am equally offended with the Whiſperers or Low Speakers, who ſeem to fancy all their acquaintance deaf, and come up ſo cloſe to you, that they may be ſaid to meaſure noſes with you, and frequently overcome you with the full exhalations of a ſtinking breath. I would have theſe oracular gentry obliged to talk at a diſtance through a ſpeaking-trumpet or apply their lips to the walls of a whiſpering-gallery. The Wits, who will not condeſcend to utter any thing but a *bon mot*, and the Whiſtlers or Tune-hummers, who never articulate at all, may be joined very agreeably together in concert; and to theſe tinkling cymbals I would alſo add the ſounding braſs, the Bawler, who enquires after your health with the bellowing of a town-crier.

The Tatlers, whoſe pliable pipes are admirably adapted to the "ſoft parts of converſation," and ſweetly "prattling out of faſhion," make very pretty

muſic from a beautiful face and a female tongue; but from a rough manly voice and coarſe features, mere nonſenſe is as harſh and diſſonant as a jig from an hurdy-gurdy. The Swearers I have ſpoken of in a former paper; but the Half-ſwearers, who ſplit, and mince, and fritter their oaths into *gad's bud*, *ad's fiſh*, and *dimmes*; the Gothic humbuggers, and thoſe who "nick-name God's creatures," and call a man a cabbage, a crab, a queer cub, an odd fiſh, and an unaccountable *muſkin*, ſhould never come into company without an interpreter. But I will not tire my reader's patience by pointing out all the peſts of converſation; nor dwell particularly on the Senſibles, who pronounce dogmatically on the moſt trivial points, and ſpeak in ſentences; the Wonderers, who are always wondering what o'clock it is, or wondering whether it will rain or no, or wondering when the moon changes; the Phraſeologiſts, who explain a thing by *all that*, or enter into particulars with *this and that and t'other*; and laſtly, the Silent Men, who ſeem afraid of opening their mouths, leſt they ſhould catch cold, and literally obſerve the precept of the goſpel, by letting their converſation be only yea yea, and nay nay.

The rational intercourſe kept up by converſation, is one of our principal diſtinctions from brutes. We ſhould therefore endeavour to turn this peculiar talent to our advantage, and conſider the organs of ſpeech as the inſtruments of underſtanding: we ſhould be very careful not to uſe them as the weapons of vice, or tools of folly, and do our utmoſt to unlearn any trivial or ridiculous habits, which tend to leſſen the value of ſuch an ineſtimable prerogative. It is, indeed, imagined by ſome philoſophers, that even birds and beaſts (though without the power of articulation) perfectly underſtand one another by the ſounds they utter; and that dogs, cats, &c. have each a particular language to themſelves, like different nations. Thus it may be ſuppoſed, that the nightingales of Italy have as fine an ear for their own native woodnotes, as any ſignor or ſignora for an Italian air; that the boars of Weſt Italia gruntle as expreſſively through the noſe as the inhabitants in High-German; and that the frogs in the dykes of Holland croak as intelligibly as the natives jabber their Low-Dutch. However this may be, we may conſider thoſe, whoſe tongues hardly ſeem to be under the influence of reaſon, and do not keep up the proper converſation of human creatures, as imitating the language of different animals. Thus, for inſtance, the affinity between chatterers and monkeys, and praters and parrots, is too obvious not to occur at once: Grunters and growlers may be juſtly compared to hogs: Snarlers are curs, that continually ſhew their teeth, but never bite; and the ſpitfire paſſionate are a ſort of wild cats, that will not bear ſtroking, but will purr when they are pleaſed. Complainers are ſcreech-owls; and ſtory-tellers, always repeating the ſame dull note, are cuckows. Poets, that prick up their ears at their own hideous braying, are no better than aſſes: Critics in general are venomous ſerpents, that delight in hiſſing; and ſome of them, who have got by heart a few technical terms without knowing their meaning, are no other than magpies. *Connoiſſeur.*

§ 121. *A Citizen's Country Houſe deſcribed.*

Sir,

I remember to have ſeen a little French novel giving an account of a citizen of Paris making an excurſion into the country. He imagines himſelf about to undertake a long voyage to ſome ſtrange region, where the natives were as different from the inhabitants of his own city as the moſt diſtant nations. He accordingly takes boat, and is landed at a village about a league from the capital. When he is ſet on ſhore, he is amazed to ſee the people ſpeak the ſame language, wear the ſame dreſs, and uſe the ſame cuſtoms with himſelf. He, who had ſpent all his life within the ſight of Pont Neuf, looked upon every one that lived out of Paris as a foreigner; and though the utmoſt extent of his travels was not three miles, he was as much ſurprized,

as

as he would have been to meet with a colony of Frenchmen on the Terra Incognita.

In your late paper on the amuſements of Sunday, you have ſet forth in what manner our citizens paſs that day, which moſt of them devote to the country; but I wiſh you had been more particular in your deſcriptions of thoſe elegant rural manſions, which at once ſhew the opulence and the taſte of our principal merchants, mechanics, and artificers.

I went laſt Sunday, in compliance with a moſt preſſing invitation from a friend, to ſpend the whole day with him at one of theſe little ſeats, which he had fitted out for his retirement once a week from buſineſs. It is pleaſantly ſituated about three miles from London, on the ſide of a public road, from which it is ſeparated by a dry ditch, over which is a little bridge, conſiſting of two narrow planks, leading to the houſe. From the lower part of the houſe there is no proſpect; but from the garrets, indeed, one may ſee two men hanging in chains on Kennington-common, with a diſtant view of St. Paul's cupola enveloped in a cloud of ſmoke. I ſet out in the morning with my friend's book-keeper, who was my guide. When I came to the houſe, I found my friend in a black velvet cap ſitting at the door ſmoking: he welcomed me into the country; and after having made me obſerve the turnpike on my left, and the Golden Sheaf on my right, he conducted me into his houſe, where I was received by his lady, who made a thouſand apologies for being catched in ſuch a diſhabille.

The hall (for ſo I was taught to call it) had its white wall almoſt hid by a curious collection of prints and paintings. On one ſide was a large map of London, a plan and elevation of the Manſion Houſe, with ſeveral leſſer views of the public buildings and halls: on the other, was the Death of the Stag, finely coloured by Mr. Overton: cloſe by the parlour-door there hung a pair of ſtag's horns; over which there was laid acroſs a red roccelo, and an amber-headed cane. Over the chimney-piece was my friend's picture, who was drawn bolt upright in a full-bottomed perriwig, a laced cravat with the fringed ends appearing through a button-hole, a ſnuff-coloured velvet coat with gold buttons, a red velvet waiſtcoat trimmed with gold, one hand ſtuck in the boſom of his ſhirt, and the other holding out a letter with this ſuperſcription: "To Mr. ——, common-council-man of Farringdon-ward without." My eyes were then directed to another figure in a ſcarlet gown, who I was informed was my friend's wife's great great uncle, and had been ſheriff and knighted in the reign of king James the firſt. Madam herſelf filled up a pannel on the oppoſite ſide, in the habit of a ſhepherdeſs, ſmelling to a noſegay, and ſtroking a ram with gilt horns.

I was then invited by my friend to ſee what he has pleaſed to call his garden, which was nothing more than a yard about thirty feet in length, and contained about a dozen little pots ranged on each ſide with lilies and coxcombs, ſupported by ſome old laths painted green, with bowls of tobacco-pipes on their tops. At the end of this garden he bade me take notice of a little ſquare building ſurrounded with filleroy, which he told me an alderman of great taſte had turned into a temple, by erecting ſome battlements and ſpires of painted wood on the front of it: but concluded with a hint, that I might retire to it upon occaſion.

As the riches of a country are viſible in the number of its inhabitants, and the elegance of their dwellings, we may venture to ſay that the preſent ſtate of England is very flouriſhing and proſperous; and if our taſte for building encreaſes with our opulence, for the next century, we ſhall be able to boaſt of finer country-ſeats belonging to our ſhopkeepers, artificers, and other plebeians, than the moſt pompous deſcriptions of Italy or Greece have ever recorded. We read, it is true, of country-ſeats belonging to Pliny, Hortenſius, Lucullus, and other Romans. They were Patricians of great rank and fortune: there can therefore be no doubt of the excellence of their villas, But who has ever read of a Chineſe-

bridge belonging to an Attic tallow-chandler, or a Roman paſtry-cook? Or could any of their ſhoe-makers or taylors boaſt a villa with his tin caſcades, paper ſtatues, and Gothic root-houſes? Upon the above principles we may expect, that poſterity will perhaps ſee a cheeſe-monger's *apiarium* at Brentford, a poulterer's *theriotrophium* at Chiſwick, and an *ornithon* in a fiſhmonger's garden at Putney. *Connoiſſeur.*

§ 122. *Humorous Petition of a French Gentleman to the King, who had given him a Title to which his Income was not equal, by reaſon of the Weight of Taxes levied from his Eſtate.*

[*After acknowledging the Honour done him by the King's conferring on him a Title, he goes on as follows.*]

Your Majeſty has only made me more unhappy by giving me a title; for there is nothing more pitiable than a gentleman loaded with a knapſack. This empty ſound, which I was ſuch a fool as to be ambitious of, does not keep away hunger. I know well enough that glory makes us live after we are dead; but in this world a man has but a poor time on it, if he has not a bit of bread to put in his mouth. I had but a little bit of land on the banks of the Rhone, on which I made a ſhift to live; but as it is now taxed, any body may have it for me, for I ſuppoſe I ſhall ſoon, with my title and eſtate, be glad of an alms-houſe for my ſeat. I have no reſource if there be a proſecution commenced againſt me, as they threaten, but in your Majeſty's goodneſs. If, indeed, my fate is to be decided by that, I am in no danger, but ſhall laugh at them all. If your Majeſty were to ſeize my poor patrimony whole, what would a few acres of marſh land be to the mighty monarch of France and Navarre? It bears nothing but willows, and your Majeſty values no trees but the laurel; I therefore beſeech your Majeſty to give me leave to enjoy what my little ſpot brings in, without deduction. All that a poor ſubject aſks of your Majeſty is—that your Majeſty would aſk nothing of him.

§ 123. *Humorous Scene between* DENNIS *the Critic (ſatirically repreſented by* SWIFT, *as mad) and the Doctor.*

Scene DENNIS's *Garret.*

DENNIS, DOCTOR, NURSE, LINTOT *the Bookſeller, and another Author.*

DENNIS. [*Looking wiſe, and bringing out his Words ſlowly and formally.*]

Beware, Doctor, that it fare not with you as it did with your predeceſſor, the famous Hippocrates, whom the miſtaken citizens of Abdera ſent for, in this very manner, to cure the philoſopher Democritus. He returned full of admiration at the wiſdom of the perſon whom he had ſuppoſed a lunatic. Behold, Doctor, it was thus that Ariſtotle himſelf, and all the great ancients, ſpent their days and nights wrapped up in criticiſm, and beſet all round with their own writings. As for me, be aſſured, I have no diſeaſe beſides a ſwelling in my legs, of which I ſay nothing, ſince your art may farther certify you.

Doctor. Pray, Sir, how did you contract this ſwelling?

Dennis. By criticiſm.

Doctor. By criticiſm! that's a diſtemper I have never heard nor read of.

Dennis. Death, Sir! a diſtemper! it is no diſtemper; but a noble art. I have ſat fourteen hours a day at it; and are you a doctor, and don't know that there's a communication between the brain and the legs?

Doctor. What made you ſit ſo many hours, Sir?

Dennis. Cato, Sir.

Doctor. Sir, I ſpeak of your diſtemper. What gave you this tumour?

Dennis. Cato, Cato, Cato *.

Nurſe. For God's ſake, Doctor, name not this evil ſpirit; it is the whole cauſe of his madneſs. Alas! poor maſter will have his fits again. [*Almoſt crying.*

Lintot. Fits! with a pox! a man may well have fits and ſwelled legs, that fits writing fourteen hours in a day. The Remarks, the Remarks, have brought all his complaints upon him.

* He publiſhed Remarks on Cato, in the year 1712.

Doctor.

Doctor. The Remarks! what are they?

Dennis. Death! have you never read my Remarks? I'll be hang'd if this niggardly bookſeller has advertiſed the book as it ſhould have been.

Lintot. Not advertiſe it, quoth'a! pox! I have laid out pounds after pounds in advertiſing. There has been as much done for the book as could be done for any book in Chriſtendom.

Doctor. We had better not talk of books, Sir, I am afraid they are the fuel that feed his delirium. Mention books no more.——I deſire a word in private with this gentleman.—I ſuppoſe, Sir, you are his apothecary.

Gent. Sir, I am his friend.

Doctor. I doubt it not. What regimen have you obſerved ſince he has been under your care? You remember, I ſuppoſe, the paſſage in Celſus, which ſays, "If the patient on the third day "have an interval, ſuſpend the medi- "caments at night." Let fumigations be uſed to corroborate the brain. I hope you have upon no account promoted ſternutation by hellebore?

Gent. Sir, you miſtake the matter quite.

Doctor. What! an apothecary tell a phyſician he miſtakes! you pretend to diſpute my preſcription! *Pharmacopola componant. Medicus ſolus præſcribat.* Fumigate him, I ſay, this very evening, while he is relieved by an interval.

Dennis. Death, Sir, do you take my friend for an apothecary! a man of genius and learning for an apothecary! Know, Sir, that this gentleman profeſſes, like myſelf, the two nobleſt ſciences in the univerſe, criticiſm and poetry. By the immortals, he himſelf is author of three whole paragraphs in my Remarks, had a hand in my Public Spirit, and aſſiſted me in my deſcription of the furies and infernal regions in my Appius.

Lintot. He is an author. You miſtake the gentleman, Doctor. He has been an author theſe twenty years, to his bookſeller's knowledge, if to no one's elſe.

Dennis. Is all the town in a combination? ſhall poetry fall to the ground? muſt our reputation in foreign countries be quite loſt? O deſtruction! perdition! curſed opera! confounded opera*! as poetry once raiſed critics, ſo, when poetry fails, critics are overturned, and the world is no more.

Doctor. He raves, he raves. He muſt be pinioned, he muſt be ſtrait-waiſtcoated, that he may do no miſchief.

Dennis. O I am ſick! I am ſick to death!

Doctor. That is a good ſymptom, a very good ſymptom. To be ſick to death (ſays the modern theory) is *Symptoma præclarum.* When a patient is ſenſible of his pain he is half-cured. Pray, Sir, of what are you ſick?

Dennis. Of every thing. Of every thing. I am ſick of the ſentiments, of the diction, of the protaſis, of the epitaſis, and the cataſtrophe.—Alas! for the loſt drama! the drama is no more!

Nurſe. If you want a dram, Sir, I will bring you a couple of penn'orths of gin in a minute. Mr. Lintot has drank the laſt of the noggin.

Dennis. O ſcandalous want! O ſhameful omiſſion! By all the immortals, here is not the ſhadow of a *peripætia!* no change of fortune in the tragedy!

Nurſe. Pray, Sir, don't be uneaſy about change. Give me the ſixpence, and I'll get you change immediately at the gin-ſhop next door.

Doctor. Hold your peace, good woman. His fit increaſes. We muſt call for help. Mr. Lintot, a——hold him, pray. [*Doctor gets behind Lintot.*]

Lintot. Plague on the man! I am afraid he is really mad. And if he be, who the devil will buy the Remarks? I wiſh [*ſcratching his head*] he had been beſh—t, rather than I had meddled with his Remarks.

Doctor. He muſt uſe the cold bath, and be cupped on the head. The ſymptoms ſeem deſperate. Avicen ſays, "If "learning be mixed with a brain that "is not of a contexture fit to receive "it, the brain ferments till it be to- "tally exhauſted." We muſt endeavour to eradicate theſe indigeſted ideas out of the pericranium, and to reſtore

* He wrote a treatiſe to prove, that the decay of public ſpirit proceeds from the Italian opera.

the

the patient to a competent knowledge of himſelf.

Dennis. Caitiffs, ſtand off! unhand me, miſcreants! [*The Doctor, the Nurſe, and Lintot, run out of the room in a hurry, and tumble down the garret-ſtairs all together.*] Is the man, whoſe labours are calculated to bring the town to reaſon, mad? Is the man, who ſettles poetry on the baſis of antiquity, mad? See Longinus in my right hand, and Ariſtotle in my left! [*Calls after the Doctor, the Bookſeller, and the Nurſe, from the top of the ſtairs.*] I am the only man among the moderns, that ſupports the venerable ancients. And am I to be aſſaſſinated? Shall a bookſeller, who has lived upon my labours, take away that life to which he owes his ſupport? [*Goes into his garret, and ſhuts the door.*]

§ 124. *Voiture's whimſical Commendation of the Marquis de Piſany's Courage.*

I am extremely glad to hear that you are grown ſo hardy, that neither labour, watching, ſickneſs, lead, nor ſteel, can hurt you. I could not have thought that a man who lived on water-gruel, ſhould have ſo thick a ſkin; nor did I imagine you had a ſpell, by which you was powder-proof. To account how you come to be ſtill alive, after the deſperate hazards you have run, is more than I can pretend to: but I had rather it were by the help of the devil himſelf, than that you were as poor Attichy or Grinville, if you were embalmed with the richeſt drugs of the eaſt. To tell you my opinion plainly, Sir; let a man die for his country, or for honour, or what you pleaſe, I cannot help thinking he makes but a ſilly figure when he is dead. It ſeems to me great pity that ſome people ſhould be ſo careleſs about their lives as they are; for, deſpicable as life is, a man, when he has loſt it, is not worth half what he was when he had it. In ſhort, a dead king, a dead hero, or even a dead demigod, is, in my mind, but a poor character; and much good may it do him who is ambitious of it!

§ 125. *The two Bees.*

On a fine morning in May, two bees ſet forward in queſt of honey; the one wiſe and temperate, the other careleſs and extravagant. They ſoon arrived at a garden enriched with aromatic herbs, the moſt fragrant flowers, and the moſt delicious fruits. They regaled themſelves for a time on the various dainties that were ſpread before them: the one loading his thigh at intervals with proviſions for the hive againſt the diſtant winter; the other revelling in ſweets, without regard to any thing but his preſent gratification. At length they found a wide-mouthed phial, that hung beneath the bough of a peach-tree, filled with honey ready tempered, and expoſed to their taſte in the moſt alluring manner. The thoughtleſs epicure, ſpite of all his friend's remonſtrances, plunged headlong into the veſſel, reſolving to indulge himſelf in all the pleaſures of ſenſuality. The philoſopher, on the other hand, ſipped a little with caution; but being ſuſpicious of danger, flew off to fruits and flowers; where, by the moderation of his meals, he improved his reliſh for the true enjoyment of them. In the evening, however, he called upon his friend, to enquire whether he would return to the hive; but found him ſurfeited in ſweets, which he was as unable to leave, as to enjoy. Clogged in his wings, enfeebled in his feet, and his whole frame totally enervated, he was but juſt able to bid his friend adieu, and to lament with his lateſt breath, that, though a taſte of pleaſure might quicken the reliſh of life, an unreſtrained indulgence is inevitable deſtruction.

§ 126. *Pleaſant Scene of Anger, and the Diſappointment of it.*

There came into a bookſeller's ſhop a very learned man, with an erect ſolemn air; who, though a perſon of great parts otherwiſe, is ſlow in underſtanding any thing which makes againſt himſelf. After he had turned over many volumes, ſaid the ſeller to him—Sir, you know I have long aſked you to ſend me back the firſt volume of French ſermons I formerly lent you. Sir, ſaid the chapman, I have often looked for it, but cannot find it; it is certainly loſt; and

and I know not to whom I lent it, it is ſo many years ago. Then, Sir, here is the other volume; I'll ſend you home that, and pleaſe to pay for both. My friend, replied he, can'ſt thou be ſo ſenſeleſs, as not to know, that one volume is as imperfect in my library, as in your ſhop? Yes, Sir; but it is you have loſt the firſt volume; and, to be ſhort, I will be paid. Sir, anſwered the chapman, you are a young man; your book is loſt; and, learn, by this little loſs, to bear much greater adverſities, which you muſt expect to meet with. Yes, Sir, I'll bear when I muſt; but I have not loſt now, for I ſay you have it, and ſhall pay me. Friend, you grow warm: I tell you, the book is loſt; and I foreſee, in the courſe even of a proſperous life, that you will meet afflictions to make you mad, if you cannot bear this trifle. Sir, there is, in this caſe, no need of bearing, for you have the book. I ſay, Sir, I have not the book; but your paſſion will not let you hear enough to be informed that I have it not. Learn reſignation betimes to the diſtreſſes of this life: nay, do not fret and fume; it is my duty to tell you that you are of an impatient ſpirit; and an impatient ſpirit is never without woe. Was ever any thing like this?—Yes, Sir, there have been many things like this. The loſs is but a trifle; but your temper is wanton, and incapable of the leaſt pain: therefore, let me adviſe you, be patient, the book is loſt; but do not you, for that reaſon, loſe yourſelf. *Spectator.*

§ 127. *Falſtaff's Encomiums on Sack.*

A good ſherris-ſack hath a two-fold operation in it—It aſcends me into the brain: dries me, there, all the fooliſh, dull, and crudy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehenſive, quick, inventive; full of nimble, fiery, and delectable ſhapes, which, delivered over to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit.—The ſecond property of your excellent ſherris, is, the warming of the blood; which, before, cold and ſettled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of puſillanimity and cowardice. But the ſherris warms it, and makes it courſe from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illuminateth the face, which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the reſt of this little kingdom, man, to arm: and, then, the vital commoners, and inland petty ſpirits, muſter me all to their captain, the heart; who, great, and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage—and this valour comes of ſherris. So that ſkill in the weapon is nothing without ſack, for that ſets it a-work; and learning a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil, till ſack commences it, and ſets it in act and uſe. Hereof comes it that Prince Harry is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, ſterile, and bare land, manured, huſbanded, and tilled, with drinking good, and good ſtore of fertile ſherris.—If I had a thouſand ſons, the firſt human principle I would teach them, ſhould be—To forſwear thin potations, and to addict themſelves to ſack. *Shakeſpeare.*

§ 128. *Hotſpur reading a Letter.*

"But, for mine own part, my lord, I "could be well contented to be there, "in reſpect of the love I bear your "houſe."—He could be contented to be there! Why is he not then?—In reſpect of the love he bears our houſe! He ſhews in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our houſe. Let me ſee ſome more. "The purpoſe "you undertake is dangerous."—Why, that's certain: 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to ſleep, to drink; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle danger, we pluck this flower ſafety. "The "purpoſe you undertake is dange-"rous; the friends you have named, "uncertain; the time, itſelf, unſorted; "and your whole plot too light, for "the counterpoiſe of ſo great an op-"poſition."—Say you ſo, ſay you ſo? I ſay unto you again, you are a ſhallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lackbrain is this! Our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and conſtant; a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a froſty-ſpirited rogue this is! Why, my lord of York commends the plot, and the general courſe of the action. By this

this hand, if I were now by this raſcal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myſelf; lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, beſides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are there not ſome of them ſet forward already? What a Pagan raſcal is this! an infidel!—Ha! you ſhall ſee now, in very ſincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O! I could divide myſelf, and go to buffets, for moving ſuch a diſh of ſkimmed milk with ſo honourable an action.—Hang him! let him tell the king. We are prepared. I will ſet forward to-night.

Shakeſpeare.

129. *Falſtaff's Soliloquy on Honour.*

Owe Heaven a death! 'Tis not due yet; and I would be loth to pay him before his day. What need I be ſo forward with him that calls not on me? —Well, 'tis no matter, honour pricks me on. But how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour ſet to a leg? no: or an arm? no: or take away the grief of a wound? no. Honour hath no ſkill in ſurgery, then? no. What is honour? a word. What is that word honour? air; a trim reckoning. Who hath it? he that died a Wedneſday. Doth he feel it? no. Doth he hear it? no. Is it inſenſible then? yea to the dead. But will it not live with the living? no. Why? detraction will not ſuffer it; therefore, I'll none of it: honour is a mere 'ſcutcheon; and ſo ends my catechiſm. *Ibid.*

§ 130. *The perfect Speaker.*

Imagine to yourſelves, a Demoſthenes addreſſing the moſt illuſtrious aſſembly in the world, upon a point whereon the fate of the moſt illuſtrious of nations depended.—How awful ſuch a meeting! How vaſt the ſubject!—Is man poſſeſſed of talents adequate to the great occaſion? Adequate — yes, ſuperior. By the power of his eloquence, the auguſtneſs of the aſſembly is loſt in the dignity of the orator; and the importance of the ſubject, for a while, ſuperſeded, by the admiration of his talents. —With what ſtrength of argument, with what powers of the fancy, with what emotions of the heart, does he aſſault and ſubjugate the whole man, and, at once, captivate his reaſon, his imagination, and his paſſions!—To effect this, muſt be the utmoſt effort of the moſt improved ſtate of human nature. —Not a faculty that he poſſeſſes, is here unemployed: not a faculty that he poſſeſſes, but is here exerted to its higheſt pitch. All his internal powers are at work: all his external, teſtify their energies. Within, the memory, the fancy, the judgment, the paſſions, are all buſy: without, every muſcle, every nerve, is exerted; not a feature, not a limb, but ſpeaks. The organs of the body, attuned to the exertions of the mind, through the kindred organs of the hearers, inſtantaneouſly, and as it were with an electrical ſpirit, vibrate thoſe energies from ſoul to ſoul.—Notwithſtanding the diverſity of minds in ſuch a multitude, by the lightning of eloquence, they are melted into one maſs—the whole aſſembly, actuated in one and the ſame way, become, as it were, but one man, and have but one voice.—The univerſal cry is——Let us march againſt Philip—let us fight for our liberties—let us conquer—or die!

§ 131. *Diſtempers of the Mind cured.*

Sir,

Being bred to the ſtudy of phyſic, and having obſerved, with ſorrow and regret, that whatever ſucceſs the faculty may meet with in bodily diſtempers, they are generally baffled by diſtempers of the mind, I have made the latter the chief ſubject of my attention, and may venture to affirm, that my labour has not been thrown away. Though young in my profeſſion, I have had a tolerable ſhare of experience, and have a right to expect, that the credit of ſome extraordinary cures I have performed will furniſh me with opportunities of performing more. In the mean time, I require it of you, not as a favour to myſelf, but as an act of juſtice to the public, to inſert the following in your Chronicle.

Mr. Abraham Buſkin, taylor, was horribly infected with the itch of ſtage-playing, to the grievous diſcon.fiture of

his wife, and the great detriment of nine ſmall children. I prevailed with the manager of one of the theatres to admit him for a ſingle night in the character of Othello, in which it may be remembered that a button-maker had formerly diſtinguiſhed himſelf; when, having ſecured a ſeat in a convenient corner of the gallery, by the dexterous application of about three pecks of potatoes to the *ſinciput* and *occiput* of the patient, I entirely cured him of his delirium; and he has ever ſince betaken himſelf quietly to his needle and thimble.

Mr. Edward Snap was of ſo choleric a temper, and ſo extremely apt to think himſelf affronted, that it was reckoned dangerous even to look at him. I tweaked him by the noſe, and adminiſtered the proper application behind; and he is now ſo good-humoured, that he will take the groſſeſt affront imaginable without ſhewing the leaſt reſentment.

The Rev. Mr. Puff, a methodiſt preacher, was ſo extravagantly zealous and laborious in his calling, that his friends were afraid he would bawl himſelf into a conſumption. By my intereſt with a noble lord, I procured him a living with a reaſonable income; and he now behaves himſelf like a regular divine of the eſtabliſhed church, and never gets into a pulpit.

Mrs. Diana Bridle, a maiden lady, about forty years of age, had a conceit that ſhe was with child. I adviſed her to convert her imaginary pregnancy into a real one, by taking a huſband; and ſhe has never been troubled with any *fancies* of that kind ſince.

Mr. William Moody, an elderly gentleman, who lived in a ſolitary part of Kent, was apt to be very low-ſpirited in an eaſterly wind. I nailed his weathercock to a weſterly point; and at preſent, whichſoever way the wind blows, he is equally cheerful.

Alexander Stingo, Eſq; was ſo ſtrongly poſſeſſed by the ſpirit of witticiſm, that he would not condeſcend to open his lips for any thing leſs than an epigram. Under the influence of this malady he has been ſo deplorably dull, that he has often been ſilent a whole week together. I took him into my own houſe: inſtead of laughing at his jeſts, I either pronounced them to be puns, or paid no attention to them at all. In a month I perceived a wonderful alteration in him for the better: from thinking without ſpeaking, he began to ſpeak without thinking; at preſent never ſays a good thing, and is a very agreeable companion.

I likewiſe cured a lady of a longing for ortolans, by a dozen of Dunſtable larks; and could ſend you many other remarkable inſtances of the efficacy of my preſcriptions; but theſe are ſufficient for a ſpecimen.

I am, &c.
Bonnel Thornton.

§ 132. *Character of a Choice Spirit.*

Sir,

That a tradeſman has no buſineſs with humour, unleſs perhaps in the way of his dealing, or with writing, unleſs in his ſhop-book, is a truth, which I believe nobody will diſpute with me. I am ſo unfortunate however as to have a nephew, who, not contented with being a grocer, is in danger of abſolute ruin by his ambition of being a wit; and having forſaken his counter for Comus's Court, and dignified himſelf with the appellation of a Choice Spirit, is upon the point of becoming a bankrupt. Inſtead of diſtributing his ſhop-bills as he ought, he waſtes a dozen in a morning, by ſcribbling ſhreds of his nonſenſe upon the back of them; and a few days ſince affronted an alderman, his beſt cuſtomer by ſending him a pound of prunes wrapt up in a ballad he had juſt written, called, The Citizen outwitted, or a Bob for the Manſion-Houſe.

He is likewiſe a regular frequenter of the play-houſes, and, being acquainted with every underling of each theatre, is at an annual expence of ten pounds in tickets for their reſpective benefits. They generally adjourn together from the play to the tavern; and there is hardly a watchman, within a mile of Covent-garden, but has had his head or his lantern broke by one or other of the ingenious fraternity.

I turned into his ſhop this morning, and

and had no ſooner ſet my foot upon the threſhold, than he leaped over the counter, threw himſelf into an attitude as he calls it, and aſked me, in the words of ſome play that I remember to have ſeen formerly, "Whether I was a "ſpirit of health, or a goblin damn'd?" I told him, he was an undutiful youngdog for daring to accoſt his uncle in that irreverent manner; and bid him ſpeak like a Chriſtian, and a reaſonable perſon. Inſtead of being ſenſible of my rebuke, he took off his wig, and having very deliberately given it two or three twirls upon his fiſt, and pitched it upon his head again, ſaid I was a dry old fellow, and ſhould certainly afford them much entertainment at the club, to which he had the impudence to invite me: at the ſame time he thruſt a card into my hand, containing a bill of fare for the evening's entertainment; and, as a farther inducement, aſſured me, that Mr. Twiſter himſelf would be in the chair; that he was a great creature, and ſo prodigiouſly droll, that though he had heard him ſing the ſame ſongs, and repeat the ſame ſtories, a thouſand times, he could ſtill attend to him with as much pleaſure as at firſt. I caſt my eye over the liſt, and can recollect the following items:

"*To all true lovers of Fun and Jocularity.*

"Mr. Twiſter will this evening take "off a cat, worried by two bull-dogs; "ditto, making love in a gutter; the "knife-grinder and his wheel; High-"Dutch ſquabble; and a hog in a "ſlaughter-houſe."

I aſſured him, that ſo far from having any reliſh for theſe deteſtable noiſes, the more they reſembled the originals the leſs I ſhould like them; and, if I could ever be fool enough to go, ſhould at leaſt be wiſe enough to ſtop my ears till I came out again.

Having lamented my deplorable want of taſte, by the elevation of his eye-brows and a ſignificant ſhrug of his ſhoulders, he thruſt his fore-finger againſt the inſide of his cheek, and plucking it out of his mouth with a jerk, made a noiſe which very much reſembled the drawing of a cork: I found, that by this ſignal he meant to aſk me, if I choſe a whet? I gave my conſent by a ſulky kind of nod, and walked into the back room, as much aſhamed of my nephew, as he ought to have been of himſelf. While he was gone to fetch a pint of mountain from the other ſide of the ſtreet, I had an opportunity to minute down a few of the articles of which the litter of his apartment conſiſted, and have ſelected theſe, as the moſt material from among them:

On one of the ſconces by the chimney, a ſmart grizzle bob wig, well oiled and powdered, feather-topt, and bag-fronted.

On the oppoſite ſconce, a ſcratch.

On the window-ſeat, a Nankin waiſtcoat, bound with ſilver twiſt, without ſkirts or pockets, ſtained with red wine, and pretty much ſhrunk.

Item, A pair of buck-ſkin breeches, in one pocket a cat-call, in the other the mouth of a quart bottle, chipt and ground into a ſmooth, ring, very fit to be uſed as a ſpying-glaſs by thoſe who never want one.

Item, A red pluſh frock lapelled with ditto, one pocket ſtuffed with orange-peel, and the other with ſquare bits of white paper ready cut and dried for a ſhower.

In the corner, a walking-ſtaff, not portable.

Item, A ſmall ſwitch.

On the head of the bureau, a letter-caſe, containing a play-bill, and a quack-bill; a copy of verſes, being an encomium upon Mr. Twiſter; another of four lines, which he calls a diſtich; and a third, very much blotted and ſcratched, and yet not finiſhed, entitled, An Extempore Epigram.

Having taken this inventory of his goods and furniture, I ſat down before the fire, to deviſe, if poſſible, ſome expedient to reclaim him; when, on a ſudden, a ſound like the braying of an aſs, at my elbow, alarmed me to ſuch a degree, that I ſtarted from my ſeat in an inſtant, and, to my further aſtoniſhment, beheld my nephew, almoſt black in the face, covering his ear with the hollow of his hand, and exerting the whole

whole force of his lungs in imitating that reſpectable animal: I was ſo exaſperated at this freſh inſtance of his folly, that I told him haſtily, he might drink his wine alone, and that I would never ſee his face again, till he ſhould think proper to appear in a character more worthy of himſelf and his family. He followed me to the door without making any reply; and, having advanced into the middle of the ſtreet, fell to clapping his ſides, and crowing like a cock, with the utmoſt vehemence, and continued his triumphant ejaculations till I was fairly out of hearing.

Having reached my lodgings, I immediately reſolved to ſend you an account of his abſurdities, and ſhall take this opportunity to inform him, that as he is bleſt with ſuch a variety of uſeful talents, and ſo completely accompliſhed as a Choice Spirit, I ſhall not do him the injury to conſider him as a tradeſman, or mortify him hereafter by endeavouring to give him any aſſiſtance in his buſineſs.

I am, &c.
B. Thornton.

§ 133. *A Citizen's Family ſetting out for Brightbelmſtone.*

Sir,

That there are many diſorders peculiar to the preſent age, which were entirely unknown to our forefathers, will (I believe) be agreed by all phyſicians, eſpecially as they find an increaſe of their fees from them. For inſtance, in the language of the advertiſement, "Never were nervous diſorders more "frequent:" we can hardly meet with a lady, who is not *na-a-a-arvous* to the laſt degree, though our mothers and grandmothers ſcarce ever heard the word *Nerves:* the gentlemen too are *affectated* in the ſame manner; and even in the country, this diſorder has ſpread like the ſmall-pox, and infected whole villages. I have known a farmer toſs off a glaſs of brandy in a morning to prevent his hand ſhaking, while his wife has been obliged to have recourſe to the ſame cordial with her tea, becauſe it otherwiſe would make her low-ſpirited. But there is an epidemical diſorder (that was formerly quite unknown, and even now wants a name) which ſeizes whole families here in town at this ſeaſon of the year. As I cannot define it, I ſhall not pretend to deſcribe or account for it: but one would imagine, that the people were all bit by a mad dog, as the ſame remedy is thought neceſſary. In a word, of whatever nature the complaint may be, it is imagined that nothing will remove it, but ſpending the ſummer months in ſome dirty fiſhing-town by the ſea-ſhore; and the water is judged to be moſt efficacious, where there is the greateſt reſort of afflicted perſons.

I called upon a friend the other morning, in the city, pretty early, about buſineſs, when I was ſurprized to ſee a coach and four at the door, which the prentice and book-keeper were loading with trunks, portmanteaus, baſkets, and band-boxes. The front-glaſs was ſcreened by two round paper hat-caſes hung up before it; againſt one door was placed a guitar-caſe; and a red ſattin cardinal, lined and edged with fur, was pinned againſt the other; while the extremities of an enormous hoop-petticoat reſted upon each window. Theſe preparations were undoubtedly for a journey; and when I came in, I found the family were equipped accordingly. The lady-mother was dreſſed in a Joſeph of ſcarlet duffil, buttoned down from the breaſt to the feet, with a black ſilk bonnet, tied down to her head with a white handkerchief: little miſs (about ſixteen years of age) had a blue camblet jacket, cuffed and lapelled with pink ſattin, with a narrow edging of ſilver lace, a black beaver hat, covered on the outſide with white ſhag, and cocked behind, with a ſilver button and loop, and a blue feather. The old gentleman had very little particular in his dreſs, as he wore his uſual pompadour-coloured coat with gilt buttons; only he had added to it a ſcarlet cloth waiſtcoat, with a broad tarniſhed gold lace, which was made when he was choſen of the common-council. Upon my entrance, I naturally aſked them if they were going into the country; to which the old lady replied in the affirmative, at the

ſame

ſame time aſſuring me, that ſhe was ſorry to take Mr. ——— from his buſineſs, but ſhe was obliged to it on account of her health. "Health!" ſays the old gentleman, "I don't under-"ſtand your whim-whams, not I: "here has it coſt me the lord knows "what in doctors ſtuff already, with-"out your being a pin the better "for it; and now you muſt lug me "and all the family to Brighthelm-"ſtone." "Why, my dear," ſaid the lady, "you know Dr. ——— tells me, "there is nothing will do my ſpirits "ſo much good as bathing in the ſea." "The ſea!" ſaid the old gentleman; "why then could not you have taken "lodgings at Graveſend, where I "might have eaſily come in the eve-"ning, and gone back time enough for "'Change in the morning?" The good lady told him that he had no taſte, that people of the beſt faſhion went to Brighthelmſtone, and that it was high time their girl ſhould ſee a little of the world. To this miſs aſſented, by declaring, that indeed ſhe had been no where but to the play, and the caſtle-concert, ſince ſhe had left the boarding-ſchool. Both the females then aſked me an hundred queſtions, ſuch as, whether the ſea looked green, and how much bigger it was than the Thames, —till the maid gave them notice that every thing was put up. Accordingly I ſaw them into the coach; and the old lady did not forget to take the pug-dog with her, who, ſhe declared, ſhould go every morning into the ſea, as ſhe had been told it was good for the mange.

I cannot but agree with my city friend, that lodgings at Graveſend would anſwer all the common purpoſes of a jaunt to Brighthelmſtone; for, though one pretence for viſiting theſe places is, *going into the country*, people in fact do not leave town, but rather carry London with them. Their way of living is exactly the ſame as here, and their amuſements not very different. They ſuffer themſelves to be mewed up in a little dirty lodging, with not half ſo good a proſpect, or ſo good an air, as in the high road at Iſlington or Knightſbridge. Their mornings are drauled away, with perhaps a ſaunter upon the beach, which commands the delightful view of half a dozen hoys, and as many fiſhing-ſmacks; and if it was not for a lounge at the coffee-houſe, or the bookſeller's, they would be at a loſs how to fill up the vacant hours till dinner. The evenings would hang no leſs heavy on their hands, but for the ingenious contrivance of the aſſembly-room; where, inſtead of enjoying the cool temperature of the open air, they chooſe to ſwelter in a crowd, and be almoſt ſuffocated with their own breaths. Add to this the refreſhing ſummer diverſion of jigging it to the delightful muſic of country ſcrapers,—to ſay nothing of the calmer and leſs ſudorific exerciſe of the card-table. But what is moſt ridiculous, is the attention paid to dreſs in theſe public retirements, where a gentleman or a lady is expected to appear as gay as at court, or at Ranelagh; conſequently, as ſoon as you arrive at them, you have bills civilly thruſt into your hands, acquainting you, that there is ſuch an one, a milliner, and ſuch an one, an hair-dreſſer, *from London*.

I am a ſincere well-wiſher to your paper, *&c.*

ANTHONY FRESHWATER.

B. Thornton.

§ 134. *Character of a mighty good Kind of Man.*

Sir,

I have always thought your mighty good kind of man to be a very good-for-nothing fellow; and whoever is determined to think otherwiſe may as well paſs over what follows.

The good qualities of a mighty good kind of man (if he has any) are of the negative kind. He does very little harm; but you never find him do any good. He is very decent in appearance, and takes care to have all the externals of ſenſe and virtue; but you never perceive the heart concerned in any word, thought, or action. Not many love him, though very few think ill of him: to him every body is his "Dear Sir," though he cares not a farthing for any body but himſelf. If he writes to you, though you have but the

the ſlighteſt acquaintance with him, he begins with "Dear Sir," and ends with, "I am, good Sir, your ever "ſincere and affectionate friend, and "moſt obedient humble ſervant." You may generally find him in company with older perſons than himſelf, but always with richer. He does not talk much; but he has a "Yes," or a "True, Sir," or "You obſerve very "right, Sir," for every word that is ſaid; which, with the old gentry, that love to hear themſelves talk, makes him paſs for a mighty ſenſible and diſcerning, as well as a mighty good kind of man. It is ſo familiar to him to be agreeable, and he has got ſuch a habit of aſſenting to every thing advanced in company, that he does it without the trouble of thinking what he is about. I have known ſuch a one, after having approved an obſervation made by one of the company, aſſent with a "What "you ſay is very juſt," to an oppoſite ſentiment from another; and I have frequently made him contradict himſelf five times in a minute. As the weather is a principal and favourite topic of a mighty good kind of man, you may make him agree, that it is very hot, very cold, very cloudy, a fine ſunſhine, or it rains, ſnows, hails, or freezes, all in the ſame hour. The wind may be high, or not blow at all; it may be Eaſt, Weſt, North, or South, South Eaſt and by Eaſt, or in any point in the compaſs, or any point not in the compaſs, juſt as you pleaſe. This, in a ſtage-coach, makes him a mighty agreeable companion, as well as a mighty good kind of man. He is ſo civil, and ſo well-bred, that he would keep you ſtanding half an hour uncovered, in the rain, rather than he would ſtep into your chariot before you; and the dinner is in danger of growing cold, if you attempt to place him at the upper end of the table. He would not ſuffer a glaſs of wine to approach his lips, till he had drank the health of half the company, and would ſooner riſe hungry from table, than not drink to the other half before dinner is over, leſt he ſhould offend any by his neglect. He never forgets to hob or nob with the lady of the family, and by no means omits to toaſt her fire-ſide. He is ſure to take notice of little maſter and miſs, when they appear after dinner, and is very aſſiduous to win their little hearts, by almonds and raiſins, which he never fails to carry about him for that purpoſe. This of courſe recommends him to mamma's eſteem; and he is not only a mighty good kind of man, but ſhe is certain he would make a mighty good huſband.

No man is half ſo happy in his friendſhips. Almoſt every one he names is a friend of his, and every friend a mighty good kind of man. I had the honour of walking lately with one of theſe good creatures from the Royal Exchange to Piccadilly; and, I believe, he pulled off his hat to every third perſon we met, with a "How do "you do, my dear Sir?" though, I found, he hardly knew the names of five of theſe intimate acquaintances. I was highly entertained with the greeting between my companion, and another mighty good kind of man that we met in the Strand. You would have thought they were brothers, and that they had not ſeen one another for many years, by their mutual expreſſions of joy at meeting. They both talked together, not with a deſign of oppoſing each other, but through eagerneſs to approve what each other ſaid; I caught them frequently, crying, "Yes," together, and "Very true," "You are very right, my dear Sir;" and at laſt, having exhauſted their favourite topic of, what news, and the weather, they concluded with each begging to have the vaſt pleaſure of an agreeable evening with the other very ſoon; but parted without naming either time or place.

I remember, at Weſtminſter, a mighty good kind of boy, though he was generally hated by his ſchoolfellows, was the darling of the dame where he boarded, as by his means ſhe knew who did all the miſchief in the houſe. He always finiſhed his exerciſe before he went to play: you could never find a falſe concord in his proſe, or a falſe quantity in his verſe; and he made huge amends for the want of ſenſe and ſpirit in his compoſitions, by having

very few grammatical errors. If you could not call him a ſcholar, you muſt allow he took great pains not to appear a dunce. At the univerſity he never failed attending his tutor's lectures, was conſtant at prayers night and morning, never miſſed gates, or the hall at meal-times, was regular in his academical exerciſes, and took pride in appearing, on all occaſions, with maſters of arts; and he was happy, beyond meaſure, in being acquainted with ſome of the heads of houſes, who were glad through him to know what paſſed among the under-graduates. Though he was not reckoned, by the college, to be a Newton, a Locke, or a Bacon, he was univerſally eſteemed by the ſenior part, to be a mighty good kind of young man; and this even placid turn of mind has recommended him to no ſmall preferment in the church.

We may obſerve, when theſe mighty good kind of young men come into the world, their attention to appearances and externals, beyond which the generality of people ſeldom examine, procures them a much better ſubſiſtence, and a more reputable ſituation in life, than ever their abilities, or their merit, could otherwiſe intitle them to. Tho' they are ſeldom advanced very high, yet, if ſuch a one is in orders, he gets a tolerable living, or is appointed tutor to a dunce of quality, or is made companion to him on his travels; and then, on his return, he is a mighty polite, as well as a mighty good kind of man. If he is to be a lawyer, his being ſuch a mighty good kind of man will make the attornies ſupply him with ſpecial pleadings or bills and anſwers to draw, as he is ſufficiently qualified by his ſlow genius to be a dray-horſe of the law. But though he can never hope to be a chancellor, or an archbiſhop, yet, if he is admitted of the medical college in Warwick-lane, he will have a good chance to be at the top of their profeſſion, as the ſucceſs of the faculty depends chiefly on old women, fanciful and hyſterical young ones, whimſical men, and young children; among the generality of whom, nothing recommends a perſon ſo much, as his being a mighty good kind of man.

I muſt own, that a good man, and a man of ſenſe, certainly ſhould have every thing that this kind of man has; yet, if he poſſeſſes no more, much is wanting to finiſh and complete his character. Many are deceived by French paſte: it has the luſtre and brilliancy of a real diamond; but the want of hardneſs, the eſſential property of this valuable jewel, diſcovers the counterfeit, and ſhews it to be of no intrinſic value whatſoever. If the head and the heart are left out in the character of any man, you might as well look for a perfect beauty in a female face without a noſe, as to expect to find a valuable man without ſenſibility and underſtanding. But it often happens, that theſe mighty good kind of men are wolves in ſheep's cloathing; that their want of parts is ſupplied by an abundance of cunning, and the outward behaviour and deportment calculated to entrap the ſhort-ſighted and unwary.

Where this is not the caſe, I cannot help thinking that theſe kind of men are no better than blanks in the creation: if they are not unjuſt ſtewards, they are certainly to be reckoned unprofitable ſervants; and I would recommend, that this harmleſs, inoffenſive, inſipid, mighty good kind of man ſhould be married to a character of a very different ſtamp, the mighty good ſort of woman,—an account of whom I ſhall give you in a day or two.

I am your humble ſervant, &c.

B. Thornton.

§ 135. *Character of a mighty good Sort of Woman.*

I ſuppoſe the female part of my readers are very impatient to ſee the character of a mighty good ſort of woman; and doubtleſs every mighty good kind of man is anxious to know what ſort of a wife I have picked out for him.

The mighty good ſort of woman is civil without good-breeding, kind without good-nature, friendly without affection, and devout without religion. She wiſhes to be thought every thing ſhe is not, and would have others looked upon

upon to be every thing ſhe really is. If you will take her word, ſhe deteſts ſcandal from her heart; yet, if a young lady happens to be talked of as being too gay, with a ſignificant ſhrug of her ſhoulders, and ſhake of her head, ſhe confeſſes, "It is too true, and the "whole town ſays the ſame thing." She is the moſt compaſſionate creature living, and is ever *pitying* one perſon, and *ſorry* for another. She is a great dealer in *buts*, and *ifs*, and half ſentences, and does more miſchief with a *may be*, and *I'll ſay no more*, than ſhe could do by ſpeaking out. She confirms the truth of any ſtory more by her fears and doubts, than if ſhe had given proof poſitive; though ſhe always concludes with a "Let us hope otherwiſe."

One principal buſineſs of a mighty good ſort of woman is the regulation of families; and ſhe extends a viſitatorial power over all her acquaintance. She is the umpire in all differences between man and wife, which ſhe is ſure to foment and increaſe by pretending to ſettle them; and her great impartiality and regard for both leads her always to ſide with one againſt the other. She has a moſt penetrating and diſcerning eye into the faults of the family, and takes care to pry into all their ſecrets, that ſhe may reveal them. If a man happens to ſtay out too late in the evening, ſhe is ſure to rate him handſomely the next time ſhe ſees him, and take ſpecial care to tell him in the hearing of his wife, what a bad huſband he is: or if the lady goes to Ranelagh, or is engaged in a party at cards, ſhe will keep the poor huſband company, that he might not be dull, and entertains him all the while with the imperfections of his wife. She has alſo the entire diſpoſal of the children in her own hands, and can diſinherit them, provide for them, marry them, or confine them to a ſtate of celibacy, juſt as ſhe pleaſes: ſhe fixes the lad's pocket-money at ſchool, and allowance at the univerſity; and has ſent many an untoward boy to ſea for education. But the young ladies are more immediately under her eye, and, in the grand point of matrimony, the choice or refuſal depends ſolely upon her. One gentleman is too young, another too old; one will run out his fortune, another has too little; one is a profeſſed rake, another a ſly ſinner; and ſhe frequently tells the girl, "'Tis "time enough to marry yet," till at laſt there is nobody will have her. But the moſt favourite occupation of a mighty good ſort of woman is, the ſuperintendance of the ſervants: ſhe proteſts, there is not a good one to be got; the men are idle, and thieves, and the maids are ſluts, and good-for-nothing huſſies. In her own family ſhe takes care to ſeparate the men from the maids, at night, by the whole height of the houſe; theſe are lodged in the garret, while John takes up his rooſting-place in the kitchen, or is ſtuffed into the turn-up ſeat in the paſſage, cloſe to the ſtreet-door. She riſes at five in the ſummer, and at day-light in the winter, to detect them in giving away broken victuals, coals, candles, &c. and her own footman is employed the whole morning in carrying letters of information to the maſters and miſtreſſes, wherever ſhe ſees, or rather imagines, this to be practiſed. She has cauſed many a man-ſervant to loſe his place for romping in the kitchen; and many a maid has been turned away, upon her account, for *dreſſing at the men*, as ſhe calls it, looking out at the window, or ſtanding at the ſtreet-door, in a ſummer's evening. I am acquainted with three maiden-ſiſters, all mighty good ſort of women, who, to prevent any ill conſequences, will not keep a footman at all; and it is at the riſk of their place, that the maids have any *comers after them*, nor will, on any account, a brother, or a male couſin, be ſuffered to viſit them.

A diſtinguiſhing mark of a mighty good ſort of woman is, her extraordinary pretenſions to religion: ſhe never miſſes church twice a-day, in order to take note of thoſe who are abſent; and ſhe is always lamenting the decay of piety in theſe days. With ſome of them the good Dr. Whitefield, or the good Dr. Romaine, is ever in their mouths; and they look upon the whole bench of biſhops to be very Jews in compariſon of theſe ſaints. The mighty good ſort of woman is alſo very chari-

table in outward appearance; for, though ſhe would not relieve a family in the utmoſt diſtreſs, ſhe deals out her halfpence to every common beggar, particularly at the church door; and ſhe is eternally ſoliciting other people to contribute to this or that public charity, though ſhe herſelf will not give ſix pence to any one of them. An univerſal benevolence is another characteriſtic of a mighty good ſort of woman, which renders her (as ſtrange as it may ſeem) of a moſt unforgiving temper. Heaven knows, ſhe bears nobody any ill-will; but if a tradeſman has diſobliged her, the honeſteſt man in all the world becomes the moſt arrant rogue; and ſhe cannot reſt till ſhe has perſuaded all her acquaintance to turn him off as well as herſelf. Every one is with her "The beſt creature in the univerſe," while they are intimate; but upon any ſlight difference —— "Oh— "ſhe was vaſtly miſtaken in the per- "ſons;—ſhe thought them good ſort "of bodies——but—ſhe has done with "them;—other people will find them "out as well as herſelf:——that's all "the harm ſhe wiſhes them."——

As the mighty good ſort of women differ from each other, according to their age and ſituation in life, I ſhall endeavour to point out their ſeveral marks, by which we may diſtinguiſh them. And firſt, for the moſt common character:—If ſhe happens to be of that neutral ſex, an old maid, you may find her out by her prim look, her formal geſture, and the ſee-ſaw motion of her head in converſation. Though a moſt rigid Proteſtant, her religion ſavours very much of the Roman Catholic, as ſhe holds that almoſt every one muſt be damned except herſelf. But the leaven that runs moſtly through her whole compoſition is a deteſtation of that odious creature, man, whom ſhe affects to loath as much as ſome people do a rat or a toad; and this affectation ſhe cloaks under a pretence of a love of God, at a time of life when it muſt be ſuppoſed, that ſhe can love nobody, or rather nobody loves her. If the mighty good ſort of body is young and unmarried, beſides the uſual tokens, you may know her by her quarrelling with her brothers, thwarting her ſiſters, ſnapping her father, and over-ruling her mother, though it is ten to one ſhe is the favourite of both. All her acquaintance cry her up as a mighty diſcreet kind of body; and as ſhe affects an indifference for the men, though not a total antipathy, it is a wonder if the giddy girls, her ſiſters, are not married before her, which ſhe would look upon as the greateſt mortification that could happen to her. Among the mighty good ſort of women in wedlock, we muſt not reckon the tame domeſtic animal, who thinks it her duty to take care of her houſe, and be obliging to her huſband. On the contrary, ſhe is negligent of her home-affairs, and ſtudies to recommend herſelf more abroad than in her own houſe. If ſhe pays a regular round of viſits, if ſhe behaves decently at the card-table, if ſhe is ready to come into any party of pleaſure, if ſhe pays no regard to her huſband, and puts her children out to nurſe, ſhe is not a good wife, or a good mother, perhaps; but ſhe is——a mighty good ſort of woman.

As I diſpoſed of the mighty good kind of man in marriage, it may be expected, that I ſhould find out a proper match alſo for the mighty good ſort of woman. To tell you my opinion then —if ſhe is old, I would give her to a young rake, being the character ſhe loves beſt at her heart: — or, if ſhe is a mighty young, mighty handſome, mighty rich, as well as a mighty good ſort of woman, I will marry her myſelf, as I am unfortunately a batchelor.

Your very humble ſervant, &c.

B. Thornton.

§ 136. *On the affected Strangeneſs of ſome Men of Quality.*

Sir,

As you are a mighty good kind of man, and ſeem willing to ſet your preſs to any ſubject whereby the vices or follies of your countrymen may be corrected or amended, I beg leave to offer you the following remarks on the extraordinary, yet common, behaviour of ſome part of our nobility towards their ſometimes intimate, though inferior acquaintance.

It

It is no leſs common than extraordinary, to meet a nobleman in London, who ſtares you full in the face, and ſeems quite a ſtranger to it; with whom you have ſpent the preceding ſummer at Harwich or Brighthelmſtone; with whom you have often dined; who has often ſingled you out, and taken you under his arm, to accompany him with a *tête à tête* walk; who has accoſted you, all the ſummer, by your ſurname, but, in the winter, does not remember either your name, or any feature in your face.

I ſhall not attempt to deſcribe the pain ſuch right honourable behaviour, at firſt meeting it, gives to a man of ſenſibility and ſentiment, nor the contempt he muſt conceive for ſuch ennobled beings. Another claſs of theſe right honourable intimates are indeed ſo far condeſcending, as to ſubmit to own you a little, if it be in a corner of the ſtreet; or even in the Park, if it be at a diſtance from any real good company. Their porters will even let you into their houſes, if my lord has no company; and they themſelves will receive you very civilly, but will ſhun you a few hours after, at court, as a pick-pocket (though you be a man of good ſenſe, good family, and good character) for having no other blemiſh than that your modeſty or diffidence perhaps has occaſioned your being a long time in the army, without attaining the rank of a general, or at the law, without being called within the bar. I could recite many inſtances of this kind of polite high-breeding, that every man of little ſtation, who has been a quality-broker, has often experienced; but I ſhall wave that, and conclude by ſhewing you, how certainly to avoid ſuch contempt, and even decoy his lordſhip out of his walk to take notice of you, who would not have known you had you continued in his.

The method is this: ſuppoſe we ſee my lord coming towards Spring-garden, under Marlborough-garden-walk; inſtead of meeting him, approach ſo near only, that you are certain, from the convexity of his eye (for they are all very near-ſighted) that he ſees you, and that he is certain you ſee and know him. This done, walk deliberately to the other ſide of the Mall, and, my life for it, his lordſhip either trots over to you, or calls you, by your ſurname, to him. His pride is alarmed; he cannot conceive the reaſon, why one, he has all along conſidered would be proud of the leaſt mark of his countenance, ſhould avoid taking an even chance for ſo great an honour as a bow or a nod.—But I would not be underſtood, that his lordſhip is not much offended at you, though he make you a viſit the next day, and never did before, in order to drop you for ever after, leſt you ſhould him. This is not conjecture, but what I have often put in practice with ſucceſs, if any ſucceſs it is to be ſo noticed; and as a further proof of it, I do aſſure you, I had once the honour of being ſometimes known to, and by, ſeveral lords, and loſt all their friendſhip, becauſe I would not let them know me at one time very intimately, at another, not at all—for which loſs I do not at all find myſelf the worſe.

I am your humble ſervant.
B. Thornton.

§ 137. *On the Arrogance of younger Brothers of Quality.*

Sir,

Though it is commonly ſaid, that pride and contempt for inferiors are ſtrongly implanted in the breaſts of our nobility, it muſt be allowed, that their politeneſs and good-breeding render it, in general, imperceptible; and, as one may well ſay,

> He that has pride, not ſhewing that he's proud,
> Let me not know it, he's not proud at all,

one may alſo affirm, with truth, of the Britiſh nobility, that he who has no pride at all cannot ſhew leſs than they do. They treat the meaneſt ſubject with the greateſt affability, and take pains to make every perſon they converſe with forget the diſtance that there is between him and them.

As the younger brothers, and other near relations of the nobility, have the ſame education, and the ſame examples

ever before their eyes, one might expect to ſee in them the ſame affable behaviour, the ſame politeneſs. But, ſtrange as it is, nothing is more different than the behaviour of my lord, and my lord's brother. The latter you generally ſee proud, inſolent, and overbearing, as if he poſſeſſed all the wealth and honour of the family. One might imagine from his behaviour, that the pride of the family, like the eſtates in ſome boroughs, always deſcended to the younger brother. I have known one of theſe young noblemen, with no other fortune than this younger brother's inheritance, above marrying a rich merchant's daughter, becauſe he would not diſgrace himſelf with a plebeian alliance; and rather chooſe to give his hand to a lady Betty, or a lady Charlotte, with nothing but her title for her portion.

I know a younger brother in a noble family, who, twelve years ago, was ſo regardleſs of his birth, as to deſire my lord his father to ſend him to a merchant's counting-houſe for his education: but, though he has now one of the beſt houſes of buſineſs of any in Leghorn, and is already able to buy his father's eſtate, his brothers and ſiſters will not acknowledge him as a relation, and do not ſcruple to deny his being their brother, at the expence of their lady-mother's reputation.

It always raiſes my mirth to hear with what contempt theſe younger brothers of quality ſpeak of perſons in the three learned profeſſions, even thoſe at the top of each. The bench of biſhops are never diſtinguiſhed by them with any higher appellation, than—thoſe parſons: and when they ſpeak of the judges, and thoſe who hold the firſt places in the courts of juſtice, to a gentleman at the bar, they ſay—your lawyers: and the doctors Heberden, Addington, and Aſkew, are, in their genteel dialect, called—theſe phyſical people. Trade is ſuch a diſgrace, that there is no difference with them between the higheſt and loweſt that are concerned in it; they rank the greateſt merchants among common tradeſmen, as they can ſee no difference between a counting-houſe and a chandler's ſhop. They think the run of their father's or their brother's kitchen a more genteel means of ſubſiſtence than what is afforded by any calling or occupation whatſoever, except the army or the navy; as if nobody was deſerving enough of the honour to cut a Frenchman's throat, but perſons of the firſt rank and diſtinction.

As I live ſo far from the polite end of the town as Bedford-row, I undergo much decent raillery on that account, whenever I have the honour of a viſit from one of theſe younger brothers of quality: he wonders who makes my wigs, my cloaths, and my liveries: he praiſes the furniture of my houſe, and allows my equipage to be handſome; but declares he diſcovers more of expence than taſte in either: he can diſcover that Hallet is not my upholſterer, and that my chariot was not made by Butler: in ſhort, I find he thinks one might as well compare the Banquetting-houſe at Whitehall with the Manſion-houſe for elegance, as to look for that in Bedford-row, which can only be found about St. James's. He will not touch any thing at my table but a piece of mutton: he is ſo cloyed with made diſhes, that a plain joint is a rarity: my claret too, though it comes from Meſſ. Brown and Whitefoord, and no otherwiſe differs from my lord's than in being bought for ready money, is put by for my port. Though he politely hobs or nobs with my wife, he does it as if I had married my cook; and ſhe is further mortified with ſeeing her carpet treated with as little ceremony as if it was an oil-cloth. If, after dinner, one of her damaſk chairs has the honour of his lordly breech, another is indulged with the favour of raiſing his leg. To any gentleman who drinks to this man of faſhion, he is his moſt obedient humble ſervant, without bending his body, or looking to ſee who does him this honour. If any perſon, even under the degree of a knight, ſpeaks to him, he will condeſcend to ſay Yes or No; but he is as likely as Sir Francis Wrong-head to ſay the one when he ſhould ſay the other. If I preſume to talk about any change in the miniſtry before him, he diſcovers great ſurpriſe at my ignorance,

rance, and wonders that we, at this end of the town, ſhould differ ſo much from the people about Groſvenor-ſquare. We are abſolutely, according to him, as little alike as if we were not of the ſame ſpecies; and I find, it is as much impoſſible for us to know what paſſes at court, as if we lived at Rotherhithe or Wapping. I have very frequent opportunities of contemplating the different treatment I receive from him and his elder brother. My lord, from whom I have received many favours, behaves to me as if he was the perſon obliged; while his lordſhip's brother, who has conferred no favour on me but borrowing my money, which he never intends to pay, behaves as if he was the creditor, and the debt was a forlorn one.

The inſolence which is ſo much complained of among noblemen's ſervants, is not difficult to account for: ignorance, idleneſs, high-living, and a conſciouſneſs of the dignity of the noble perſon they ſerve, added to the example of my lord's brother, whom they find no leſs dependent in the family than themſelves, will naturally make them arrogant and proud. But this conduct in the younger brother muſt for ever remain unaccountable. I have been endeavouring to ſolve this phenomenon to myſelf, ever ſince the following occurrence happened to me.

When I came to ſettle in town, about five-and-twenty years ago, I was ſtrongly recommended to a noble peer, who promiſed to aſſiſt me. On my arrival, I waited upon his lordſhip, and was told by the porter, with an air of great indifference, that he was not at home; and I was very near receiving the door in my face, when I was going to acquaint this civil perſon, that I had a letter in my pocket for his lord: upon my producing it, he ſaid I might leave it; and immediately ſnatched it from me. I called again the next day, and found, to my great ſurpriſe, a ſomewhat better reception from my friend the porter, who immediately, as I heard afterwards, by order from his lord, introduced me into the library. When I entered, I ſaw a gentleman in an armed chair reading a pamphlet, whom, as I did not know him, I took for my lord himſelf, eſpecially as he did not riſe from his chair, or ſo much as offer to look towards me, on my entering. I immediately addreſſed myſelf to him with—"My lord"—but was inſtantly told by him, without taking his eyes from the pamphlet, that his brother was dreſſing: he read on, and left me to contemplate the ſituation I was in, that if I had been treated with ſo much contempt from the porter and my lord's brother, what muſt I expect from my noble patron? While I was thus reflecting, in comes a gentleman, running up to me, and, taking me cordially by the hand, ſaid, he was heartily glad to ſee me. I was greatly diſtreſſed to know how to behave. I could not imagine this to be his lordſhip who was ſo affable and courteous, and I could not ſuppoſe it was any body who meant to inſult me. My anxiety was removed by his pulling out the letter I had left, and ſaying, "He was very happy that it "was in his power to comply with the "contents of it;" at the ſame time introducing me to his brother, as a gentleman he was happy to know. This younger brother aroſe from his chair with great indifference; and, taking me coolly by the hand, ſaid, "He "ſhould be proud of ſo valuable an "acquaintance;" and, reſuming his ſeat, proceeded to finiſh his pamphlet. Upon taking leave, my lord renewed his former declaration; but his brother was too intent on his reading to obſerve the bow made to him by the valuable acquaintance he a few minutes before profeſſed himſelf ſo proud of.

I am not ignorant, however, that there are many younger brothers to peers, who acknowledge, with much concern, the truth of what has been ſaid, and are ready to allow, that, in too many families of diſtinction, the younger brother is not the finer gentleman.

I am your humble ſervant, &c.

B. Thornton.

§ 138. *Perſons of Quality proved to be Traders.*

I always reflect with pleaſure, that ſtrong as the fondneſs of imitating the French has been among people of

faſhion, they have not yet introduced among us their contempt for trade. A French marquis, who has nothing to boaſt of but his high birth, would ſcorn to take a merchant's daughter by the hand in wedlock, though her father ſhould be as rich as the Buſſy of the Eaſt Indies; as if a Frenchman was only to be valued, like a black-pudding, for the goodneſs of his blood; while our nobility not only go into the city for a wife, but ſend their younger ſons to a merchant's counting houſe for education. But, I confeſs, I never conſidered, till very lately, how far they have from time to time departed from this French folly in their eſteem for trade; and I find, that the greateſt part of our nobility may be properly deemed merchants, if not traders, and even ſhopkeepers.

In the firſt place, we may conſider many of our nobility in the ſame light with Beaver or Henſon, or any other keepers of repoſitories. The breeding of running-horſes is become a favourite traffic among them; and we know how very largely perſons of the firſt faſhion deal this way, and what great addition they make to their yearly income by winning plates and matches, and then ſelling the horſe for a prodigious ſum. What advantages muſt accrue to them, if they have a mare of blood to breed from! But what a treaſure have they if they are poſſeſſed of the ſtallion in faſhion! I can therefore ſee no difference between this occupation of my lord and that of any Yorkſhire dealer whatſoever: and if his lordſhip is not always ſo ſucceſsful in his trade as the jockey of the North, it is not becauſe he does not equally hold it fair to cheat his own brother in horſe-fleſh. If a duke rides his own horſes on the courſe, he does not, in my judgment, differ from any other jockey on the turf; and I think it the ſame thing, whether a man gets money by keeping a ſtallion, or whether he gets it by keeping a bull or a boar for the pariſh.

We know of many perſons of quality whoſe paſſion for trade has made them dealers in fighting-cocks; and I heard one declare to me lately, "that there was no truſting to ſervants in that buſineſs; that he ſhould make nothing of it, if he did not look after the cocks himſelf; and that, for a month before he is to fight a match, he always takes care of and feeds them himſelf; and for that purpoſe (ſtrange as it may ſeem) he lies in a little room cloſe by them every night. I cannot but admire this induſtry, which can make my noble friend quit his lady's bed, while tradeſmen of a lower rank neglect their buſineſs for the charms of a kept miſtreſs. But it muſt be allowed, that theſe dealers in live fowl are to be conſidered as poulterers, as well as thoſe who ſell the deer of their park are to be ranked among the butchers in Clare-market; though the latter endeavour artfully to avoid this, by ſelling their veniſon to paſtry-cooks and fiſhmongers.

What ſhall we ſay of thoſe who ſend veniſon, hares, pheaſants, partridges, and all other game, to their poulterer and fiſhmonger in London, to receive an equivalent in poultry and fiſh in winter, when they are in town?—Though theſe ſportſmen do not truck their commodities for money, they are nothing leſs than higlers and huckſters, dealers and chapmen, in the proper ſenſe of the words: for an exchange was never denied to be a ſale, though it is affirmed to be no robbery.

I come now to the conſideration of thoſe who deal in a much larger and more extenſive way, and are properly ſtiled merchants, while thoſe already mentioned are little more than traders in the retailing buſineſs: what immenſe ſums are received by thoſe electioneering merchants, whoſe fortunes and influence in many counties and boroughs enable them to procure a ſeat in parliament for any that will pay for it! How profitable has nurſing the eſtates of extravagant perſons of diſtinction proved to many a right honourable friend! I do not mean from his ſhewing himſelf a true ſteward, but from the weight and intereſt he has got by it at a general election. What Jew deals larger than many of our nobility in the ſtocks and in lottery tickets? And, perhaps, one ſhould not find more bulls and bears at Jonathan's than at Arthur's. If you cannot;

cannot, at this laſt place, inſure your houſe from fire, or a ſhip from the dangers of the ſeas, or the French, you may get largely underwrit on lives, and inſure your own againſt that of your mother or grandmother for any ſum whatſoever. There are thoſe who deal as greatly in this practice of putting one life againſt another as any underwriter in the city of London: and, indeed, the end of inſuring is leſs anſwered by the latter than the former; for the prudent citizen will not ſet his name to any policy, where the perſon to be inſured is not in perfect health; while the merchants at St. James's, who inſure by means of bets inſtead of policies, will pay you any ſum whatſoever, if a man dies that is run through the body, ſhot through the head, or has tumbled off his chair in an apoplexy; for as there are perſons who will lay on either ſide, he who wants to inſure need only chooſe that which anſwers his purpoſe. And as to the dealings of theſe merchants of faſhion in annuities upon lives, we often hear that one ſells his whole eſtate, for his life, to another; and there is no other form of conveyance uſed between the buyer and ſeller, than by ſhuffling a pack of cards, or throwing a pair of dice: but I cannot look upon this ſort of traffic in any other light than that, when a condemned felon ſells his own body to a ſurgeon to be anatomiſed.

After all, there is no branch of trade that is uſually extended ſo far, and has ſuch a variety in it, as gaming; whether we conſider it as carried on by cards, dice, horſe-racing, pitting, betting, &c. &c. &c. Theſe merchants deal in very various commodities, and do not ſeem to be very anxious in general about any difference in value, when they are ſtriking a bargain: for, though ſome expect ready money for ready money when they play, as they would blood for blood in a duel, many, very many, part with their ready money to thoſe who deal upon truſt, nay oftentimes to thoſe who are known to be incapable of paying. Sometimes I have ſeen a gentleman bet his gold with a lady who has ear-rings, bracelets, and other diamonds to anſwer her ſtake: but I have much oftener ſeen a lady play againſt a roll of guineas, with nothing but her virtue to part with to preſerve her honour if ſhe loſt. The markets, in which the multiplicity of buſineſs of this kind is tranſacted, are very many, and are chiefly appropriated to that end and no other, ſuch as routs, aſſemblies, Arthur's, New-market, and the courſes in every county. Where theſe merchants trade in ready money only, or in bank-notes, I conſider them as bankers of quality; where, in ready money againſt truſt, and notes of hand of perſons that are but little able to pay, they muſt be broken merchants: and whoever plays with money againſt a lady's jewels, ſhould, in my mind, hang out the Three Blue Balls in a private alley; and the lady who ſtakes her virtue for gold, ſhould take the houſe of a late venerable matron in the Piazza, to carry on her trade in that place.

But it is with pleaſure I ſee our merchants of quality neglecting ſeveral branches of trade that have been carried on with ſucceſs, and in which great fortunes have been raiſed in former times by ſome of their anceſtors. What immenſe ſums have, we know, been got by ſome great men in the ſmuggling trade! And we have heard of large profits being made by the ſale of commiſſions in the army and navy; by procuring places and penſions; and vaſt ſums received for quartering a lord's ſiſter, nephew, or natural ſon on any one who holds a profitable poſt under the government. Smuggling, ſurely, ſhould be left to our good friends on the ſhores of Kent and Suſſex; and I think, he who ſells commiſſions in the navy or army, the free-gifts of the prince, ſhould ſuffer like a deſerter, or be keel-hauled to death under a firſt-rate man of war; and he who, like a Turkiſh vizier, levies contributions on thoſe who hold poſts and places under his maſter, ſhould, like him, be ſqueezed in his turn, till the ſpunge is dry, and then bow-ſtringed for the good of the people.

I am your humble ſervant, &c.

B. Thornton.

§ 139. *On Pedantry.*

Sir,

To diſplay the leaſt ſymptom of learning,

learning, or to ſeem to know more than your footman, is become an offence againſt the rules of politeneſs, and is branded with the name of pedantry and ill-breeding. The very ſound of a Roman or a Grecian name, or a hard name, as the ladies call it, though their own perhaps are harder by half, is enough to diſconcert the temper of a dozen counteſſes, and to ſtrike a whole aſſembly of fine gentlemen dumb with amazement.

This ſqueamiſhneſs of theirs is owing to their averſion to pedantry, which they underſtand to be a ſort of muſtineſs that can only be contracted in a recluſe and a ſtudious life, and a foible peculiar to men of letters. But if a ſtrong attachment to a particular ſubject, a total ignorance of every other, an eagerneſs to introduce that ſubject upon all occaſions, and a confirmed habit of declaiming upon it without either wit or diſcretion, be the marks of a pedantic character, as they certainly are, it belongs to the illiterate as well as the learned; and St. James's itſelf may boaſt of producing as arrant pedants as were ever ſent forth from a college.

I know a woman of faſhion who is perpetually employed in remarks upon the weather, who obſerves from morning to noon that it is likely to rain, and from noon to night that it ſpits, that it miſles, that it is ſet in for a wet evening; and, being incapable of any other diſcourſe, is as inſipid a companion, and juſt as pedantic, as he who quotes Ariſtotle over his tea, or talks Greek at a card-table.

A gentleman of my acquaintance is a conſtant attendant upon parliamentary buſineſs, and I have heard him entertain a large circle, by the hour, with the ſpeeches that were made in a debate upon mum and perry. He has a wonderful memory, and a kind of oratorical tune in his elocution, that ſerves him inſtead of an emphaſis. By thoſe means he has acquired the reputation of having a deal to ſay for himſelf; but as it conſiſts entirely of what others have ſaid for themſelves before him; and if he ſhould be deaf during the ſeſſions, he would certainly be dumb in the intervals, I muſt needs ſet him down for a pedant.

But the moſt troubleſome as well as moſt dangerous character of this ſort that I am ſo unhappy as to be connected with, is a ſtripling, who ſpends his whole life in a fencing-ſchool. This athletic young pedant is, indeed, a moſt formidable creature; his whole converſation lies in *Quart* and *Tierce*; if you meet him in the ſtreet, he ſalutes you in the gymnaſtic manner, throws himſelf back upon his left hip, levels his cane at the pit of your ſtomach, and looks as fierce as a prize-fighter. In the midſt of a diſcourſe upon politics, he ſtarts from the table on a ſudden, and ſplits himſelf into a monſtrous longe againſt the wainſcot; immediately he puts a foil into your hand, inſiſts upon teaching you his murthering thruſt, and if, in the courſe of his inſtructions, he puſhes out an eye or a fore-tooth, he tells you, that you *flapp'd your point*, or *dropp'd your wriſt*, and imputes all the miſchief to the awkwardneſs of his pupil.

The muſical pedant, who, inſtead of attending to the diſcourſe, diverts himſelf with humming an air, or, if he ſpeaks, expreſſes himſelf in the language of the orcheſtra; the Newmarket pedant, who has no knowledge but what he gathers upon the turf; the female pedant, who is an adept in nothing but the patterns of ſilks and flounces; and the coffee-houſe pedant, whoſe whole erudition lies within the margin of a news-paper, are nuiſances ſo extremely common, that it is almoſt unneceſſary to mention them. Yet, pedants as they are, they ſhelter themſelves under the faſhionableneſs of their foible, and, with all the properties of the character, generally eſcape the imputation of it. In my opinion, however, they deſerve our cenſure more than the mereſt book-worm imaginable. The man of letters is uſually confined to his ſtudy, and having but little pleaſure in converſing with men of the world, does not often intrude himſelf into their company: theſe unlearned pedants, on the contrary, are to be met with every where; they have nothing to do but to

run

run about and be troubleſome, and are univerſally the bane of agreeable converſation. I am, Sir, &c.

B. Thornton.

§ 140. *A Sunday in the Country.*

Sir, Aug. 8, 1761.

As life is ſo ſhort, you will agree with me, that we cannot afford to loſe any of that precious time, every moment of which ſhould be employed in ſuch gratifications as are ſuitable to our ſtations and diſpoſitions. For this reaſon we cannot but lament, that the year ſhould be curtailed of almoſt a ſeventh part, and that, out of three hundred and ſixty-five days, fifty-two of them ſhould be allotted, with reſpect to many perſons, to dullneſs and inſipidity. You will eaſily conceive, that, by what I have ſaid, I allude to that enemy to all mirth and gaiety, Sunday, whoſe impertinent intruſion puts a check on our amuſements, and caſts a gloom over our cheerful thoughts. Perſons, indeed, of high faſhion regard it no more than the other part of the week, and would no more be reſtrained from their pleaſures on this day, than they would keep faſt on a faſt-day; but others, who have the ſame taſte and ſpirit, though leſs fortunes, are conſtrained, in order to ſave appearances, to debar themſelves of every amuſement except that of going to church, which they can only enjoy in common with the vulgar. The vulgar, it is true, have the happy privilege of converting this holy-day into a day of extraordinary feſtivity; and the mechanic is allowed to get drunk on this day, if on no other, becauſe he has nothing elſe to do. It is true, that the citizen on this day gets looſe from his counter, to which he had been faſtened all the reſt of the week like a bad ſhilling, and riots in the luxuries of Iſlington or Mile-end. But what ſhall be ſaid of thoſe who have no buſineſs to follow but the bent of their inclinations? on whoſe hands, indeed, all the days of their life would hang as heavy as Sundays, if they were not enlivened by the dear variety of amuſements and diverſions. How can a woman of any ſpirit paſs her time on this diſmal day, when the playhouſes, and Vauxhall, and Ranelagh, are ſhut, and no places of public meeting are opened, but the churches? I talk not of thoſe in higher life, who are ſo much above the world, that they are out of the reach of its cenſures; I mean thoſe who are confined in a narrower ſphere, ſo as to be obliged to pay ſome regard to reputation. But if people in town have reaſon to complain of this weekly bar put upon their pleaſures, how unhappy muſt they be who are immured in the old manſion-houſe in the country, and cloiſtered up (as it were) in a nunnery? This is my hard caſe: my aunt, who is a woman of the laſt age, took me down with her this ſummer to her houſe in Northamptonſhire; nor ſhall I be releaſed from my priſon till the time of the coronation, which will be as joyful to me as the act of grace to an inſolvent debtor. My time, however, is ſpent agreeably enough, as far as any thing can be agreeable in the country, as we live in a good neighbourhood, ſee a good deal of company, pay a good many viſits, and are near enough Aſtrop-Wells for me to play at cards at all the public breakfaſtings, and to dance at the aſſemblies. But, as I told you, my aunt is an old-faſhioned lady, and has got queer notions of I know not what. I dread nothing ſo much as the coming round of Sunday, which is ſure to prove, to me at leaſt, a day of penance and mortification. In the morning we are dragged, in the old family-coach, to the pariſh-church, not a ſtone's throw off the houſe, for grandeur-ſake; and, though I dreſs me ever ſo gay, the ignorant humkins take no more notice of me than they do of my aunt, who is muffled up to her chin. At dinner we never ſee a creature but the parſon, who never fails coming for his cuſtomary fee of roaſt-beef and plum-pudding; in the afternoon the ſame dull work of church-going is repeated; and the evening is as melancholy as it is to a criminal who is to be executed the next morning. When I firſt came down, I propoſed playing a game at whiſt, and invited the doctor to make a fourth; but my aunt looked upon the very mention of it as an abomination. I thought there could

could be no harm in a little innocent muſic; and therefore, one morning, while ſhe was getting ready for church, I began to tune my guittar, the ſound of which quickly brought her down ſtairs, and ſhe vowed ſhe would break it all to pieces, if I was ſo wicked as to touch it; though I offered to compromiſe the matter with her, by playing nothing but pſalm-tunes to pleaſe her. I hate reading any thing, but eſpecially good books, as my aunt calls them, which are dull at any time, but much duller on a Sunday; yet my aunt wonders I will not employ myſelf, when I have nothing to do, in reading Nelſon on the Feaſts and Faſts, or a chapter in the Bible. You muſt know that the day I write this on is Sunday; and it happens to be ſo very rainy, that my aunt is afraid to venture herſelf in the damp church, for fear of increaſing her rheumatiſm; ſhe has therefore put on her ſpectacles, ordered the great family-bible into the hall, and is going to read prayers herſelf to the ſervants. I excuſed myſelf from being preſent, by pretending an head-ach, and ſtole into my cloſet in order to divert myſelf in writing to you. How I ſhall be able to go through the reſt of the day, I know not; as the rain, I believe, will not ſuffer us to ſtir out, and we ſhall ſit moping and yawning at one another, and looking ſtupidly at the rain out of the Gothic window in the little parlour, like the clean and unclean beaſts in Noah's ark. It is ſaid, that the gloomy weather in November induces Engliſhmen commonly to make away with themſelves; and, indeed, conſidering the weather, and all together, I believe I ſhall be tempted to drown myſelf at once in the pond before the door, or fairly tuck myſelf up in my own garters.

I am your very humble ſervant,

DOROTHY THURSDAY.

B. Thornton.

§ 141. *On the Militia.*

Sir, Aug. 9, 1761.

The weather here in England is as unſettled and variable as the tempers of the people; nor can you judge, from the appearance of the ſky, whether it will rain or hold up for a moment together, any more than you can tell by the face of a man, whether he will lour in a frown, or clear up in a ſmile. An unexpected ſhower has obliged me to turn into the firſt inn; and I think I may e'en as well paſs my time in writing for your paper, eſpecially as I have nothing elſe to do, having examined all the prints in the room, read over all the rhymes, and admired all the *Dear Miſſes* and *Charming Miſſes* on the window-panes.

As I had the honour to pay my ſhilling at the ordinary in this town with ſome of the officers of the militia, I am enabled to ſend you a few thoughts on that ſubject. With reſpect to the common men, it will be ſufficient to obſerve, that in many military practices, no body of regulars can poſſibly exceed them. Their proweſs in marauding is unqueſtionable; as they are ſure to take priſoners whatever ſtragglers they meet with on their march, ſuch as geeſe, turkies, chickens, &c. and have been often known to make a perfect deſart of a farmer's yard. By the bye, it is poſſibly on this account, that a turkey bears ſo great an antipathy to the colour of red. Theſe fellows are, indeed, ſo intrepid, that they will attack any convoy of proviſions that falls in their way; and my landlord aſſures me, that as ſoon as they come into a town, they immediately lay cloſe ſiege to the pantry and kitchen, which they commonly take by ſtorm, and never give any quarter; as alſo, that they are excellent miners, in working their way into the cellar.

I little imagined that I ſhould have met with my old univerſity acquaintance *Jack Five Bar* in this part of the country, as I could not but think we had been at leaſt two hundred miles aſunder. Indeed I did not know him at his firſt accoſting me, as he approached ſlowly to me with a diſtantly-familiar air, and a ſliding bow forward, and a "Sir, your moſt humble ſervant," inſtead of ſpringing upon me like a greyhound, and clapping me on the ſhoulder like a bailiff, ſqueezing my four fingers in his rough palm, like a nut-cracker, and then whirling my arm

arm to and fro, like the handle of a great pump, with a blunt "How doſt "do?—I am glad to ſee thee"—and an hearty *Damme* at the beginning and end of it. Jack, you muſt know, by being a militia captain is become a fine gentleman; ſo fine a one, indeed, that he affects to deſpiſe what he never knew, and aſked me, if I had not, as well as himſelf, forgot all my *Greek*.

It is true, that my friend Jack (I beg his honour's pardon, I ſhould ſay captain) has had the advantage of an Oxford education; and therefore it is not wonderful, that he has been worked, kneaded, moulded, fine-drawn, and poliſhed into a better kind of pipe-makers clay than the clods of which ſome of his brother officers were compoſed. Yet theſe, I found, had in ſome meaſure caſt their ſlough, and put on the martial gentility with the dreſs: ſuch are the ſurpriſing effects of a red coat, that it immediately dubs a man a gentleman; as, for inſtance, every private man in his majeſty's foot-guards is dignified with the title of gentleman-ſoldier.

To the honour of the militia be it ſpoken, their officers have made noble advances in the military arts, and are become as great proficients in them as any of the regulars; I mean thoſe arts particularly, which will render them an ornament to their country in the time of peace. Firſt then, with reſpect to dreſs and politeneſs of behaviour. The red coat, the cockade, the ſhoulder-knot, and the ſword, have metamorphoſed our plain country 'ſquires into as arrant beaus as any on the parade. The ſhort jerkin, ſtriped waiſtcoat, leather breeches, and livery of the hunt, are exchanged for an elegant laced uniform; the bob-wig has ſprouted to a queüe; the boots are caſt off for ſilk ſtockings and turned pumps; and the long whip has given place to a gold-hilted ſword, with a flaming ſword-knot. They have reconciled themſelves to ruffles, and can make a bow, and come into a room with a good grace. With theſe accompliſhments, our bumkins have been enabled to ſhine at country aſſemblies; though it muſt be confeſſed that theſe grown gentlemen ſtand ſomewhat in need of Mr. Duke's inſtructions. Some of them have alſo carried their politeneſs ſo far as to decide a point of honour with their ſwords; and at the laſt town I paſſed through, I was told, there had been a duel between a militia officer and the ſurgeon of the place, when the former being pricked in the ſword-arm, his antagoniſt directly pulled out his ſalve-box, and kindly dreſſed the wound upon the field of battle.

Another neceſſary qualification of a ſoldier is, curſing and ſwearing; in which exerciſe, I aſſure you, our militia gentry are very expert. It is true, they had had ſome practice in it before they left their native fields, but were not diſciplined in diſcharging their oaths with right military grace. A common fellow may ſwear indeed like a trooper, as any one may let off a gun, or puſh with a ſword; but to do it with a good air, is to be learned only in a camp. This practice, I ſuppoſe, was introduced among our regiments, and tolerated by the chaplains, that it might familiarize them to the moſt ſhocking circumſtances: for, after they have intrepidly damned one another's eyes, limbs, blood, bodies, ſouls, and even their own, they muſt certainly be fearleſs of any harm that can happen to them.

Drinking is another abſolute requiſite in the character of a good officer; and in this our militia are not at all deficient. Indeed they are kept to ſuch conſtant duty in this exerciſe, that they cannot fail of being very expert at it. No veterans in the ſervice can charge their glaſſes in better order, or diſcharge them more regularly at the word of command. By the way, this is the only duty that is expected from the chaplain; and he is commonly as ready to perform it as any of the corps.

Intrigue is as eſſential to a ſoldier as his regimentals; you will therefore imagine the militia do not fall ſhort of the regulars in this military accompliſhment. Every woman is regarded by them as lawful plunder; ſome they beſiege by ſecret ſap and undermining, and ſome they take by aſſault. It has been frequently a practice in the moſt civilized

civilized armies, whenever they ſtorm a town, not only to cut the throats of the men, but to raviſh the women; and it is from this example, I ſuppoſe, that our officers think it an indiſpenſable branch of their duty to debauch the wives and ſiſters of the inhabitants wherever they are quartered; or perhaps, conſidering the great loſs of men we have ſuſtained by ſea and land, they are deſirous of filling up the chaſm, and providing recruits for a future war.

The laſt circumſtance which I ſhall mention, as highly neceſſary in an officer, is, the ſpirit of gaming. The militia-officer was undoubtedly poſſeſſed of this ſpirit in ſome degree before, and would back his own horſes on the turf, or his own cocks in a main, or bye-battle; but he never thought of riſking his whole patrimony on a ſingle card, or the turn of a die. Some of them have ſuffered more by a peaceful ſummer's campaign, than if their eſtates had been over-run, pillaged, and laid waſte by the invader: and what does it ſignify, whether the timber is cut down and deſtroyed by the enemy, or ſold to ſatisfy a debt of honour to a ſharper?

But—the rain is over, and I am glad of it—as I was growing ſerious, contrary to my uſual humour. I have ordered my horſe out—and have ſome miles to ride—ſo no more at preſent from

Your conſtant correſpondent, &c.

B. Thornton.

§ 142. *On going to Bath, Tunbridge, and other Watering-places, in the Summer.*

Nunc eſt bibendum. Sadlers-Wells.

It has long been a doubt with me, whether his majeſty loſes more ſubjects in the year by water or by ſpirituous liquors: I mean, I cannot determine within myſelf, whether Bath, Tunbridge, Scarborough, &c. &c. &c. do leſs harm to the conſtitutions of my fellow-creatures than brandy, gin, or even Britiſh ſpirits. I own, nothing gives me more ſurpriſe in the practice of the learned in Warwick-lane, than their almoſt unanimouſly concurring in ducking their patients in the ſea, or drenching them with ſalt, ſteel, or ſulphureous water, be their diſtemper what it may. If a man has a dropſy, they will not heſitate to give gallons of this element, as they do not ſcruple to give the ſtrongeſt cordials ſometimes in the moſt violent fever.

Though the faculty ſeem to agree, one and all, that every patient ſhould viſit ſome watering-place or other in the ſummer, I do not find they are ſettled in their opinions, what particular waters ſuit particular diſorders. I have viſited them all for my amuſement; and upon converſing with the invalids in each place, I have found, to my great ſurpriſe, in Bath, Tunbridge, Briſtol, and Brighthelmſtone, many perſons drinking the waters for the gout, bilious cholics, or weak nerves, as if the ſame effects could be produced by ſteel, ſalt, and ſulphur; nay, a gentleman of my acquaintance was ſent by different phyſicians to different places, though they were all agreed about the nature of his caſe. I verily believe, if a man would conſult every phyſician in the kingdom, he would viſit every ſink in the whole iſland; for there is not an hole or bottom, in any county, that has not its ſalutary ſpring; and every ſpring has its phyſician to prove, in a long pamphlet of hard words, that thoſe waters are ſuperior to any other, and that any patient, in any diſorder whatever, may be ſure of relief. In ſhort, we ſeem to have a ſecond deluge, not by the wickedneſs, but the folly of the people, and every one is taking as much pains to periſh in it as Noah and his family did to eſcape it.

The preſent thirſt after this element, which the phyſicians have created, makes it neceſſary for them to ſend their patients to ſome waters in vogue; but the choice being left to the doctor, he is determined in it by various circumſtances: ſometimes the patient is ſent where the beſt advice and aſſiſtance may be had, in caſe the diſtemper ſhould increaſe; ſometimes where the phyſician of the place is a couſin or a pupil of the phyſician in town; ſometimes where the doctor has an eſtate in the neighbourhood; and I have, more than once, known a patient ſent to a place, for no other reaſon, but becauſe the doctor was born within four miles of it.

I cannot

I cannot eaſily ſuggeſt to myſelf any reaſon, why phyſicians in London are fond of ſending their patients to waters at the greateſt diſtance, whilſt the country practitioners generally recommend the ſprings in their neighbourhood. I cannot come into the notion that prevails among many perſons, that ſome of the faculty in London divide the fees with thoſe they recommend in the country, like the lawyers who deal in agency; but I am induced to think, that, as they are conſcious the waters are out of the caſe, they hope the exerciſe and change of air in a long journey will lay the ground-work of that cure, which the temperance and diſſipation preſcribed by the doctor may poſſibly perform; on this account they decline ſending their patients to Sadlers-Wells, Powis-Wells, Pancras-Wells, Acton-Wells, Bagnigge-Wells, the Dog and Duck, or Iſlington-Spaw, which are as ſalutary as thoſe of Bath or Tunbridge for patients who live at a diſtance, and who can receive no benefit from the wells and ſpaws in their neighbourhood.

Another circumſtance confirms me in the opinion, that the waters of any ſpaw do nothing more towards the cure than what is to be had from any pump whatſoever. I never found the inhabitants of the place appear at the ſprings and wells with the company of foreigners; and I have ſeen many invalids among them complaining of cholics, aſthmas, gouts, &c. as much as the viſiters of the place: and if it is ſaid, that many who come to Bath on crutches go away without them, I have ſeen, more than once, thoſe very crutches ſupporting ſome miſerable cripple of the town.

It may be urged, that many cures have been performed at theſe public places; but whether they are to be attributed to the waters, or the air, exerciſe, and temperance preſcribed by the doctor, will appear from the following ſtory.

An honeſt country baker having, by his cloſe and anxious application to buſineſs in the day-time, and a very conſtant attendance at the Three Horſeſhoes at night, contracted a diſtemper that is beſt underſtood by the names of the Hip or the Horrors, was ſo very miſerable, that he had made two attempts upon his own life; at length, by the perſuaſion of his friends, he applied to a phyſician in the neighbourhood for advice: the doctor (I ſuppoſe a quack, by the low fee which he demanded) told him, he would cure him in a month, if he would follow his directions; but he expected, in the mean time, a new quartern loaf whenever he ſhould ſend for it. In return for the firſt quartern, he ſent a box of pills, with directions for the baker to take three at ſix in the morning faſting, after which to walk four miles; to take the ſame number at ſix in the evening, and to walk the like number of miles; to repeat the ſame number of pills at eight, and to work them off with a pint of ale, without the uſe of his pipe, and the like number at ten o'clock, going to bed. The baker kept his word with the doctor, and the doctor kept his with the patient; for, at the end of the month, the honeſt fellow was in as good health, and enjoyed as high ſpirits, as when he was a boy. The cheapneſs of his cure induced the baker to enquire of his doctor, by what wonderful medicine ſo ſpeedy and perfect a cure had been effected. The doctor, which is another proof of his not being regularly bred, told him, the pills were made of his own loaf covered with gold leaf; and added, if he would take the ſame medicine, and follow the ſame directions, whenever his relapſing into his former courſe of life ſhould bring on the like diſorder, he might be ſure of as ſpeedy and effectual a cure.

I ſhould, however, want gratitude, as well as candour, if I did not acknowledge a very laſting obligation I lie under to Tunbridge-waters: my wife and I had lamented, for two or three years, that the very good eſtate which I enjoyed would, probably, after my death, go into another family, for want of an heir in my own. My wife was adviſed to go to Tunbridge, and to drink the waters for eight or nine months: we were very much grieved to part for ſo long a time; but ſuch has been our amazing ſucceſs, that the dear creature returned

returned to me, at the end of half a year, four months gone with child.

B. Thornton.

§ 143. *The faint-hearted Lover.*

Sir,

I do not doubt but every one of your readers will be able to judge of my caſe, as, without queſtion, every one of them either has been, or is at preſent, as much in love as your humble ſervant. You muſt know, Sir, I am the very Mr. *Faint-heart* deſcribed in the proverb, who *never won fair lady:* for though I have paid my addreſſes to ſeveral of the ſex, I have gone about it in ſo meek and pitiful a manner, that it might fairly be a queſtion, whether I was in earneſt. One of my Dulcineas was taken, as we catch mackerel, by a bit of ſcarlet; another was ſeduced from me by a ſuit of embroidery; and another ſurrendered, at the firſt attack, to the long ſword of an Iriſhman. My preſent ſuit and ſervice is paid to a certain lady who is as fearful of receiving any tokens of my affection as I am of offering them. I am only permitted to admire her at a diſtance; an ogle or a lēer are all the advances I dare make; if I move but a finger it puts her all in a ſweat; and, like the ſenſitive plant, ſhe would ſhrink and die away at a touch. During our long courtſhip I never offered to ſalute her but once; and then ſhe made ſuch a wriggling with her body, ſuch a ſtruggling with her arms, and ſuch a toſſing and twirling of her head to and fro, that, inſtead of touching her lips, I was nearly in danger of carrying off the tip of her noſe. I even dared at another time to take her round the waiſt; but ſhe bounced away from me, and ſcreamed out as if I had actually been going to commit a rape upon her. I alſo once plucked up courage ſufficient to attempt ſqueezing her by the hand, but ſhe reſiſted my attack by ſo cloſe a clench of her fiſt, that my graſp was preſented with nothing but ſharp-pointed knuckles, and a long thumb-nail; and I was directly after ſaluted with a violent ſtroke on my jaw-bone. If I walk out with her, I uſe all my endeavours to keep cloſe at her ſide; but ſhe whiſks away from me as though I had ſome catching diſtemper about me: if there are but three of us, ſhe eludes my deſign by ſkipping ſometimes on one ſide and ſometimes on t'other as I approach her; but when there are more of us in company, ſhe takes care to be ſheltered from me by placing herſelf the very midmoſt of the rank. If we ride in a coach together, I am not only debarred from ſitting on the ſame ſide, but I muſt be ſeated on the furthermoſt corner of the ſeat oppoſite to her, that our knees may not meet. We are as much at diſtance from one another at dinner, as if we were really man and wife, whom cuſtom has directed to be kept aſunder the whole length of the table; and when we drink tea, ſhe would ſooner run the riſk of having the contents ſpilt over her, than take the cup and ſaucer from me any nearer than at both our arms length. If I mention a ſyllable that in the leaſt borders upon love, ſhe immediately reddens at it as much as if I had let drop a looſe or indelicate expreſſion; and when I deſire to have a little private converſation with her, ſhe wonders at my impudence to think that ſhe could truſt herſelf with a man alone. In ſhort, Sir, I begin to deſpair of ever coming to cloſe contact with her: but what is ſtill more provoking, though ſhe keeps me at ſo reſpectful a diſtance, ſhe tamely permits a ſtrapping fellow of the guards to pat her on the cheek, play with her hand, and even approach her lips, and that too in my preſence. If you, or any of your readers, can adviſe me what to do in this caſe, it will be a laſting obligation conferred on

Your very humble ſervant,

TIMOTHY MILDMAN.

Ibid.

§ 144. *On a handſome Landlady.*

Sir, Aug. 28, 1761.

It has been obſerved of the writings of the late Harry Fielding, of facetious memory, that he ſeemed never ſo happy as when he could get into the chimney-corner of an inn kitchen. In like manner you muſt have perceived, that my letters to you during my ruſtication have ſavoured of the affection which I have

I have always entertained for my honeſt friend landlord, and his civil attendants, up from John Boots to Betty Chambermaid. I ſhall therefore make no apology for giving you an account of the reception I met with at the laſt inn I put up at; where, indeed, I ſufficiently experienced the truth of the following obſervation of Biſhop Corbet:

" All travellers, this heavy judgment hear!
" An handſome hoſteſs makes a reck'ning dear;
" Each word, each look, your purſes muſt
" requite 'em,
" And every welcome adds another *item*."

My horſe and myſelf being both of a mind with reſpect to baiting, I ſuffered him to turn in with me to the firſt inn I came to, which happened to be the Caſtle; when I was met at the door by a young lady, whom, by her dreſs, I ſhould have conceived to have been ſome gueſt of faſhion, if ſhe had not, upon my alighting, moſt politely made me an apology, that all her rooms were taken up, and deſired me to walk into the little parlour behind the bar. This civility of hers, together with a look that would have unlooſed the purſe-ſtrings of any old city churl, at once removed all my prudent œconomical reſolutions of eating only juſt a ſnap of cold meat, and away: of my own accord I moſt generouſly ordered a chicken to be put down; but my landlady dropping an hint that ſhe herſelf had not dined, I could not reſiſt the temptation of deſiring the pleaſure of her company to eat with me, which ſhe readily accepted; and on her obſerving that the chickens were very ſmall and nice, and to be ſure I muſt be hungry after my ride, I conſented to have a couple of them done. She then aſked me, in a moſt bewitching manner, if I choſe to drink any thing? but though I declared that I never touched a drop of any liquor before meals, yet ſhe enticed me to toſs up a glaſs of ſherry to get me an appetite (which before ſhe had concluded I could not want) and ſhe even had the complaiſance to pledge me. When dinner was ſerved up, I was ſurprized to ſee a diſh of eels brought in; and on my ſaying that I fancied the cook had made a miſtake, ſhe moſt civilly begged ten thouſand pardons, and ſaid ſhe thought I had ordered them; but added, that indeed ſhe did not doubt but I ſhould like them, and for her own part ſhe was exceſſively fond of them. As that was the caſe, I could by no means conſent to their being taken away; and after we had done with the fiſh and the chickens, a diſh of tarts ſpontaneouſly made its appearance, without waiting for the word of command. My kind landlady entreated me to taſte this, and inſiſted upon helping me to another, which ſhe aſſured me was moſt excellent, till ſhe had either forced upon me or taken to herſelf a bit out of each ſort. I ſhould have told you, that during dinner, beſides the uſual concomitants of a tankard of each, I was prevailed on to hob and nob with her in a variety of old beer, cyder, Rheniſh, mountain, Liſbon, *&c.* and, to crown all, my landlady would even riſe from table herſelf to make me a *cup*, at which ſhe declared ſhe had a moſt excellent hand. When the cloth was removed, I could not but aſk her, what ſhe choſe to drink; to which ſhe modeſtly anſwered, whatever I liked, at the ſame time hinting to me that nobody had better French wines than ſhe had. However, I thought proper to diſregard all her hints of that kind, and order a ſimple bottle of Port. When this was brought, I aſked if I ſhould help her; ſhe told me ſhe never touched that ſort of wine; ſo that I could not but call for a pint of Liſbon, which ſhe liked better. She would fain, indeed, have prevailed on me afterwards to ſuffer her to produce a bottle of claret, of which, ſhe ſaid, ſhe could drink a glaſs or two herſelf; but finding me inflexible on that head, ſhe compounded the matter with me, on bringing me over to conſent to our having a flaſk of Florence, the beſt that ever was taſted, I need not tell you the agreeable chat, or the pleaſing familiarities, that paſſed between us, till it was time for me to mount my horſe; but I could not even then get away without doing her the pleaſure firſt to drink a diſh of tea with her, to which a pot of coffee was alſo added, though I did not touch a drop.

In ſhort, her behaviour was ſo engaging, her looks ſo inviting, and her artifices ſo enveigling, that I quite forgot how dear I was to pay for my entertainment, till the dreadful reckoning was called for, which convinced me of the juſtneſs of Biſhop Corbet's remarks before quoted. Indeed, as I had ordered a ſuperfluity of victuals that I could not eat, and of liquors that I could not drink, and all for the ſake of my hoſteſs's ſweet company, I think that the bill, inſtead of the uſual articles of bread and beer—chicken—wine, &c. might have been made out—for a ſmile—an ogle—a ſqueeze by the hand, —a chuck under the chin—a kiſs, &c. —ſo much. For my part, I am determined, for the future, never to ſet my foot in an inn where the landlady is not as ugly as Mother Redcap.

I am,
Your very hearty Friend,
AN OLD CORRESPONDENT.
B. Thornton.

§ 145. *A circumſtantial Detail of every Particular that paſſed at the Coronation.*

[In a Letter from a Gentleman to his Friend in the Country.]

Dear Sir,

Though I regret leaving you ſo ſoon, eſpecially as the weather has ſince proved ſo fine, that it makes me long to be with you in the country, yet I honeſtly confeſs, that I am heartily glad I came to town as I did. As I have ſeen it, I declare I would not have miſſed the ſight upon any conſideration. The friendſhip of Mr. Rolles, who procured me a paſs-ticket, as they call it, enabled me to be preſent both in the Hall and the Abbey; and as to the proceſſion out of doors, I had a fine view of it from a one-pair of ſtairs room, which your neighbour, Sir Edward, had hired, at the ſmall price of one hundred guineas, on purpoſe to oblige his acquaintance. I wiſh you had been with me; but as you have been deprived of a ſight, which probably very few that were preſent will ever ſee again, I will endeavour to deſcribe it to you as minutely as I can, while the circumſtances are freſh in my memory, though my deſcription muſt fall very ſhort of the reality. Firſt, then, conceive to yourſelf the fronts of the houſes, in all the ſtreets that could command the leaſt point of view, lined with ſcaffolding, like ſo many galleries or boxes raiſed one above another to the very roofs. Theſe were covered with carpets and cloths of different colours, which preſented a pleaſing variety to the eye; and if you conſider the brilliant appearance of the ſpectators who were ſeated in them (many being richly dreſſed) you will eaſily imagine that this was no indifferent part of the ſhow. The mob underneath made a pretty contraſt to the reſt of the company. Add to this, that though we had nothing but wet and cloudy weather for ſome time before, the day cleared up, and the ſun ſhone auſpiciouſly, as it were in compliment to the grand feſtival. The platform, on account of the uncertainty of the weather, had a ſhelving roof, which was covered with a kind of ſail-cloth; but near the place where I was, an honeſt Jack Tar climbed up to the top, and ſtripped off the covering, which gave us not only a more extenſive view, but let the light in upon every part of the proceſſion. I ſhould tell you, that a rank of foot-ſoldiers was placed on each ſide within the platform; and it was not a little ſurpriſing to ſee the officers familiarly converſing and walking arm and arm with many of them, till we were let into the ſecret that they were gentlemen who had put on the dreſſes of common ſoldiers, for what purpoſe I need not mention. On the outſide were ſtationed, at proper diſtances, ſeveral parties of horſe-guards, whoſe horſes, indeed, ſomewhat incommoded the people, that preſſed inceſſantly upon them, by their prancing and capering; though, luckily, I do not hear of any great miſchief being done. I muſt confeſs, it gave me much pain to ſee the ſoldiers, both horſe and foot, moſt unmercifully belabouring the heads of the mob with their broad-ſwords, bayonets, and muſquets; but it was not unpleaſant to obſerve ſeveral tipping the horſe-ſoldiers ſlily, from time to time (ſome with half-pence, and

and ſome with ſilver, as they could muſter up the caſh) to let them paſs between the horſes to get nearer the platform; after which theſe unconſcionable gentry drove them back again. As ſoon as it was day-break (for I choſe to go to my place over night) we were diverted with ſeeing the coaches and chairs of the nobility and gentry paſſing along with much ado; and ſeveral perſons, very richly dreſſed, were obliged to quit their equipages, and be eſcorted by the ſoldiers through the mob to their reſpective places. Several carriages, I am told, received great damage: Mr. Jennings, whom you know, had his chariot broke to pieces; but providentially neither he nor Mrs. Jennings, who were in it, received any hurt.

Their majeſties (to the ſhame of thoſe be it ſpoken who were not ſo punctual) came in their chairs from St. James's through the Park to Weſtminſter about nine o'clock. The king went into a room which they call the court of wards, and the queen into that belonging to the gentleman uſher of the black-rod. The nobility and others, who were to walk in the proceſſion, were muſtered and ranged by the officers of arms in the Court of Requeſts, Painted Chamber, and Houſe of Lords, from whence the cavalcade was conducted into Weſtminſter-hall. As you know all the avenues and places about the Hall, you will not be at a loſs to underſtand me. My paſs-ticket would have been of no ſervice, if I had not prevailed on one of the guards by the irreſiſtible argument of half-a-crown, to make way for me through the mob to the Hall-gate, where I got admittance juſt as their majeſties were ſeated at the upper end, under magnificent canopies. Her majeſty's chair was on the left hand of his majeſty; and they were attended by the great chamberlain, lord high conſtable, earl marſhal, and other great officers. Four ſwords, I obſerved, and as many ſpurs, were preſented in form, and then placed upon a table before the king.

There was a neglect, it ſeems, ſomewhere, in not ſending for the dean and prebendaries of Weſtminſter, &c. who, not finding themſelves ſummoned, came of their own accord, preceded by the choriſters, ſingers, &c. among whom was your favourite, as indeed he is of every one, Mr. Beard. The Hall-gate was now thrown open to admit this leſſer proceſſion from the Abbey, when the biſhop of Rocheſter (that is, the dean) and his attendants brought the Bible and the following regalia of the king, *viz.* St. Edward's crown, reſted on a cuſhion of gold-cloth, the orb with the croſs, a ſceptre with the dove on the top, another tipt with a croſs, and what they call St. Edward's ſtaff. The queen's regalia were brought at the ſame time, *viz.* her crown upon a cuſhion, a ſceptre with a croſs, and a rod of ivory with a dove. Theſe were ſeverally laid before their majeſties, and afterwards delivered to the reſpective officers who were to bear them in the proceſſion.

Conſidering the length of the cavalcade, and the numbers that were to walk, it is no wonder that there ſhould be much confuſion in marſhalling the ranks. At laſt, however, every thing was regularly adjuſted, and the proceſſion began to quit the Hall between eleven and twelve. The platform leading to the weſt door of the Abbey was covered with blue baize for the train to walk on; but there ſeemed to me a defect in not covering the upright poſts that ſupported the awning, as it is called (for they looked mean and naked) with that or ſome other coloured cloth. As I carry you along, I ſhall wave mentioning the minute particulars of the proceſſion, and only obſerve that the nobility walked two by two. Being willing to ſee the proceſſion paſs along the platform through the ſtreets, I haſtened from the Hall, and by the aſſiſtance of a ſoldier made my way to my former ſtation at the corner of Bridge-ſtreet, where the windows commanded a double view at the turning. I ſhall not attempt to deſcribe the ſplendor and magnificence of the whole; and words muſt fall ſhort of that innate joy and ſatisfaction which the ſpectators felt and expreſſed, eſpecially as their majeſties paſſed by; on whoſe countenances a dignity ſuited to their ſtation, tempered with the moſt amiable com-

placency, was ſenſibly impreſſed. It was obſervable, that as their majeſties and nobility paſſed the corner which commanded a proſpect of Weſtminſter-bridge, they ſtopped ſhort, and turned back to look at the people, whoſe appearance, as they all had their hats off, and were thick planted on the ground, which roſe gradually, I can compare to nothing but a pavement of heads and faces.

I had the misfortune not to be able to get to the Abbey time enough to ſee all that paſſed there; nor, indeed, when I got in, could I have ſo diſtinct a view as I could have wiſhed. But our friend Harry Whitaker had the luck to be ſtationed in the firſt row of the gallery behind the ſeats allotted for the nobility, cloſe to the ſquare platform which was erected by the altar, with an aſcent of three ſteps, for their majeſties to be crowned on. You are obliged to him, therefore, for ſeveral particulars which I could not otherwiſe have informed you of. He tells me, as ſoon as their majeſties entered the church, the choir ſtruck up with an anthem; and, after they were ſeated, and the uſual recognition and oblations were made, the litany was chanted by the biſhops of Cheſter and Chicheſter, and the reſponſes made by the whole choir, accompanied by the whole band of muſic. Then the firſt part of the communion-ſervice was read; after which a ſermon was preached by the biſhop of Saliſbury, now archbiſhop of York. I was not near enough to hear it, nor, perhaps you will ſay, did I much deſire it; but, by my watch, it laſted only fifteen minutes. This done, Harry ſays he ſaw very diſtinctly his majeſty ſubſcribe the declaration, and take the coronation oath, the ſolemnity of which ſtruck him with an unſpeakable awe and reverence; and he could not help reflecting on the glorious privilege which the Engliſh enjoy of binding their kings by the moſt ſacred ties of conſcience and religion. The king was then anointed by his grace of Canterbury on the crown of his head, his breaſt, and the palms of his hands: after which he was preſented with the ſpurs, and girt with the ſword, and was then inveſted with the coronation-robes, the armills, as they are called, and the imperial pall. The orb with the croſs was alſo preſented, and the ring was put upon the fourth finger of his majeſty's right hand by the archbiſhop, who then delivered the ſceptre with the croſs, and the other with the dove; and being aſſiſted by ſeveral biſhops, he laſtly placed the crown reverently upon his majeſty's head. A profound awful ſilence had reigned till this moment, when, at the very inſtant the crown was let fall on the king's head, a fellow having been placed on the top of the Abbey dome, from whence he could look down into the chancel, with a flag which he dropt as a ſignal; the Park and Tower guns began to fire, the trumpets ſounded, and the Abbey echoed with the repeated ſhouts and acclamations of the people. The peers, who before this time had their coronets in their hands, now put them on, as the biſhops did their caps, and the repreſentatives of the dukes of Aquitaine and Normandy their hats. The knights of the Bath in particular made a moſt ſplendid figure, when they put on their caps, which were adorned with large plumes of white feathers. It is to be obſerved, that there were no commoners knights of the Garter; conſequently, inſtead of caps and veſtments peculiar to their order, they, being all peers, wore the robes and coronets of their reſpective ranks. I ſhould mention, that the kings of arms alſo put on coronets.

Silence again aſſumed her reign, and the ſhouts ceaſing, the archbiſhop proceeded with the reſt of the divine ſervice; and after he had preſented the Bible to his majeſty, and ſolemnly read the benedictions, his majeſty kiſſed the archbiſhops and biſhops one after another as they knelt before him. The *Te Deum* was now performed, and this being ended, his majeſty was elevated on a ſuperb throne, which all the peers approached in their order, and did their homages.

The coronation of the queen was performed in nearly the ſame manner with that of his majeſty; the archbiſhop anointed her with the holy oil on the head and breaſt, and after he had put the

the crown upon her head, it was a ſignal for princeſs Auguſta and the peereſſes to put on their coronets. Her majeſty then received the ſceptre with the croſs, and the ivory rod with the dove, and was conducted to a magnificent throne on the left hand of his majeſty.

I cannot but lament that I was not near enough to obſerve their majeſties going through the moſt ſerious and ſolemn acts of devotion; but I am told, that the reverent attention which both paid, when (after having made their ſecond oblations) the next ceremony was, their receiving the holy communion, it brought to the mind of every one near them, a proper recollection of the conſecrated place in which they were. Prayers been over, the king and queen retired into St. Edward's chapel, juſt behind the altar. You muſt remember it—is is where the ſuperſtition of the Roman Catholics has robbed the tomb of that royal confeſſor of ſome of its precious ornaments; here their majeſties received each of them a crown of ſtate, as it is called, and a proceſſion was made in the ſame manner as before, except in ſome trifling inſtances, back again to Weſtminſter-hall, all wearing their coronets, caps, &c. You know, I have often ſaid, that if one loſes an hour in the morning, one may ride after it the whole day without being able ro overtake it. This was the caſe in the preſent inſtance; for, to whatever cauſes it might be owing, the proceſſion moſt aſſuredly ſet off too late: beſides, according to what Harry obſerved, there were ſuch long pauſes between ſome of the ceremonies in the Abbey, as plainly ſhewed all the actors were not perfect in their parts. However it be, it is impoſſible to conceive the chagrin and diſappointment which the late return of the proceſſion occaſioned; it being ſo late indeed, that the ſpectators, even in the open air, had but a very dim and gloomy view of it, while to thoſe who had ſat patiently in Weſtminſter-hall, waiting its return for ſix hours, ſcarce a glimpſe of it appeared, as the branches were not lighted till juſt upon his majeſty's entrance. I had flattered myſelf that a new ſcene of ſplendid grandeur would have been preſented to us in the return of the proceſſion, from the reflection of the lights, &c. and had therefore poſted back to the Hall with all poſſible expedition: but not even the brilliancy of the ladies jewels, or the greater luſtre of their eyes, had the power to render our *darkneſs viſible*; the whole was confuſion, irregularity, and diſorder.

However, we were afterwards amply recompenſed for this partial eclipſe by the bright picture which the lighting of the chandeliers preſented to us. Your unlucky law-ſuit has made you too well acquainted with Weſtminſter-hall for me to think of deſcribing it to you; but I aſſure you the face of it was greatly altered from what it was when you attended to hear the verdict given againſt you. Inſtead of the incloſures for the courts of Chancery and King's Bench at the upper end, which were both removed, a platform was raiſed with ſeveral aſcents of ſteps, where their majeſties in their chairs of ſtate, and the royal family, ſat at table. On each ſide, down the whole length of the Hall, the reſt of the company were ſeated at long tables, in the middle of which were placed, on elevations painted to repreſent marble, the deſerts, &c. Conceive to yourſelf, if you can conceive, what I own I am at a loſs to deſcribe, ſo magnificent a building as that of Weſtminſter-hall, lighted up with near three thouſand wax-candles in moſt ſplendid branches; our crowned heads, and almoſt the whole nobility, with the prime of our gentry, moſt ſuperbly arrayed, and adorned with a profuſion of the moſt-brilliant jewels; the galleries on every ſide crowded with company for the moſt part elegantly and richly dreſſed: but to conceive it in all its luſtre, I am conſcious that it is abſolutely neceſſary one muſt have been preſent. To proceed in my narration—Their majeſties table was ſerved with three courſes, at the firſt of which earl Talbot, as ſteward of his majeſty's houſhold, rode up from the Hall-gate to the ſteps leading to where their majeſties ſat; and on his returning the ſpectators were preſented with an unexpected ſight, in his lordſhip's backing his horſe, that he might keep his face

ſtill towards the king. A loud clapping and huzzaing conſequently enſued from the people preſent. The ceremony of the champion, you may remember we laughed at, at its repreſentation laſt winter; but I aſſure you, it had a very ſerious effect on thoſe ladies who were near him (though his horſe was very gentle) as he came up, accompanied by lord Effingham as earl marſhal, and the duke of Bedford as lord high conſtable, likewiſe on horſeback: it is needleſs to repeat what paſſed on this occaſion. I am told, that the horſe which the champion rode was the ſame that his late majeſty was mounted on at the glorious and memorable battle of Dettingen. The beaſt, as well as the rider, had his head adorned with a plume of white, red, and blue feathers.

You cannot expect that I ſhould give you a bill of fare, or enumerate the number of diſhes that were provided and ſent from the temporary kitchens erected in Cotton-garden for this purpoſe. No leſs than ſixty haunches of veniſon, with a ſurprizing quantity of all ſorts of game, were laid in for this grand feaſt: but that which chiefly attracted our eyes, was their majeſties deſert, in which the confectioner had laviſhed all his ingenuity in rock-work and emblematical figures. The other deſerts were no leſs admirable for their expreſſive devices. But I muſt not forget to tell you, that when the company came to be ſeated, the poor knights of the Bath had been overlooked, and no table provided for them: an airy apology, however, was ſerved up to them inſtead of a ſubſtantial dinner; but the two junior knights, in order to preſerve their rank of precedency to their ſucceſſors, were placed at the head of the judges table, above all the learned brethren of the coif. The peers were placed on the outermoſt ſide of the tables, and the peereſſes within, neareſt to the walls. You cannot ſuppoſe that there was the greateſt order imaginable obſerved during the dinner, but muſt conclude, that ſome of the company were as eager and impatient to ſatisfy the craving of their appetites as any of your country 'ſquires at a race or aſſize ordinary.

It was pleaſant to ſee the various ſtratagems made uſe of by the company in the galleries to come in for a ſnack of the good things below. The ladies clubbed their handkerchiefs to be tied together to draw up a chicken or a bottle of wine; nay, even garters (I will not ſay of a different ſex) were united for the ſame purpoſe. Some had been ſo provident as to bring baſkets with them, which were let down, like the priſoners boxes at Ludgate or the Gate-houſe, with a *Pray, remember the poor.*

You will think it high time that I ſhould bring this long letter to a concluſion. Let it ſuffice then to acquaint you, that their majeſties returned to St. James's a little after ten o'clock at night; but they were pleaſed to give time for the peereſſes to go firſt, that they might not be incommoded by the preſſure of the mob to ſee their majeſties. After the nobility were departed, the illuſtrious *mobility* were (according to cuſtom) admitted into the Hall, which they preſently cleared of all the moveables, ſuch as the victuals, cloths, plates, diſhes, *&c.* and, in ſhort, every thing that could ſtick to their fingers.

I need not tell you, that ſeveral coronation medals, in ſilver, were thrown among the populace at the return of the proceſſion. One of them was pitched into Mrs. Dixon's lap, as ſhe ſat upon a ſcaffold in Palace-yard. Some, it is ſaid, were alſo thrown among the peereſſes in the Abbey juſt after the king was crowned; but they thought it below their dignity to ſtoop to pick them up.

My wife deſires her compliments to you: ſhe was *hugeouſly* pleaſed with the ſight. All friends are well, except that little Nancy Green has got a ſwelled face, by being up all night; and Tom Moffat has his leg laid up on a ſtool, on account of a broken ſhin, which he got by a kick from a trooper's horſe as a reward for his mobbing it. I ſhall ſay nothing of the illuminations at night: the news-papers muſt have told you of them, and that the Admiralty in particular was remarkably lighted up. I expect to have from you an account of the rejoicings at your little town; and deſire to know whether you was able to

get a ſlice of the ox which was roaſted whole on this occaſion.

I am, dear Sir,
Yours moſt heartily,
JAMES HEMMING.

P. S. The Princeſs Dowager of Wales, with the younger branches of the royal family, did not walk in the grand proceſſion, but made up a leſſer proceſſion of their own; of which you will find a ſufficient account in the public prints. They had a box to ſee the coronation in the Abbey, and afterwards dined in an apartment by themſelves adjoining to the Hall.

Since my writing the above, I have been informed for certain, that the ſword of ſtate, by ſome miſtake, being left behind at St. James's, the Lord Mayor's ſword was carried before the king by the earl of Huntingdon, in its ſtead; but when the proceſſion came into the Abbey, the ſword of ſtate was found placed upon the altar.

Our friend Harry, who was upon the ſcaffold, at the return of the proceſſion cloſed in with the rear; at the expence of half a guinea was admitted into the Hall; got brim-full of his majeſty's claret; and, in the univerſal plunder, brought off the glaſs her majeſty drank in, which is placed in the beaufait as a valuable curioſity.

B. Thornton.

§ 146. *A Letter from a ſucceſsful Adventurer in the Lottery.*

Sir,

You will not be at all ſurpriſed when I tell you that I have had very ill-luck in the lottery; but you will ſtare when I further tell you, it is becauſe unluckily I have got a conſiderable prize in it. I received the glad tidings of my misfortune laſt Saturday night from your Chronicle, when, on looking over the liſt of the prizes, as I was got behind my pipe at the club, I found that my ticket was come up a 2000 l. In the pride as well as joy of my heart, I could not help proclaiming to the company—my good luck, as I then fooliſhly thought it, and as the company thought it too, by inſiſting that I ſhould treat them that evening. Friends are never ſo merry, or ſtay longer, than when they have nothing to pay: they never care too how extravagant they are on ſuch an occaſion. Bottle after bottle was therefore called for, and that too of claret, though not one of us, I believe, but had rather had port. In ſhort, I reeled home as well as I could about four in the morning; when thinking to pacify my wife, who began to rate me (as uſual) for ſtaying out ſo long, I told her the occaſion of it; but inſtead of rejoicing, as I thought ſhe would, ſhe cried—"Piſh, ONLY two thouſand pounds!" However, ſhe was at laſt reconciled to it, taking care to remind me, that ſhe had choſen the ticket herſelf, and ſhe was all along ſure it would come up a prize, becauſe the number was an odd one. We neither of us got a wink of ſleep, though I was heartily inclined to it; for my wife kept me awake—by telling me of this, that, and t'other thing which ſhe wanted, and which ſhe would now purchaſe, as we could afford it.

I know not how the news of my ſucceſs ſpread ſo ſoon among my other acquaintance, except that my wife told it to every one ſhe knew, or not knew, at church. The conſequence was, that I had no leſs than ſeven very hearty friends came to dine with us by way of wiſhing us joy; and the number of theſe hearty friends was increaſed to above a dozen by ſupper-time. It is kind in one's friends to be willing to partake of one's ſucceſs; they made themſelves very merry literally at my expence; and, at parting, told me they would bring ſome more friends, and have another jolly evening with me on this happy occaſion.

When they were gone, I made ſhift to get a little reſt, though I was often diſturbed by my wife talking in her ſleep. Her head, it ſeems, literally ran upon wheels, that is, the lottery-wheels: ſhe frequently called out that ſhe had got the ten thouſand pounds; ſhe muttered ſeveral wild and incoherent expreſſions about gowns, and ruffles, and ear-rings, and necklaces; and I once heard her mention the word *coach*. In the morning, when I got up, how was

I ſurpriſed to find my good fortune publiſhed to all the world in the news-paper! though I could not but ſmile (and madam was greatly pleaſed) at the printer's exalting me to the dignity of *Eſquire*, having been nothing but plain Mr. all my life before. And now the misfortunes ariſing from my good fortune began to pour in thick upon me. In conſequence of the information given in the news-paper, we were no ſooner ſat down to breakfaſt than we were complimented with a rat-a-tatoo from the drums, as if we had been juſt married: after theſe had been ſilenced by the uſual method, another band of muſic ſaluted us with a peal from the marrow-bones and cleavers to the ſame tune. I was haraſſed the whole day with petitions from the hoſpital boys that drew the ticket, the commiſſioners clerks that wrote down the ticket, and the clerks of the office where I bought the ticket, all of them praying, "That my *Honour* would conſider them." I ſhould be glad you would inform me what theſe people would have given me if I had had a blank.

My acquaintance in general called to know, when they ſhould wait upon me to *wet* my good fortune. My own relations, and my wife's relations, came in ſuch ſhoals to congratulate me, that I hardly knew the faces of many of them. One inſiſted on my giving a piece of plate to his wife; another recommended to me to put his little boy (my two-and-fortieth couſin) out 'prentice; another, lately *white-waſhed*, propoſed to me my ſetting him up again in buſineſs; and ſeveral of them very kindly told me, they would borrow three or four hundred pounds of me, as they knew I could now ſpare it.

My wife in the mean time, you may be ſure, was not idle in contriving how to diſpoſe of this new acquiſition. She found out, in the firſt place, (according to the complaint of moſt women) that ſhe had not got a gown to her back, at leaſt not one fit for her *now* to appear in. Her wardrobe of linen was no leſs deficient; and ſhe diſcovered ſeveral chaſms in our furniture, eſpecially in the articles of plate and china. She is alſo determined to *ſee a little pleaſure*, as ſhe calls it, and has actually made a party to go to the next opera. Now, in order to ſupply theſe immediate wants and neceſſities, ſhe has prevailed on me (though at a great loſs) to turn the prize into ready money; which I dared not refuſe her, becauſe the number was her own chooſing; and ſhe has further perſuaded me (as we have had ſuch good luck) to lay out a great part of the produce in purchaſing more tickets, all of her own chooſing. To me it is indifferent which way the money goes; for, upon my making out the balance, I already find I ſhall be a loſer by my gains: and all my fear is, that one of the tickets may come up a five thouſand or ten thouſand.

I am
Your very humble ſervant,
JEOFFREY CHANCE.

P. S. I am juſt going to club—I hope they won't deſire me to treat them again. *B. Thornton.*

§ 147. *Characters of* CAMILLA *and* FLORA.

Camilla is really what writers have ſo often imagined; or rather, ſhe poſſeſſes a combination of delicacies, which they have ſeldom had minuteneſs of virtue and taſte enough to conceive; to ſay ſhe is beautiful, ſhe is accompliſhed, ſhe is generous, ſhe is tender, is talking in general, and it is the particular I would deſcribe. In her perſon ſhe is almoſt tall, and almoſt thin; graceful, commanding, and inſpiring a kind of tender reſpect; the tone of her voice is melodious, and ſhe can neither look nor move without expreſſing ſomething to her advantage. Poſſeſſed of almoſt every excellence, ſhe is unconſcious of any, and this heightens them all: She is modeſt and diffident of her own opinion, yet always perfectly comprehends the ſubject on which ſhe gives it, and ſees the queſtion in its true light: ſhe has neither pride, prejudice, nor precipitancy to miſguide her; ſhe is true, and therefore judges truly. If there are ſubjects too intricate, too complicated for the feminine ſimplicity of her ſoul, her ignorance of them ſerves only to diſplay a new beauty in her character, which

which reſults from her acknowledging, nay, perhaps from her poſſeſſing that very ignorance. The great characteriſtic of Camilla's underſtanding is taſte; but when ſhe ſays moſt upon a ſubject, ſhe ſtill ſhews that ſhe has much more to ſay, and by this unwillingneſs to triumph, ſhe perſuades the more. With the moſt refined ſentiments, ſhe poſſeſſes the ſofteſt ſenſibility, and it lives and ſpeaks in every feature of her face. Is Camilla melancholy? does ſhe ſigh? Every body is affected: they enquire whether any misfortune has happened to Camilla; they find that ſhe ſighed for the misfortune of another, and they are affected ſtill more. Young, lovely, and high born, Camilla graces every company, and heightens the brilliancy of courts; wherever ſhe appears, all others ſeem by a natural impulſe to feel her ſuperiority; and yet when ſhe converſes, ſhe has the art of inſpiring others with an eaſe which they never knew before: ſhe joins to the moſt ſcrupulous politeneſs a certain feminine gaiety, free both from reſtraint and boldneſs; always gentle, yet never inferior; always unaſſuming, yet never aſhamed or awkward; for ſhame and awkwardneſs are the effects of pride, which is too often miſcalled modeſty: nay, to the moſt critical diſcernment, ſhe adds ſomething of a bluſhing timidity, which ſerves but to give a meaning and piquancy even to her looks, an admirable effect of true ſuperiority! by this ſilent unaſſuming merit ſhe overawes the turbulent and the proud, and ſtops the torrent of that indecent, that overbearing noiſe, with which inferior natures in ſuperior ſtations overwhelm the ſlaviſh and the mean. Yes, all admire, and love, and reverence Camilla.

You ſee a character that you admire, and you think it perfect; do you therefore conclude that every different character is imperfect? what, will you allow a variety of beauty almoſt equally ſtriking in the art of a Correggio, a Guido, and a Raphael, and refuſe it to the infinity of nature! How different from lovely Camilla is the beloved Flora! In Camilla, nature has diſplayed the beauty of exact regularity, and the elegant ſoftneſs of female propriety: in Flora, ſhe charms with a certain artleſs poignancy, a graceful negligence, and an uncontrouled, yet blameleſs freedom. Flora has ſomething original and peculiar about her, a charm which is not eaſily defined; to know her and to love her is the ſame thing; but you cannot know her by deſcription. Her perſon is rather touching than majeſtic, her features more expreſſive than regular, and her manner pleaſes rather becauſe it is reſtrained by no rule, than becauſe it is conformable to any that cuſtom has eſtabliſhed. Camilla puts you in mind of the moſt perfect muſic that can be compoſed; Flora, of the wild ſweetneſs which is ſometimes produced by the irregular play of the breeze upon the Æolian harp. Camilla reminds you of a lovely young queen; Flora, of her more lovely maid of honour. In Camilla you admire the decency of the Graces; in Flora, the attractive ſweetneſs of the Loves. Artleſs ſenſibility, wild, native feminine gaiety, and the moſt touching tenderneſs of ſoul, are the ſtrange characteriſtics of Flora. Her countenance glows with youthful beauty, which all art ſeems rather to diminiſh than increaſe, rather to hide than adorn; and while Camilla charms you with the choice of her dreſs, Flora enchants you with the neglect of hers. Thus different are the beauties which nature has manifeſted in Camilla and Flora! yet while ſhe has, in this contrariety, ſhewn the extent of her power to pleaſe, ſhe has alſo proved, that truth and virtue are always the ſame. Generoſity and tenderneſs are the firſt principles in the minds of both favourites, and were never poſſeſſed in an higher degree than they are poſſeſſed by Flora: ſhe is juſt as attentive to the intereſt of others, as ſhe is negligent of her own; and tho' ſhe could ſubmit to any misfortune that could befal herſelf, yet ſhe hardly knows how to bear the misfortunes of another. Thus does Flora unite the ſtrongeſt ſenſibility with the moſt lively gaiety; and both are expreſſed with the moſt bewitching mixture in her countenance. While Camilla inſpires a reverence that keeps you at a reſpectful, yet admiring diſtance, Flora excites the moſt ardent,

yet

yet moſt elegant deſire. Camilla reminds you of the dignity of Diana, Flora of the attractive ſenſibility of Caliſto: Camilla almoſt elevates you to the ſenſibility of angels, Flora delights you with the loveliceſt idea of woman.

B. Thornton.

§ 148. *A Fable by the celebrated Linnæus, tranſlated from the Latin.*

Once upon a time the ſeven wiſe men of Greece were met together at Athens, and it was propoſed that every one of them ſhould mention what he thought the greateſt wonder in the creation. One of them, of higher conceptions than the reſt, propoſed the opinion of ſome of the aſtronomers about the fixed ſtars, which they believed to be ſo many ſuns, that had each their planets rolling about them, and were ſtored with plants and animals like this earth. Fired with this thought, they agreed to ſupplicate Jupiter, that he would at leaſt permit them to take a journey to the moon, and ſtay there three days, in order to ſee the wonders of that place, and give an account of them at their return. Jupiter conſented, and ordered them to aſſemble on a high mountain, where there ſhould be a cloud ready to convey them to the place they deſired to ſee. They picked out ſome choſen companions, who might aſſiſt them in deſcribing and painting the objects they ſhould meet with. At length they arrived at the moon, and found a palace there well fitted up for their reception. The next day, being very much fatigued with their journey, they kept quiet at home till noon; and being ſtill faint, they refreſhed themſelves with a moſt delicious entertaiment, which they reliſhed ſo well, that it overcame their curioſity. This day they only ſaw through the window that delightful ſpot, adorned with the moſt beautiful flowers, to which the beams of the ſun gave an uncommon luſtre, and heard the ſinging of moſt melodious birds till evening came on. The next day they roſe very early in order to begin their obſervations; but ſome very beautiful young ladies of that country coming to make them a viſit, adviſed them firſt to recruit their ſtrength before they expoſed themſelves to the laborious taſk they were about to undertake.

The delicate meats, the rich wines, the beauty of theſe damſels, prevailed over the reſolution of theſe ſtrangers. A fine concert of muſic is introduced, the young ones begin to dance, and all is turned to jollity; ſo that this whole day was ſpent in gallantry, till ſome of the neighbouring inhabitants, growing envious at their mirth, ruſhed in with ſwords. The elder part of the company tried to appeaſe the younger, promiſing the very next day they would bring the rioters to juſtice. This they performed, and the third day the cauſe was heard; and what with accuſations, pleadings, exceptions, and the judgment itſelf, the whole day was taken up, on which the term ſet by Jupiter expired. On their return to Greece, all the country flocked in upon them to hear the wonders of the moon deſcribed, but all they could tell was, for that was all they knew, that the ground was covered with green intermixed with flowers, and that the birds ſung among the branches of the trees; but what kind of flowers they ſaw, or what kind of birds they heard, they were totally ignorant. Upon which they were treated every where with contempt.

If we apply this fable to men of the preſent age, we ſhall perceive a very juſt ſimilitude. By theſe three days the fable denotes the three ages of man. Firſt, youth, in which we are too feeble in every reſpect to look into the works of the Creator; all that ſeaſon is given up to idleneſs, luxury, and paſtime. Secondly, manhood, in which men are employed in ſettling, marrying, educating children, providing fortunes for them, and raiſing a family. Thirdly, old age, in which after having made their fortunes, they are overwhelmed with law-ſuits and proceedings relating to their eſtates. Thus it frequently happens that men never conſider to what end they were deſtined, and why they were brought into the world.

Ibid.

§ 149. *Mercy recommended.*

My uncle Toby was a man patient of injuries;—not from want of courage,—where juſt occaſions preſented, or called it forth,—I know no man under whoſe arm I would ſooner have taken ſhelter;—nor did this ariſe from any inſenſibility or obtuſeneſs of his intellectual parts;—he was of a peaceful, placid nature,—no jarring element in it,—all was mixed up ſo kindly within him; my uncle Toby had ſcarce a heart to retaliate upon a fly:——Go,—ſays he, one day at dinner, to an overgrown one which had buzzed about his noſe, and tormented him cruelly all dinner-time,—and which, after infinite attempts, he had caught at laſt—as it flew by him;—I'll not hurt thee, ſays my uncle Toby, riſing from his chair, and going acroſs the room, with the fly in his hand.—I'll not hurt a hair of thy head:—Go, ſays he, lifting up the ſaſh, and opening his hand as he ſpoke, to let it eſcape; go, poor devil,—get thee gone, why ſhould I hurt thee?—This world, ſurely, is wide enough to hold both thee and me.

*** This is to ſerve for parents and governors inſtead of a whole volume upon the ſubject. *Sterne.*

§ 150. *The Starling.*

——Beſhrew the *ſombre* pencil! ſaid I vauntingly—for I envy not its powers, which paints the evils of life with ſo hard and deadly a colouring. The mind fits terrified at the objects ſhe has magnified herſelf and blackened: reduce them to their proper ſize and hue, ſhe overlooks them.——'Tis true, ſaid I, correcting the propoſition—the Baſtile is not an evil to be deſpiſed—but ſtrip it of its towers—fill up the foſſe—unbarricade the doors—call it ſimply a confinement, and ſuppoſe 'tis ſome tyrant of a diſtemper—and not of a man—which holds you in it—the evil vaniſhes, and you bear the other half without complaint.

I was interrupted in the hey-day of this ſoliloquy, with a voice which I took to be of a child, which complained "it "could not get out."——I looked up and down the paſſage, and ſeeing neither man, woman, nor child, I went out without further attention.

In my return back through the paſſage, I heard the ſame words repeated twice over; and looking up, I ſaw it was a Starling hung in a little cage—— "I can't get out—I can't get out," ſaid the Starling.

I ſtood looking at the bird; and to every perſon who came through the paſſage, it ran fluttering to the ſide towards which they approached it, with the ſame lamentations of its captivity—"I can't get out," ſaid the Starling—God help thee! ſaid I, but I will let thee out, coſt what it will; ſo I turned about the cage to get at the door; it was twiſted and double twiſted ſo faſt with wire, there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces—I took both hands to it.

The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and thruſting his head through the trellis, preſſed his breaſt againſt it, as if impatient.—I fear, poor creature! ſaid I, I cannot ſet thee at liberty—"No," ſaid the Starling.—"I can't get out, I can't "get out," ſaid the Starling.

I vow I never had my affections more tenderly awakened; nor do I remember an incident in my life, where the diſſipated ſpirits, to which my reaſon had been a bubble, were ſo ſuddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet ſo true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my ſyſtematic reaſonings upon the Baſtile; and I heavily walked up ſtairs, unſaying every word I had ſaid in going down them.

Diſguiſe thyſelf as thou wilt, ſtill, ſlavery! ſaid I—ſtill thou art a bitter draught! and though thouſands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no leſs bitter on that account.—'Tis thou, thrice ſweet and gracious goddeſs, addreſſing myſelf to Liberty, whom all in public or in private worſhip, whoſe taſte is grateful, and ever will be ſo, till Nature herſelf ſhall change—no tint of words can ſpot thy ſnowy mantle, or chymic power turn thy ſceptre into iron——with thee to ſmile upon him as he eats his cruſt, the ſwain is happier than his monarch, from whoſe court thou art exiled!—Gracious Heaven! cried I, kneeling down upon the laſt ſtep but one in my aſcent——Grant me but health, thou great

great Beſtower of it, and give me but this fair goddeſs as my companion—and ſhower down thy mitres, if it ſeems good unto thy Divine providence, upon thoſe heads which are aching for them.

Sterne.

§ 151. *The Captive.*

The bird in his cage purſued me into my room; I ſat down cloſe by my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myſelf the miſeries of confinement: I was in a right frame for it, and ſo I gave full ſcope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but ſlavery; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of ſad groupes in it did but diſtract me———

I took a ſingle captive, and having firſt ſhut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half waſted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of ſickneſs of the heart it was which ariſes from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I ſaw him pale and feveriſh: in thirty years the weſtern breeze had not once fanned his blood—he had ſeen no ſun, no moon, in all that time—nor had the voice of friend or kinſman breathed through his lattice—his children———

—But here my heart began to bleed—and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was ſitting upon the ground upon a little ſtraw, in the furtheſt corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed: a little calendar of ſmall ſticks were laid at the head, notched all over with the diſmal days and nights he had paſſed there—he had one of theſe little ſticks in his hand, and with a ruſty nail he was etching another day of miſery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeleſs eye towards the door, then caſt it down—ſhook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little ſtick upon the bundle—He gave a deep ſigh—I ſaw the iron enter into his ſoul—I burſt into tears—I could not ſuſtain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn. *Ibid.*

§ 152. *Trim's Explanation of the Fifth Commandment.*

———Pr'ythee, Trim, quoth my father,—What doſt thou mean, by "honouring thy father and mother?"

Allowing them, an't pleaſe your honour, three halfpence a day out of my pay, when they grow old.—And didſt thou do that, Trim? ſaid Yorick.—He did indeed, replied my uncle Toby.—Then, Trim, ſaid Yorick, ſpringing out of his chair, and taking the Corporal by the hand, thou art the beſt commentator upon that part of the Decalogue; and I honour thee more for it, Corporal Trim, than if thou hadſt had a hand in the Talmud itſelf. *Ibid.*

§ 153. *Health.*

O bleſſed health! thou art above all gold and treaſure; 'tis thou who enlargeſt the ſoul,—and openeſt all its powers to receive inſtruction, and to reliſh virtue.—He that has thee, has little more to wiſh for! and he that is ſo wretched as to want thee,—wants every thing with thee. *Ibid.*

§ 154. *A Voyage to Lilliput.*

CHAP. I.

The author gives ſome account of himſelf and family: his firſt inducements to travel. He is ſhipwrecked, and ſwims for his life; gets ſafe on ſhore in the country of Lilliput; is made a priſoner, and carried up the country.

My father had a ſmall eſtate in Nottinghamſhire; I was the third of five ſons. He ſent me to Emanuel college in Cambridge at fourteen years old, where I reſided three years, and applied myſelf cloſe to my ſtudies; but the charge of maintaining me, although I had a very ſcanty allowance, being too great for a narrow fortune, I was bound apprentice to Mr. James Bates, an eminent ſurgeon in London, with whom I continued four years; and my father now and then ſending me ſmall ſums of money, I laid them out in learning navigation, and other parts of the mathematics, uſeful to thoſe who intend

intend to travel, as I always believed it would be ſome time or other my fortune to do. When I left Mr. Bates, I went down to my father; where, by the aſſiſtance of him and my uncle John, and ſome other relations, I got forty pounds, and a promiſe of thirty pounds a year to maintain me at Leyden: there I ſtudied phyſic two years and ſeven months, knowing it would be uſeful in long voyages.

Soon after my return from Leyden, I was recommended by my good maſter Mr. Bates to be ſurgeon to the Swallow, captain Abraham Pannell, commander; with whom I continued three years and a half, making a voyage or two into the Levant, and ſome other parts. When I came back, I reſolved to ſettle in London, to which Mr. Bates, my maſter, encouraged me, and by him I was recommended to ſeveral patients. I took part of a ſmall houſe in the Old-Jewry; and being adviſed to alter my condition, I married Mrs. Mary Burton, ſecond daughter to Mr. Edmund Burton, hoſier in Newgate-ſtreet, with whom I received four hundred pounds for a portion.

But, my good maſter Bates dying in two years after, and I having few friends, my buſineſs began to fail; for my conſcience would not ſuffer me to imitate the bad practice of too many among my brethren. Having therefore conſulted with my wife, and ſome of my acquaintance, I determined to go again to ſea. I was ſurgeon ſucceſſively in two ſhips, and made ſeveral voyages for ſix years to the Eaſt and Weſt-Indies, by which I got ſome addition to my fortune. My hours of leiſure I ſpent in reading the beſt authors, antient and modern, being always provided with a good number of books; and when I was aſhore, in obſerving the manners and diſpoſitions of the people, as well as learning their language, wherein I had a great facility by the ſtrength of my memory.

The laſt of theſe voyages not proving very fortunate, I grew weary of the ſea, and intended to ſtay at home with my wife and family. I removed from the Old-Jewry to Fetter-lane, and from thence to Wapping, hoping to get buſineſs among the ſailors; but it would not turn to account. After three years expectation that things would mend, I accepted an advantageous offer from captain William Pritchard, maſter of the Antelope, who was making a voyage to the South-Sea. We ſet ſail from Briſtol, May 4th, 1699, and our voyage at firſt was very proſperous.

It would not be proper, for ſome reaſons, to trouble the reader with the particulars of our adventures in thoſe ſeas; let it ſuffice to inform him, that, in our paſſage from thence to the Eaſt-Indies, we were driven by a violent ſtorm to the north-weſt of Van Diemen's land. By an obſervation we found ourſelves in the latitude of 30 degrees 2 minutes ſouth. Twelve of our crew were dead by immoderate labour, and ill food; the reſt were in a very weak condition. On the fifth of November, which was the beginning of ſummer in thoſe parts, the weather being very hazy, the ſeamen ſpied a rock within half a cable's length of the ſhip; but the wind was ſo ſtrong, that we were driven directly upon it, and immediately ſplit. Six of the crew, of whom I was one, having let down the boat into the ſea, made a ſhift to get clear of the ſhip and the rock. We rowed by my computation about three leagues, till we were able to work no longer, being already ſpent with labour while we were in the ſhip. We therefore truſted ourſelves to the mercy of the waves, and in about half an hour the boat was overſet by a ſudden flurry from the north. What became of my companions in the boat, as well as of thoſe who eſcaped on the rock, or were left in the veſſel, I cannot tell; but conclude they were all loſt. For my own part, I ſwam as fortune directed me, and was puſhed forward by wind and tide. I often let my legs drop, and could feel no bottom; but when I was almoſt gone, and able to ſtruggle no longer, I found myſelf within my depth; and by this time the ſtorm was much abated. The declivity was ſo ſmall, that I walked near a mile before I got to the ſhore, which I conjectured was about eight o'clock in the evening. I then advanced forward near half a mile, but could not diſcover

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any ſigns of houſes or inhabitants; at leaſt I was in ſo weak a condition, that I did not obſerve them. I was extremely tired, and with that, and the heat of the weather, and about half a pint of brandy that I drank as I left the ſhip, I found myſelf myſelf much inclined to ſleep. I lay down on the graſs, which was very ſhort and ſoft, where I ſlept ſounder than ever I remembered to have done in my life, and, as I reckoned, about nine hours; for when I awaked, it was juſt day-light. I attempted to riſe, but was not able to ſtir; for as I happened to lie on my back, I found my arms and legs were ſtrongly faſtened on each ſide to the ground; and my hair, which was long and thick, tied down in the ſame manner. I likewiſe felt ſeveral ſlender ligatures acroſs my body, from my arm-pits to my thighs. I could only look upwards, the ſun began to grow hot, and the light offended my eyes. I heard a confuſed noiſe about me; but, in the poſture I lay, could ſee nothing except the ſky. In a little time I felt ſomething alive moving on my left leg, which advancing gently forward over my breaſt, came almoſt up to my chin; when bending my eyes downward as much as I could, I perceived it to be a human creature not ſix inches high, with a bow and arrow in his hands, and a quiver at his back. In the mean time, I felt at leaſt forty more of the ſame kind (as I conjectured) following the firſt. I was in the utmoſt aſtoniſhment, and roared ſo loud, that they all ran back in a fright; and ſome of them, as I was afterwards told, were hurt with the falls they got by leaping from my ſides upon the ground. However, they ſoon returned, and one of them, who ventured ſo far as to get a full ſight of my face, lifting up his hands and eyes by way of admiration, cried out in a ſhrill but diſtinct voice, *hekinah degul*: the others repeated the ſame words ſeveral times, but I then knew not what they meant. I lay all this while, as the reader may believe, in great uneaſineſs; at length, ſtruggling to get looſe, I had the fortune to break the ſtrings, and wrench out the pegs that faſtened my left arm to the ground; for, by lifting it up to my face, I diſcovered the methods they had taken to bind me, and at the ſame time with a violent pull, which gave me exceſſive pain, I a little looſened the ſtrings that tied down my hair on the left ſide, ſo that I was juſt able to turn my head about two inches. But the creatures ran off a ſecond time, before I could ſeize them; whereupon there was a great ſhout in a very ſhrill accent, and after it ceaſed, I heard one of them cry aloud, *tolgo phonac*; when in an inſtant I felt above an hundred arrows diſcharged on my left hand, which pricked me like ſo many needles; and beſides, they ſhot another flight into the air, as we do bombs in Erope, whereof many, I ſuppoſe, fell on my body, (though I felt them not) and ſome on my face, which I immediately covered with my left hand. When this ſhower of arrows was over, I fell a groaning with grief and pain, and then ſtriving again to get looſe, they diſcharged another volley larger than the firſt, and ſome of them attempted with ſpears to ſtick me in the ſides; but by good luck I had on me a buff jerkin, which they could not pierce. I thought it the moſt prudent method to lie ſtill, and my deſign was to continue ſo till night, when, my left hand being already looſe, I could eaſily free myſelf: and as for the inhabitants, I had reaſon to believe I might be a match for the greateſt army they could bring againſt me, if they were all of the ſame ſize with him that I ſaw. But fortune diſpoſed otherways of me. When the people obſerved I was quiet, they diſcharged no more arrows: but, by the noiſe I heard, I knew their numbers increaſed: and about four yards from me, over-againſt my right ear, I heard a knocking for above an hour, like that of people at work; when turning my head that way, as well as the pegs and ſtrings would permit me, I ſaw a ſtage erected about a foot and a half from the ground, capable of holding four of the inhabitants, with two or three ladders to mount it: from whence one of them, who ſeemed to be a perſon of quality, made me a long ſpeech, whereof I underſtood not one ſyllable. But I ſhould have mentioned, that before

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the principal perſon began his oration, he cried out three times, *langro debul ſan*; (theſe words and the former were afterwards repeated and explained to me.) Whereupon immediately about fifty of the inhabitants came and cut the ſtrings that faſtened the left ſide of my head, which gave me the liberty of turning it to the right, and of obſerving the perſon and geſture of him that was to ſpeak. He appeared to be of a middle age, and taller than any of the other three who attended him, whereof one was a page that held up his train, and ſeemed to be ſomewhat longer than my middle finger; the other two ſtood one on each ſide to ſupport him. He acted every part of an orator, and I could obſerve many periods of threatenings, and others of promiſes, pity, and kindneſs. I anſwered in a few words, but in the moſt ſubmiſſive manner, lifting up my left hand and both my eyes to the ſun, as calling him for a witneſs; and being almoſt famiſhed with hunger, having not eaten a morſel for ſome hours before I left the ſhip, I found the demands of nature ſo ſtrong upon me, that I could not forbear ſhewing my impatience (perhaps againſt the ſtrict rules of decency) by putting my finger frequently to my mouth, to ſignify that I wanted food. The *burgo* (for ſo they call a great lord, as I afterwards learnt) underſtood me very well. He deſcended from the ſtage, and commanded that ſeveral ladders ſhould be applied to my ſides, on which above an hundred of the inhabitants mounted, and walked towards my mouth, laden with baſkets full of meat, which had been provided and ſent thither by the king's orders, upon the firſt intelligence he received of me. I obſerved there was the fleſh of ſeveral animals, but could not diſtinguiſh them by the taſte. There were ſhoulders, legs, and loins ſhaped like thoſe of mutton, and very well dreſſed, but ſmaller than the wings of a lark. I eat them by two or three at a mouthful, and took three loaves at a time about the bigneſs of muſket-bullets. They ſupplied me as faſt as they could, ſhewing a thouſand marks of wonder and aſtoniſhment at my bulk and appetite. I then made another ſign, that I wanted drink. They found by my eating, that a ſmall quantity would not ſuffice me, and being a moſt ingenious people, they ſlung up with great dexterity one of their largeſt hogſheads, then rolled it towards my hand, and beat out the top; I drank it off at a draught, which I might well do, for it did not hold half a pint, and taſted like a ſmall wine of Burgundy, but much more delicious. They brought me a ſecond hogſhead, which I drank in the ſame manner, and made ſigns for more; but they had none to give me. When I had performed theſe wonders, they ſhouted for joy, and danced upon my breaſt, repeating ſeveral times as they did at firſt, *bekinah degul*. They made me a ſign that I ſhould throw down the two hogſheads, but firſt warning the people below to ſtand out of the way, crying aloud, *borach mevola*, and when they ſaw the veſſels in the air, there was an univerſal ſhout of *bekinah degul*. I confeſs, I was often tempted, while they were paſſing backwards and forwards on my body, to ſeize forty or fifty of the firſt that came in my reach, and daſh them againſt the ground. But the remembrance of what I had felt, which probably might not be the worſt they could do, and the promiſe of honour I made them, for ſo I interpreted my ſubmiſſive behaviour, ſoon drove out theſe imaginations. Beſides, I now conſidered myſelf as bound by the laws of hoſpitality to a people, who had treated me with ſo much expence and magnificence. However, in my thoughts I could not ſufficiently wonder at the intrepidity of theſe diminutive mortals, who durſt venture to mount and walk upon my body, while one of my hands was at liberty, without trembling at the very ſight of ſo prodigious a creature, as I muſt appear to them. After ſome time, when they obſerved that I made no more demands for meat, there appeared before me a perſon of high rank from his imperial majeſty. His excellency, having mounted on the ſmall of my right leg, advanced forwards up to my face, with about a dozen of his retinue. And producing his credentials under the ſignet royal, which he applied cloſe to my eyes,

eyes, ſpoke about ten minutes without any ſigns of anger, but with a kind of determinate reſolution; often pointing forwards, which, as I afterwards found, was towards the capital city, about half a mile diſtant, whither it was agreed by his majeſty in council that I muſt be conveyed. I anſwered in few words, but to no purpoſe, and made a ſign with my hand that was looſe, putting it to the other (but over his excellency's head, for fear of hurting him or his train) and then to my own head and body, to ſignify that I deſired my liberty. It appeared that he underſtood me well enough, for he ſhook his head by way of diſapprobation, and held his hand in a poſture to ſhew, that I muſt be carried as a priſoner. However, he made other ſigns to let me underſtand that I ſhould have meat and drink enough, and very good treatment. Whereupon I once more thought of attempting to break my bonds, but again, when I felt the ſmart of their arrows upon my face and hands, which were all in bliſters, and many of the darts ſtill ſticking in them, and obſerving likewiſe that the number of my enemies increaſed, I gave tokens to let them know, that they might do with me what they pleaſed. Upon this the *burgo* and his train withdrew with much civility and chearful countenances. Soon after I heard a general ſhout, with frequent repetitions of the words, *peplom ſelan*, and I felt great numbers of people on my left ſide relaxing the cords to ſuch a degree, that I was able to turn upon my right, and to eaſe myſelf with making water; which I very plentifully did, to the great aſtoniſhment of the people, who conjecturing by my motion what I was going to do, immediately opened to the right and left on that ſide, to avoid the torrent which fell with ſuch noiſe and violence from me. But before this, they had daubed my face and both my hands with a ſort of ointment very pleaſant to the ſmell, which in a few minutes removed all the ſmart of their arrows. Theſe circumſtances, added to the refreſhment I had received by their victuals and drink, which were very nouriſhing, diſpoſed me to ſleep. I ſlept about eight hours, as I was afterwards aſſured; and it was no wonder, for the phyſicians, by the emperor's order, had mingled a ſleepy potion in the hogſheads of wine.

It ſeems that, upon the firſt moment I was diſcovered ſleeping on the ground after my landing, the emperor had early notice of it by an expreſs; and determined in council that I ſhould be tied in the manner I have related, (which was done in the night while I ſlept) that plenty of meat and drink ſhould be ſent to me, and a machine prepared to carry me to the capital city.

This reſolution perhaps may appear very bold and dangerous, and I am confident would not be imitated by any prince in Europe on the like occaſion; however, in my opinion, it was extremely prudent, as well as generous; for ſuppoſing theſe people had endeavoured to kill me with their ſpears and arrows while I was aſleep, I ſhould certainly have awaked with the firſt ſenſe of ſmart, which might ſo far have rouzed my rage and ſtrength, as to have enabled me to break the ſtrings wherewith I was tied; after which, as they were no table to make reſiſtance, ſo they could expect no mercy.

Theſe people are moſt excellent mathematicians, and arrived to a great perfection in mechanics by the countenance and encouragement of the emperor, who is a renowned patron of learning. This prince hath ſeveral machines fixed on wheels for the carriage of trees and other great weights. He often builds his largeſt men of war, whereof ſome are nine feet long, in the woods where the timber grows, and has them carried on theſe engines three or four hundred yards to the ſea. Five hundred carpenters and engineers were immediately ſet at work to prepare the greateſt engine they had. It was a frame of wood raiſed three inches from the ground, about ſeven feet long and four wide, moving upon twenty-two wheels. The ſhout I heard was upon the arrival of this engine, which it ſeems ſet out in four hours after my landing. It was brought parallel to me, as I lay. But the principal difficulty was to raiſe

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and place me in this vehicle. Eighty poles, each of one foot high, were erected for this purpoſe, and very ſtrong cords, of the bigneſs of packthread, were faſtened by hooks to many bandages, which the workmen had girt round my neck, my hands, my body, and my legs. Nine hundred of the ſtrongeſt men were employed to draw up theſe cords by many pullies faſtened on the poles, and thus, in leſs than three hours, I was raiſed and ſlung into the engine, and there tied faſt. All this I was told, for, while the whole operation was performing, I lay in a profound ſleep by the force of that ſoporiferous medicine infuſed into my liquor. Fifteen hundred of the emperor's largeſt horſes, each about four inches and an half high, were employed to draw me towards the metropolis, which, as I ſaid, was half a mile diſtant.

About four hours after we began our journey, I awaked by a very ridiculous accident; for the carriage being ſtopt awhile to adjuſt ſomething that was out of order, two or three of the young natives had the curioſity to ſee how I looked when I was aſleep; they climbed up into the engine, and advancing very ſoftly to my face, one of them, an officer in the guards, put the ſharp end of his half-pike a good way up into my left noſtril, which tickled my noſe like a ſtraw, and made me ſneeze violently *: whereupon they ſtole off unperceived, and it was three weeks before I knew the cauſe of my awaking ſo ſuddenly. We made a long march the remaining part of the day, and reſted at night with five hundred guards an each ſide of me, half with torches, and half with bows and arrows, ready to ſhoot me, if I ſhould offer to ſtir. The next morning at ſun-riſe we continued our march, and arrived within two hundred yards of the city-gates about noon. The emperor, and all his court, came out to meet us, but his great officers would by no means ſuffer his majeſty to endanger his perſon by mounting on my body.

At the place where the carriage ſtopt, there ſtood an ancient temple, eſteemed to be the largeſt in the whole kingdom, which, having been polluted ſome years before by an unnatural murder, was, according to the zeal of thoſe people, looked upon as prophane, and therefore had been applied to common uſe, and all the ornaments and furniture carried away. In this edifice it was determined I ſhould lodge. The great gate fronting to the north was about four feet high, and almoſt two feet wide, through which I could eaſily creep. On each ſide of the gate was a ſmall window, not above ſix inches from the ground: into that on the left ſide the king's ſmith conveyed fourſcore and eleven chains, like thoſe that hang to a lady's watch in Europe, and almoſt as large, which were locked to my left leg with ſix and thirty padlocks. Over-againſt this temple, on the other ſide of the great highway, at twenty feet diſtance, there was a turret at leaſt five feet high. Here the emperor aſcended, with many principal lords of his court, to have an opportunity of viewing me, as I was told, for I could not ſee them. It was reckoned that above an hundred thouſand inhabitants came out of the town upon the ſame errand; and, in ſpite of my guards, I believe, there could not be fewer than ten thouſand at ſeveral times, who mounted my body by the help of ladders. But a proclamation was ſoon iſſued to forbid it on pain of death. When the workmen found it was impoſſible for me to break looſe, they cut all the ſtrings that bound me; whereupon I roſe up with as melancholy a diſpoſition as ever I had in my life. But the noiſe and aſtoniſhment of the people at ſeeing me riſe and walk are not to be expreſſed. The chains that held my left leg were about two yards long, and gave me not only the liberty of walking backwards and

* It has been remarked, that courage in whatever cauſe, though it ſometimes excites indignation, is never the object of contempt; but this appears to be true, only becauſe courage is ſuppoſed to imply ſuperiority: for this *officer in the guards* becomes extremely ridiculous and contemptible by an act of the moſt daring curioſity, which ſets him in compariſon with Gulliver; to whom he was ſo much inferior, that a blaſt of the Man-mountain's noſtrils would have endangered his life; and if heroiſm itſelf is not proof againſt ridicule, thoſe ſurely are Lilliputians in philoſophy, who conſider ridicule as the teſt of truth.

forwards in a ſemicircle; but, being fixed within four inches of the gate, allowed me to creep in, and lie at my full length in the temple.

CHAP. II.

The emperor of Lilliput, attended by ſeveral of the nobility, comes to ſee the author in his confinement. The emperor's perſon and habit deſcribed. Learned men appointed to teach the author their language. He gains favour by his mild diſpoſition. His pockets are ſearched, and his ſword and piſtols taken from him.

When I found myſelf on my feet, I looked about me, and muſt confeſs I never beheld a more entertaining proſpect. The country around appeared like a continued garden, and the incloſed fields, which were generally forty feet ſquare, reſembled ſo many beds of flowers. Theſe fields were intermingled with woods of half a *ſtang* *, and the talleſt trees, as I could judge, appeared to be ſeven feet high. I viewed the town on my left hand, which looked like the painted ſcene of a city in a theatre.

I had been for ſome hours extremely preſſed by the neceſſities of nature; which was no wonder, it being almoſt two days ſince I had laſt diſburthened myſelf. I was under great difficulties between urgency and ſhame. The beſt expedient I could think on, was to creep into my houſe, which I accordingly did; and ſhutting the gate after me, I went as far as the length of my chain would ſuffer, and diſcharged my body of that uneaſy load. But this was the only time I was ever guilty of ſo uncleanly an action: for which I cannot but hope the candid reader will give ſome allowance, after he hath maturely and impartially conſidered my caſe, and the diſtreſs I was in. From this time my conſtant practice was, as ſoon as I roſe, to perform that buſineſs in open air at the full extent of my chain; and due care was taken every morning, before company came, that the offenſive matter ſhould be carried off in wheel-barrows by two ſervants appointed for that purpoſe. I would not have dwelt ſo long upon a circumſtance, that perhaps at firſt ſight may appear not very momentous, if I had not thought it neceſſary to juſtify my character in point of cleanlineſs to the world; which I am told ſome of my maligners have been pleaſed, upon this and other occaſions, to call in queſtion.

When this adventure was at an end, I came back out of my houſe, having occaſion for freſh air. The emperor was already deſcended from the tower, and advancing on horſeback towards me, which had like to have coſt him dear; for the beaſt, though very well trained, yet wholly unuſed to ſuch a ſight, which appeared as if a mountain moved before him, reared up on his hinder feet: but that prince, who is an excellent horſeman, kept his ſeat till his attendants ran in, and held the bridle, while his majeſty had time to diſmount. When he alighted, he ſurveyed me round with great admiration; but kept beyond the length of my chain. He ordered his cooks and butlers, who were already prepared, to give me victuals and drink, which they puſhed forward in a ſort of vehicles upon wheels, till I could reach them. I took theſe vehicles, and ſoon emptied them all; twenty of them were filled with meat, and ten with liquor; each of the former afforded me two or three good mouthfuls; and I emptied the liquor of ten veſſels, which was contained in earthen vials, into one vehicle, drinking it off at a draught; and ſo I did the reſt. The empreſs, and young princes of the blood of both ſexes, attended by many ladies, ſat at ſome diſtance in their chairs; but upon the accident that happened to the emperor's horſe, they alighted, and came near his perſon, which I am now going to deſcribe. He is taller, by almoſt the breadth of my nail, than any of his court, which alone is enough to ſtrike an awe into the beholders. His features are ſtrong and maſculine, with an Auſtrian lip and arched noſe, his complexion olive, his countenance erect, his body and limbs well proportioned, all his motions graceful, and his deportment majeſtic. He was then paſt his

* A *ſtang* is a pole or perch; ſixteen feet and an half.

his prime, being twenty-eight years and three quarters old, of which he had reigned about ſeven in great felicity, and generally victorious. For the better convenience of beholding him, I lay on my ſide, ſo that my face was parallel to his, and he ſtood but three yards off: however, I have had him ſince many times in my hand, and therefore cannot be deceived in the deſcription. His dreſs was very plain and ſimple, and the faſhion of it between the Aſiatick and the European: but he had on his head a light helmet of gold, adorned with jewels, and a plume on the creſt. He held his ſword drawn in his hand to defend himſelf, if I ſhould happen to break looſe*; it was almoſt three inches long; the hilt and ſcabbard were gold enriched with diamonds. His voice was ſhrill, but very clear and articulate, and I could diſtinctly hear it, when I ſtood up. The ladies and courtiers were all moſt magnificently clad, ſo that the ſpot they ſtood upon ſeemed to reſemble a petticoat ſpread on the ground, embroidered with figures of gold and ſilver. His imperial majeſty ſpoke often to me, and I returned anſwers; but neither of us could underſtand a ſyllable. There were ſeveral of his prieſts and lawyers preſent (as I conjectured by their habits) who were commanded to addreſs themſelves to me, and I ſpoke to them in as many languages as I had the leaſt ſmattering of, which were high and low Dutch, Latin, French, Spaniſh, Italian, and *lingua Franca*; but all to no purpoſe. After about two hours the court retired, and I was left with a ſtrong guard to prevent the impertinence, and probably the malice of the rabble, who were very impatient to crowd about me as near as they durſt, and ſome of them had the impudence to ſhoot their arrows at me, as I ſate on the ground by the door of my houſe, whereof one very narrowly miſſed my left eye. But the colonel ordered ſix of the ringleaders to be ſeized, and thought no puniſhment ſo proper as to deliver them bound into my hands; which ſome of his ſoldiers accordingly did, puſhing them forwards with the but-ends of their pikes into my reach: I took them all in my right hand, put five of them into my coat-pocket, and as to the ſixth, I made a countenance as if I would eat him alive. The poor man ſqualled terribly, and the colonel and his officers were in much pain, eſpecially when they ſaw me take out my penknife: but I ſoon put them out of fear; for, looking mildly, and immediately cutting the ſtrings he was bound with, I ſet him gently on the ground, and away he ran. I treated the reſt in the ſame manner, taking them one by one out of my pocket; and I obſerved both the ſoldiers and people were highly delighted at this mark of my clemency, which was repreſented very much to my advantage at court.

Towards night I got with ſome difficulty into my houſe, where I lay on the ground, and continued to do ſo about a fortnight; during which time the emperor gave orders to have a bed prepared for me. Six hundred beds* of the common meaſure were brought in carriages, and worked up in my houſe; an hundred and fifty of their beds, ſewn together, made up the breadth and length; and theſe were four doubled, which however kept me but indifferently from the hardneſs of the floor, that was of ſmooth ſtone. By the ſame computation they provided me with ſheets, blankets, and coverlets, tolerable enough for one, who had been ſo long inured to hardſhips.

As the news of my arrival ſpread through the kingdom, it brought prodigious numbers of rich, idle, and curious people to ſee me; ſo that the villages were almoſt emptied; and great neglect of tillage and houſehold affairs muſt have enſued, if his imperial majeſty had not provided, by ſeveral pro-

* The maſculine ſtrength of features, which Gulliver could not ſee till he laid his face upon the ground, and the awful ſuperiority of ſtature in a being, whom he held in his hand; the helmet, the plume, and the ſword, are a fine reproof of human pride; the objects of which are trifling diſtinctions, whether of perſon or rank; the ridiculous parade and oſtentation of a pigmy; which derive not only their origin but their uſe from the folly, weakneſs, and imperfection of ourſelves and others.

* Gulliver has obſerved great exactneſs in the juſt proportion and appearances of the objects thus leſſened. ORRERY.

clamations and orders of ſtate, againſt this inconveniency. He directed, that thoſe, who had already beheld me, ſhould return home, and not preſume to come within fifty yards of my houſe without licence from court; whereby the ſecretaries of ſtate got conſiderable fees.

In the mean time the emperor held frequent councils, to debate what courſe ſhould be taken with me; and I was afterwards aſſured by a particular friend, a perſon of great quality, who was as much in the ſecret as any, that the court was under many difficulties concerning me. They apprehended my breaking looſe; that my diet would be very expenſive, and might cauſe a famine. Sometimes they determined to ſtarve me, or at leaſt to ſhoot me in the face and hands with poiſoned arrows, which would ſoon diſpatch me; but again they conſidered, that the ſtench of ſo large a carcaſe might produce a plague in the metropolis, and probably ſpread through the whole kingdom. In the midſt of theſe conſultations, ſeveral officers of the army went to the door of the great council-chamber, and two of them being admitted, gave an account of my behaviour to the ſix criminals above mentioned, which made ſo favourable an impreſſion in the breaſt of his majeſty, and the whole board, in my behalf, that an imperial commiſſion was iſſued out, obliging all the villages nine hundred yards round the city to deliver in every morning ſix beeves, forty ſheep, and other victuals, for my ſuſtenance; together with a proportionable quantity of bread, and wine, and other liquors; for the due payment of which his majeſty gave aſſignments upon his treaſury. For this prince lives chiefly upon his own demeſnes, ſeldom, except upon great occaſions, raiſing any ſubſidies upon his ſubjects, who are bound to attend him in his wars at their own expence. An eſtabliſhment was alſo made of ſix hundred perſons to be my domeſtics, who had board-wages allowed for their maintenance, and tents built for them very conveniently on each ſide of my door. It was likewiſe ordered, that three hundred taylors ſhould make me a ſuit of cloaths after the faſhion of the country: that ſix of his majeſty's greateſt ſcholars ſhould be employed to inſtruct me in their language: and laſtly, that the emperor's horſes, and thoſe of the nobility, and troops of guards, ſhould be frequently exerciſed in my ſight, to accuſtom themſelves to me. All theſe orders were duly put in execution, and in about three weeks I made a great progreſs in learning their language; during which time the emperor frequently honoured me with his viſits, and was pleaſed to aſſiſt my maſters in teaching me. We began already to converſe together in ſome ſort; and the firſt words I learnt were to expreſs my deſire, that he would pleaſe to give me my liberty, which I every day repeated on my knees. His anſwer, as I could apprehend it, was, that this muſt be a work of time, not to be thought on without the advice of his council, and that firſt I muſt *lumos kelmin peſſo deſmar lon empoſo*; that is, ſwear a peace with him and his kingdom. However, that I ſhould be uſed with all kindneſs; and he adviſed me to acquire, by my patience and diſcreet behaviour, the good opinion of himſelf and his ſubjects. He deſired I would not take it ill, if he gave orders to certain proper officers to ſearch me; for probably I might carry about me ſeveral weapons, which muſt needs be dangerous things, if they anſwered the bulk of ſo prodigious a perſon. I ſaid, his majeſty ſhould be ſatisfied; for I was ready to ſtrip myſelf, and turn up my pockets before him. This I delivered part in words, and part in ſigns. He replied, that by the laws of the kingdom I muſt be ſearched by two of his officers; that he knew this could not be done without my conſent and aſſiſtance; that he had ſo good an opinion of my generoſity and juſtice, as to truſt their perſons in my hands: that whatever they took from me, ſhould be returned when I left the country, or paid for at the rate which I would ſet upon them. I took up the two officers in my hands, put them firſt into my coat-pockets, and then into every other pocket about me, except my two fobs, and another ſecret pocket, which I had no mind ſhould be ſearched, wherein I had

had ſome little neceſſaries, that were of no conſequence to any but myſelf. In one of my fobs there was a ſilver watch, and in the other a ſmall quantity of gold in a purſe. Theſe gentlemen, having pen, ink, and paper about them, made an exact inventory of every thing they ſaw; and, when they had done, deſired I would ſet them down, that they might deliver it to the emperor. This inventory I afterwards tranſlated into Engliſh, and is word for word as follows.

Imprimis, In the right coat pocket of the great Man-mountain (for ſo I interpret the words *Quinbus Fleſtrin*) after the ſtricteſt ſearch we found only one great piece of coarſe cloth, large enough to be a foot-cloth for your majeſty's chief room of ſtate. In the left pocket we ſaw a huge ſilver cheſt, with a cover of the ſame metal, which we the ſearchers were not able to lift. We deſired it ſhould be opened, and one of us ſtepping into it, found himſelf up to the mid-leg in a ſort of duſt, ſome part whereof flying up to our faces, ſet us both a ſneezing for ſeveral times together. In his right waiſtcoat pocket we found a prodigious bundle of white thin ſubſtances, folded one over another, about the bigneſs of three men, tied with a ſtrong cable, and marked with black figures; which we humbly conceive to be writings, every letter almoſt half as large as the palm of our hands. In the left there was a ſort of engine, from the back of which were extended twenty long poles, reſembling the paliſadoes before your Majeſty's court; wherewith we conjecture the Man-mountain combs his head; for we did not always trouble him with queſtions, becauſe we found it a great difficulty to make him underſtand us. In the large pocket on the right ſide of his middle cover (ſo I tranſlate the word *ranfulo*, by which they meant my breeches) we ſaw a hollow pillar of iron, about the length of a man, faſtened to a ſtrong piece of timber, larger than the pillar; and upon one ſide of the pillar were huge pieces of iron ſticking out, cut into ſtrange figures, which we know not what to make of. In the left pocket another engine of the ſame kind. In the ſmaller pocket on the right ſide were ſeveral round flat pieces of white and red metal of different bulk; ſome of the white, which ſeemed to be ſilver, were ſo large and heavy, that my comrade and I could hardly lift them. In the left pocket were two black pillars irregularly ſhaped: we could not without difficulty reach the top of them, as we ſtood at the bottom of his pocket. One of them was covered, and ſeemed all of a piece; but at the upper end of the other there appeared a white round ſubſtance, about twice the bigneſs of our heads. Within each of theſe was incloſed a prodigious plate of ſteel; which, by our orders, we obliged him to ſhew us, becauſe we apprehended they might be dangerous engines. He took them out of their caſes, and told us, that in his own country his practice was to ſhave his beard with one of theſe, and to cut his meat with the other. There were two pockets, which we could not enter: theſe he called his fobs; they were two large ſlits cut into the top of his middle cover, but ſqueezed cloſe by the preſſure of his belly. Out of the right fob hung a great ſilver chain with a wonderful engine at the bottom. We directed him to draw out whatever was at the end of that chain; which appeared to be a globe, half ſilver, and half of ſome tranſparent metal; for on the tranſparent ſide we ſaw certain ſtrange figures circularly drawn, and thought we could touch them, till we found our fingers ſtopped by that lucid ſubſtance. He put this engine to our ears, which made an inceſſant noiſe like that of a water-mill: and we conjecture it is either ſome unknown animal, or the god that he worſhips; but we are more inclined to the latter opinion, becauſe he aſſured us (if we underſtood him right, for he expreſſed himſelf very imperfectly) that he ſeldom did any thing without conſulting it. He called it his oracle, and ſaid it pointed out the time for every action of his life *. From the left fob

* Perhaps the author intended to expoſe the probable fallacy of opinions derived from the relations of travellers, by ſhewing how little truth need to be miſunderſtood to make falſehood ſpecious.

he took out a net almoſt large enough for a fiſherman, but contrived to open and ſhut like a purſe, and ſerved him for the ſame uſe: we found therein ſeveral maſſy pieces of yellow metal, which, if they be real gold, muſt be of immenſe value.

Having thus, in obedience to your majeſty's commands, diligently ſearched all his pockets, we obſerved a girdle about his waiſt, made of the hide of ſome prodigious animal, from which on the left ſide hung a ſword of the length of five men; and on the right a bag or pouch divided into two cells, each cell capable of holding three of your majeſty's ſubjects. In one of theſe cells were ſeveral globes, or balls, of a moſt ponderous metal, about the bigneſs of our heads, and required a ſtrong hand to lift them; the other cell contain a heap of certain black grains, but of no great bulk or weight, for we could hold above fifty of them in the palms of our hands.

This is an exact inventory of what we found about the body of the Man-mountain, who uſed us with great civility, and due reſpect to your majeſty's commiſſion. Signed and ſealed, on the fourth day of the eighty-ninth moon of your majeſty's auſpicious reign.

Clefrin Frelock, Marſi Frelock.

When this inventory was read over to the emperor, he directed me, altho' in very gentle terms, to deliver up the ſeveral particulars. He firſt called for my ſcymiter, which I took out, ſcabbard and all. In the mean time he ordered three thouſand of his choiceſt troops (who then attended him) to ſurround me at a diſtance, with their bows and arrows juſt ready to diſcharge: but I did not obſerve it, for mine eyes were wholly fixed upon his majeſty. He then deſired me to draw my ſcymiter, which, although it had got ſome ruſt by the ſea-water, was in moſt parts exceeding bright. I did ſo, and immediately all the troops gave a ſhout between terror and ſurpriſe; for the ſun ſhone clear, and the reflection dazzled their eyes, as I waved the ſcymiter to and fro in my hand. His majeſty, who is a moſt magnanimous prince*, was leſs daunted than I could expect; he ordered me to return it into the ſcabbard, and caſt it on the ground as gently as I could, about ſix feet from the end of my chain. The next thing he demanded, was one of the hollow iron pillars; by which he meant my pocket-piſtols. I drew it out, and at his deſire, as well as I could, expreſſed to him the uſe of it; and charging it only with powder, which by the cloſeneſs of my pouch happened to eſcape wetting in the ſea (an inconvenience againſt which all prudent mariners take ſpecial care to provide) I firſt cautioned the emperor not to be afraid, and then I let it off in the air. The aſtoniſhment here was much greater than at the ſight of my ſcymiter. Hundreds fell down, as if they had been ſtruck dead; and even the emperor, although he ſtood his ground, could not recover himſelf in ſome time. I delivered up both my piſtols in the ſame manner as I had done my ſcymiter, and then my pouch of powder and bullets; begging him that the former might be kept from fire, for it would kindle with the ſmalleſt ſpark, and blow up his imperial palace into the air. I likewiſe delivered up my watch, which the emperor was very curious to ſee, and commanded two of his talleſt yeomen of the guards to bear it on a pole upon their ſhoulders, as draymen in England do a barrel of ale. He was amazed at the continual noiſe it made, and the motion of the minute-hand, which he could eaſily diſcern; for their ſight is much more acute than ours: he aſked the opinions of his learned men about it, which were various and remote, as the reader may well imagine without my repeating it; although indeed I could not very perfectly underſtand them. I then gave up my ſilver and copper money, my purſe with nine large pieces of gold, and ſome ſmaller ones; my knife and razor, my comb

* He who does not find himſelf diſpoſed to honour this magnanimity ſhould reflect, that a right to judge of moral and intellectual excellence is with great abſurdity and injuſtice arrogated by him who admires, in a being ſix feet high, any qualities that he deſpiſes in one whoſe ſtature does not exceed ſix inches.

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and ſilver ſnuff-box, my handkerchief and journal-book. My ſcymiter, piſtols, and pouch, were conveyed in carriages to his majeſty's ſtores; but the reſt of my goods were returned me.

I had, as I before obſerved, one private pocket, which eſcaped their ſearch, wherein there was a pair of ſpectacles (which I ſometimes uſe for the weakneſs of mine eyes) a pocket perſpective, and ſome other little conveniencies; which being of no conſequence to the emperor, I did not think myſelf bound in honour to diſcover, and I apprehended they might be loſt or ſpoiled, if I ventured them out of my poſſeſſion.

CHAP. III.

The author diverts the emperor and his nobility of both ſexes in a very uncommon manner. The diverſions of the court of Lilliput deſcribed. The author hath his liberty granted him upon certain conditions.

My gentleneſs and good behaviour had gained ſo far on the emperor and his court, and indeed upon the army, and people in general, that I began to conceive hopes of getting my liberty in a ſhort time. I took all poſſible methods to cultivate this favourable diſpoſition. The natives came by degrees to be leſs apprehenſive of any danger from me. I would ſometimes lie down, and let five or ſix of them dance on my hand: and at laſt the boys and girls would venture to come and play at hide and ſeek in my hair. I had now made a good progreſs in underſtanding and ſpeaking their language. The emperor had a mind one day to entertain me with ſeveral of the country ſhows, wherein they exceed all nations I have known both for dexterity and magnificence. I was diverted with none ſo much as that of the rope-dancers, performed upon a ſlender white thread, extended about two feet, and twelve inches from the ground. Upon which I ſhall deſire liberty, with the reader's patience, to enlarge a little.

This diverſion is only practiſed by thoſe perſons, who are candidates for great employments, and high favour at court. They are trained in this art from their youth, and are not always of noble birth, or liberal education. When a great office is vacant either by death or diſgrace (which often happens) five or ſix of thoſe candidates petition the emperor to entertain his majeſty and the court with a dance on the rope, and whoever jumps the higheſt without falling, ſucceeds in the office. Very often the chief miniſters themſelves are commanded to ſhew their ſkill, and to convince the emperor, that they have not loſt their faculty. Flimnap, the treaſurer, is allowed to cut a caper on the ſtrait rope at leaſt an inch higher than any other lord in the whole empire. I have ſeen him do the ſummerſet ſeveral times together upon a trencher, fixed on a rope, which is no thicker than a common packthread in England. My friend Reldreſal, principal ſecretary for private affairs, is, in my opinion, if I am not partial, the ſecond after the treaſurer; the reſt of the great officers are much upon a par.

Theſe diverſions are often attended with fatal accidents, whereof great numbers are on record. I myſelf have ſeen two or three candidates break a limb. But the danger is much greater, when the miniſters themſelves are commanded to ſhew their dexterity; for, by contending to excel themſelves and their fellows, they ſtrain ſo far, that there is hardly one of them, who hath not received a fall, and ſome of them two or three. I was aſſured, that a year or two before my arrival Flimnap would have infallibly broke his neck, if one of the king's cuſhions, that accidentally lay on the ground, had not weakened the force of his fall.

There is likewiſe another diverſion, which is only ſhewn before the emperor and empreſs, and firſt miniſter, upon particular occaſions. The emperor lays on the table three fine ſilken threads of ſix inches long; one is blue, the other red, and the third green. Theſe threads are propoſed as prizes for thoſe perſons, whom the emperor hath a mind to diſtinguiſh by a peculiar mark of his favour. The ceremony is performed in his majeſty's great chamber of ſtate, where the candidates are to undergo a trial of dexterity very different from the former, and ſuch as I have not ob-

ſerved the leaſt reſemblance of in any other country of the old or new world. The emperor holds a ſtick in his hands, both ends parallel to the horizon, while the candidates advancing, one by one, ſometimes leap over the ſtick, ſometimes creep under it backwards and forwards ſeveral times, according as the ſtick is advanced or depreſſed. Sometimes the emperor holds one end of the ſtick, and his firſt miniſter the other; ſometimes the miniſter has it entirely to himſelf. Whoever performs his part with moſt agility, and holds out the longeſt in leaping and creeping, is rewarded with the blue-coloured ſilk; the red is given to the next, and the green to the third; which they all wear girt twice round about the middle; and you ſee few great perſons about this court, who are not adorned with one of theſe girdles.

The horſes of the army, and thoſe of the royal ſtables, having been daily led before me, were no longer ſhy, but would come up to my very feet without ſtarting. The riders would leap them over my hand, as I held it on the ground; and one of the emperor's huntſmen upon a large courſer took my foot, ſhoe and all; which was indeed a prodigious leap. I had the good fortune to divert the emperor one day after a very extraordinary manner. I deſired he would order ſeveral ſticks of two feet high, and the thickneſs of an ordinary cane, to be brought me; whereupon his majeſty commanded the maſter of his woods to give directions accordingly, and the next morning ſix woodmen arrived with as many carriages, drawn by eight horſes to each. I took nine of theſe ſticks, and fixing them firmly in the ground in a quadrangular figure, two feet and a half ſquare, I took four other ſticks, and tied them parallel at each corner about two feet from the ground; then I faſtened my handkerchief to the nine ſticks that ſtood erect; and extended it on all ſides, till it was tight as the top of a drum; and the four parallel ſticks, riſing about five inches higher than the handkerchief, ſerved as ledges on each ſide. When I had finiſhed my work, I deſired the emperor to let a troop of his beſt horſe, twenty-four in number, come and exerciſe upon this plain. His majeſty approved of the propoſal, and I took them up one by one in my hands, ready mounted and armed, with the proper officers to exerciſe them. As ſoon as they got into order, they divided into two parties, performed mock ſkirmiſhes, diſcharged blunt arrows, drew their ſwords, fled and purſued, attacked and retired, and in ſhort diſcovered the beſt military diſcipline I ever beheld. The parallel ſticks ſecured them and their horſes from falling over the ſtage; and the emperor was ſo much delighted, that he ordered this entertainment to be repeated ſeveral days, and once was pleaſed to be lifted up, and give the word of command; and, with great difficulty, perſuaded even the empreſs herſelf to let me hold her in her cloſe chair within two yards of the ſtage, from whence ſhe was able to take a full view of the whole performance. It was my good fortune, that no ill accident happened in theſe entertainments, only once a fiery horſe, that belonged to one of the captains, pawing with his hoof, ſtruck a hole in my handkerchief, and his foot ſlipping he overthrew his rider and himſelf; but I immediately relieved them both, and covering the hole with one hand, I ſet down the troop with the other, in the ſame manner as I took them up. The horſe that fell was ſtrained in the left ſhoulder, but the rider got no hurt, and I repaired my handkerchief as well as I could; however, I would not truſt to the ſtrength of it any more in ſuch dangerous enterprizes.

About two or three days before I was ſet at liberty, as I was entertaining the court with this kind of feats, there arrived an expreſs to inform his majeſty, that ſome of his ſubjects, riding near the place where I was firſt taken up, had ſeen a great black ſubſtance lying on the ground, very oddly ſhaped, extending its edges round as wide as his majeſty's bedchamber, and riſing up in the middle as high as a man; that it was no living creature, as they at firſt apprehended, for it lay on the graſs without motion; and ſome of them had walked round it ſeveral times; that,

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by mounting up on each other's ſhoulders, they had got to the top, which was flat and even, and, ſtamping upon it, they found it was hollow within; that they humbly conceived it might be ſomething belonging to the Man-mountain; and if his majeſty pleaſed, they would undertake to bring it with only five horſes. I preſently knew what they meant, and was glad at heart to receive this intelligence. It ſeems, upon my firſt reaching the ſhore after our ſhipwreck, I was in ſuch confuſion, that, before I came to the place where I went to ſleep, my hat, which I had faſtened with a ſtring to my head while I was rowing, and had ſtuck on all the time I was ſwimming, fell off after I came to land; the ſtring, as I conjecture, breaking by ſome accident, which I never obſerved, but thought my hat had been loſt at ſea. I entreated his imperial majeſty to give orders, it might be brought to me as ſoon as poſſible, deſcribing to him the uſe and the nature of it: and the next day the waggoners arrived with it, but not in a very good condition; they had bored two holes in the brim within an inch and a half of the edge, and faſtened two hooks in the holes; theſe hooks were tied by a long cord to the harneſs, and thus my hat was dragged along for above half an Engliſh mile; but, the ground in that country being extremely ſmooth and level, it received leſs damage than I expected.

Two days after this adventure, the emperor having ordered that part of his army, which quarters in and about his metropolis, to be in readineſs, took a fancy of diverting himſelf in a very ſingular manner. He deſired I would ſtand like a coloſſus, with my legs as far aſunder as I conveniently could. He then commanded his general (who was an old experienced leader, and a great patron of mine) to draw up the troops in cloſe order, and march them under me; the foot by twenty-four in a breaſt, and the horſe by ſixteen, with drums beating, colours flying, and pikes advanced. This body conſiſted of three thouſand foot, and a thouſand horſe. His majeſty gave orders, upon pain of death, that every ſoldier in his march ſhould obſerve the ſtricteſt decency with regard to my perſon; which however could not prevent ſome of the younger officers from turning up their eyes, as they paſſed under me: and, to confeſs the truth, my breeches were at that time in ſo ill a condition, that they afforded ſome opportunities for laughter and admiration.

I had ſent ſo many memorials and petitions for my liberty, that his majeſty at length mentioned the matter firſt in the cabinet, and then in a full council; where it was oppoſed by none, except Skyreſh Bolgolam, who was pleaſed, without any provocation, to be my mortal enemy. But it was carried againſt him by the whole board, and confirmed by the emperor. That miniſter was *galbet*, or admiral of the realm, very much in his maſter's confidence, and a perſon well verſed in affairs, but of a moroſe and ſour complexion. However he was at length perſuaded to comply; but prevailed that the articles and conditions upon which I ſhould be ſet free, and to which I muſt ſwear, ſhould be drawn up by himſelf. Theſe articles were brought to me by Skyreſh Bolgolam in perſon, attended by two under-ſecretaries, and ſeveral perſons of diſtinction. After they were read, I was demanded to ſwear to the performance of them; firſt in the manner of my own country, and afterwards in the method preſcribed by their laws, which was to hold my right foot in my left hand, and to place the middle finger of my right hand on the crown of my head, and my thumb on the tip of my right ear. But becauſe the reader may be curious to have ſome idea of the ſtyle and manner of expreſſion peculiar to that people, as well as to know the articles upon which I recovered my liberty, I have made a tranſlation of the whole inſtrument word for word, as near as I was able, which I here offer to the public.

Golbaſto Momaren Evlame Gurdilo Shefin Mully Ully Gue, moſt mighty emperor of Lilliput, delight and terror of the univerſe, whoſe dominions extend five thouſand *blufſrugs* (about twelve

twelve miles in circumference) to the extremities of the globe; monarch of all monarchs, taller than the ſons of men; whoſe feet preſs down to the centre, and whoſe head ſtrikes againſt the ſun; at whoſe nod the princes of the earth ſhake their knees; pleaſant as the ſpring, comfortable as the ſummer, fruitful as autumn, dreadful as winter. His moſt ſublime majeſty propoſeth to the Man-mountain, lately arrived at our celeſtial dominions, the following articles, which by a ſolemn oath he ſhall be obliged to perform.

1ſt. The Man-mountain ſhall not depart from our dominions without our licence under our great ſeal.

2d. He ſhall not preſume to come into our metropolis without our expreſs order; at which time the inhabitants ſhall have two hours warning to keep within doors.

3d. The ſaid Man-mountain ſhall confine his walks to our principal high roads, and not offer to walk or lie down in a meadow or field of corn.

4th. As he walks the ſaid roads, he ſhall take the utmoſt care not to trample upon the bodies of any of our loving ſubjects, their horſes, or carriages, nor take any of our ſubjects into his hands without their own conſent.

5th. If an expreſs requires extraordinary diſpatch, the Man-mountain ſhall be obliged to carry in his pocket the meſſenger and horſe a ſix days journey once in every moon, and return the ſaid meſſenger back (if ſo required) ſafe to our imperial preſence.

6th. He ſhall be our ally againſt our enemies in the iſland of Blefuſcu *, and do his utmoſt to deſtroy their fleet, which is now preparing to invade us.

7th. That the ſaid Man-mountain ſhall, at his times of leiſure, be aiding and aſſiſting to our workmen, in helping to raiſe certain great ſtones, towards covering the wall of the principal park and other our royal buildings.

8th. That the ſaid Man-mountain ſhall, in two moons time, deliver in an exact ſurvey of the circumference of our dominions by a computation of his own paces round the coaſt.

Laſtly, That, upon his ſolemn oath to obſerve all the above articles, the ſaid Man-mountain ſhall have a daily allowance of meat and drink ſufficient for the ſupport of 1724 of our ſubjects, with free acceſs to our royal perſon, and other marks of our favour. Given at our palace at Belfaborac, the twelfth day of the ninety-firſt moon of our reign.

I ſwore and ſubſcribed to theſe articles with great chearfulneſs and content, although ſome of them were not ſo honourable as I could have wiſhed; which proceeded wholly from the malice of Skyreſh Bolgolam, the high admiral; whereupon my chains were immediately unlocked, and I was at full liberty. The emperor himſelf in perſon did me the honour to be by at the whole ceremony. I made my acknowledgments by proſtrating myſelf at his majeſty's feet: but he commanded me to riſe; and after many gracious expreſſions, which, to avoid the cenſure of vanity, I ſhall not repeat, he added, that he hoped I ſhould prove a uſeful ſervant, and well deſerve all the favours he had already conferred upon me, or might do for the future.

The reader may pleaſe to obſerve, that, in the laſt article for the recovery of my liberty, the emperor ſtipulates to allow me a quantity of meat and drink ſufficient for the ſupport of 1724 Lilliputians. Some time after aſking a friend at court, how they came to fix on that determinate number; he told me, that his majeſty's mathematicians having taken the height of my body by the help of a quadrant, and finding it to exceed theirs in the proportion of twelve to one, they concluded, from the ſimilarity of their bodies, that mine muſt contain at leaſt 1724 of theirs, and conſequently would require as much food as was neceſſary to ſupport that number of Lilliputians. By which the reader may conceive an idea of the ingenuity of that people, as well as the prudent and exact œconomy of ſo great a prince.

* In his deſcription of Lilliput he ſeems to have had England more immediately in view. In his deſcription of Blefuſcu, he ſeems to intend the people and kingdom of France. ORRERY.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

Mildendo, the metropolis of Lilliput, deſcribed, together with the emperor's palace. A converſation between the author and a principal ſecretary concerning the affairs of that empire. The author's offers to ſerve the emperor in his wars.

The firſt requeſt I made, after I had obtained my liberty, was, that I might have licence to ſee Mildendo, the metropolis; which the emperor eaſily granted me, but with a ſpecial charge to do no hurt either to the inhabitants or their houſes. The people had notice by proclamation of my deſign to viſit the town. The wall, which encompaſſed it, is two feet and a half high, and at leaſt eleven inches broad, ſo that a coach and horſes may be driven very ſafely round it; and it is flanked with ſtrong towers at ten feet diſtance. I ſtept over the great weſtern gate, and paſſed very gently, and ſideling, through the two principal ſtreets, only in my ſhort waiſtcoat, for fear of damaging the roofs and eves of the houſes with the ſkirts of my coat. I walked with the utmoſt circumſpection to avoid treading on any ſtraggler, who might remain in the ſtreets; although the orders were very ſtrict, that all people ſhould keep in their houſes at their own peril. The garret-windows and tops of houſes were ſo crowded with ſpectators, that I thought in all my travels I had not ſeen a more populous place. The city is an exact ſquare, each ſide of the wall being five hundred feet long. The two great ſtreets, which run croſs and divide it into four quarters, are five feet wide. The lanes and alleys, which I could not enter, but only viewed them as I paſſed, are from twelve to eighteen inches. The town is capable of holding five hundred thouſand ſouls: the houſes are from three to five ſtories: the ſhops and markets well provided.

The emperor's palace is in the centre of the city, where the two great ſtreets meet. It is incloſed by a wall of two feet high, and twenty feet diſtance from the buildings. I had his majeſty's permiſſion to ſtep over this wall; and the ſpace being ſo wide between that and the palace, I could eaſily view it on every ſide. The outward court is a ſquare of forty feet, and includes two other courts: in the inmoſt are the royal apartments, which I was very deſirous to ſee, but found it extremely difficult; for the great gates, from one ſquare into another, were but eighteen inches high, and ſeven inches wide. Now the buildings of the outer court were at leaſt five feet high, and it was impoſſible for me to ſtride over them without infinite damage to the pile, though the walls were ſtrongly built of hewn ſtone, and four inches thick. At the ſame time the emperor had a great deſire that I ſhould ſee the magnificence of his palace; but this I was not able to do till three days after, which I ſpent in cutting down with my knife ſome of the largeſt trees in the royal park, about an hundred yards diſtance from the city. Of theſe trees I made two ſtools, each about three feet high, and ſtrong enough to bear my weight. The people having received notice a ſecond time, I went again through the city to the palace with my two ſtools in my hands. When I came to the ſide of the outer court, I ſtood upon one ſtool, and took the other in my hand; this I lifted over the roof, and gently ſet it down on the ſpace between the firſt and ſecond court, which was eight feet wide. I then ſtept over the building very conveniently from one ſtool to the other, and drew up the firſt after me with a hooked ſtick. By this contrivance I got into the inmoſt court; and, lying down upon my ſide, I applied my face to the windows of the middle ſtories, which were left open on purpoſe, and diſcovered the moſt ſplendid apartments that can be imagined. There I ſaw the empreſs and the young princes in their ſeveral lodgings, with their chief attendants about them. Her imperial majeſty was pleaſed to ſmile very graciouſly upon me, and gave me out of the window her hand to kiſs.

But I ſhall not anticipate the reader with farther deſcriptions of this kind, becauſe I reſerve them for a greater

work, which is now almoſt ready for the preſs, containing a general deſcription of this empire, from its firſt erection, through a long ſeries of princes, with a particular account of their wars and politics, laws, learning, and religion, their plants and animals, their peculiar manners and cuſtoms, with other matters very curious and uſeful; my chief deſign at preſent being only to relate ſuch events and tranſactions, as happened to the public or to myſelf, during a reſidence of about nine months in that empire.

One morning, about a fortnight after I had obtained my liberty, Reldreſal, principal ſecretary of ſtate (as they ſtyle him) for private affairs, came to my houſe attended only by one ſervant. He ordered his coach to wait at a diſtance, and deſired I would give him an hour's audience; which I readily conſented to, on account of his quality and perſonal merits, as well as of the many good offices he had done me during my ſolicitations at court. I offered to lie down, that he might the more conveniently reach my ear; but he choſe rather to let me hold him in my hand during our converſation. He began with compliments on my liberty; ſaid, he might pretend to ſome merit in it: but however added, that, if it had not been for the preſent ſituation of things at court, perhaps I might not have obtained it ſo ſoon. For, ſaid he, as flouriſhing a condition as we may appear to be in to foreigners, we labour under two mighty evils; a violent faction at home, and the danger of an invaſion by a moſt potent enemy from abroad. As to the firſt, you are to underſtand, that for above ſeventy moons paſt there have been two ſtruggling parties in this empire, under the names of *Tramecksan* and *Slamecksan* *, from the high and low heels of their ſhoes, by which they diſtinguiſh themſelves. It is alledged indeed, that the high heels are moſt agreeable to our ancient conſtitution; but, however this be, his majeſty is determined to make uſe only of low heels in the adminiſtration of the government, and all offices in the gift of the crown, as you cannot but obſerve; and particularly, that his majeſty's imperial heels are lower at leaſt by a *drurr* than any of his court (*drurr* is a meaſure about the fourteenth part of an inch.) The animoſities between theſe two parties run ſo high, that they will neither eat nor drink, nor talk with each other. We compute the *Tramecksan*, or high-heels, to exceed us in number; but the power is wholly on our ſide. We apprehend his imperial highneſs, the heir to the crown, to have ſome tendency towards the high-heels; at leaſt, we can plainly diſcover, that one of his heels is higher than the other, which gives him a hobble in his gait. Now, in the midſt of theſe inteſtine diſquiets we are threatened with an invaſion from the iſland of Blefuſcu, which is the other great empire of the univerſe, almoſt as large and powerful as this of his majeſty. For as to what we have heard you affirm, that there are other kingdoms and ſtates in the world inhabited by human creatures as large as yourſelf, our philoſophers are in much doubt, and would rather conjecture that you dropped from the moon, or one of the ſtars; becauſe it is certain, that an hundred mortals of your bulk would, in a ſhort time, deſtroy all the fruits and cattle of his majeſty's dominions: beſides, our hiſtories of ſix thouſand moons make no mention of any other regions, than the two great empires of Lilliput and Blefuſcu. Which two mighty powers have, as I was going to tell you, been engaged in a moſt obſtinate war for ſix and thirty moons paſt. It began upon the following occaſion: it is allowed on all hands, that the primitive way of breaking eggs, before we eat them, was upon the larger end; but his preſent majeſty's grandfather, while he was a boy, going to eat an egg, and breaking it according to the ancient practice, happened to cut one of his fingers. Whereupon the emperor, his father, publiſhed an edict, commanding all his ſubjects, upon great penalties,

to

* High-church and Low-church, or Whig and Tory. As every accidental difference between man and man in perſon and circumſtances is by this work rendered extremely contemptible; ſo ſpeculative differences are ſhown to be equally ridiculous, when the zeal with which they are oppoſed and defended too much exceeds their importance.

to break the ſmaller end of their eggs. The people ſo highly reſented this law, that our hiſtories tell us, there have been ſix rebellions raiſed on that account; wherein one emperor loſt his life, and another his crown. Theſe civil commotions were conſtantly fomented by the monarchs of Blefuſcu; and when they were quelled, the exiles always fled for refuge to that empire. It is computed that eleven thouſand perſons have at ſeveral times ſuffered death, rather than ſubmit to break their eggs at the ſmaller end. Many hundred large volumes have been publiſhed upon this controverſy; but the books of the Big-endians have been long forbidden, and the whole party rendered incapable by law of holding employments. During the courſe of theſe troubles, the emperors of Blefuſcu did frequently expoſtulate by their ambaſſadors, accuſing us of making a ſchiſm in religion by offending againſt a fundamental doctrine of our great prophet Luſtrog, in the fifty-fourth chapter of the Blundecral (which is their Alcoran.) This however is thought to be a mere ſtrain upon the text; for the words are theſe: "That all true believers break their "eggs at the convenient end." And which is the convenient end, ſeems in my humble opinion to be left to every man's conſcience, or at leaſt in the power of the chief magiſtrate to determine. Now, the Big-endian exiles have found ſo much credit in the emperor of Blefuſcu's court, and ſo much private aſſiſtance and encouragement from their party here at home, that a bloody war hath been carried on between the two empires for ſix and thirty moons, with various ſucceſs; during which time we have loſt forty capital ſhips, and a much greater number of ſmaller veſſels, together with thirty thouſand of our beſt ſeamen and ſoldiers; and the damage received by the enemy is reckoned to be ſomewhat greater than ours. However, they have now equipped a numerous fleet, and are juſt preparing to make a deſcent upon us; and his imperial majeſty, placing a great confidence in your valour and ſtrength, hath commanded me to lay this account of his affairs before you.

I deſired the ſecretary to preſent my humble duty to the emperor, and to let him know, that I thought it would not become me, who was a foreigner, to interfere with parties; but I was ready with the hazard of my life to defend his perſon and ſtate againſt all invaders *.

CHAP. V.

The author, by an extraordinary ſtratagem, prevents an invaſion. A high title of honour is conferred upon him. Ambaſſadors arrive from the emperor of Blefuſcu, and ſue for peace. The empreſs's apartment on fire by an accident; the author inſtrumental in ſaving the reſt of the palace.

The empire of Blefuſcu is an iſland, ſituated to the north-eaſt ſide of Lilliput, from whence it is parted only by a channel of eight hundred yards wide. I had not yet ſeen it, and upon this notice of an intended invaſion I avoided appearing on that ſide of the coaſt, for fear of being diſcovered by ſome of the enemy's ſhips, who had received no intelligence of me, all intercourſe between the two empires having been ſtrictly forbidden during the war upon pain of death, and an embargo laid by our emperor upon all veſſels whatſoever. I communicated to his majeſty a project I formed of ſeizing the enemy's whole fleet: which, our ſcouts aſſured us, lay at anchor in the harbour ready to ſail with the firſt fair wind. I conſulted the moſt experienced ſeamen upon the depth of the channel, which they had often plummed; who told me, that in the middle at high-water it was ſeventy *glumgluffs* deep, which is about ſix feet of European meaſure; and the reſt of it fifty *glumgluffs* at moſt. I walked towards the north-eaſt coaſt, over againſt Blefuſcu; where, lying down behind a hillock, I took out my ſmall perſpective-glaſs, and viewed the enemy's fleet at anchor, conſiſting of about fifty men of war, and a great number of tranſports: I then came

* Gulliver, without examining the ſubject of diſpute, readily engaged to defend the emperor againſt invaſion; becauſe he knew that no ſuch monarch had a right to invade the dominions of another, for the propagation of truth.

back

back to my houſe, and gave orders (for which I had a warrant) for a great quantity of the ſtrongeſt cable and bars of iron. The cable was about as thick as packthread, and the bars of the length and ſize of a knitting-needle. I trebled the cable to make it ſtronger, and for the ſame reaſon I twiſted three of the iron bars together, bending the extremities into a hook. Having thus fixed fifty hooks to as many cables, I went back to the north-eaſt coaſt, and putting off my coat, ſhoes, and ſtockings, walked into the ſea in my leathern jerkin, about half an hour before high-water. I waded with what haſte I could, and ſwam in the middle about thirty yards, till I felt ground; I arrived at the fleet in leſs than half an hour. The enemy was ſo frighted, when they ſaw me, that they leaped out of their ſhips, and ſwam to ſhore, where there could not be fewer than thirty thouſand ſouls: I then took my tackling, and, faſtening a hook to the hole at the prow of each, I tied all the cords together at the end. While I was thus employed, the enemy diſcharged ſeveral thouſand arrows, many of which ſtuck in my hands and face; and, beſides the exceſſive ſmart, gave me much diſturbance in my work. My greateſt apprehenſion was for mine eyes, which I ſhould have infallibly loſt, if I had not ſuddenly thought of an expedient. I kept, among other little neceſſaries, a pair of ſpectacles in a private pocket, which, as I obſerved before, had eſcaped the emperor's ſearchers. Theſe I took out and faſtened as ſtrongly as I could upon my noſe, and thus armed went on boldly with my work, in ſpite of the enemy's arrows, many of which ſtruck againſt the glaſſes of my ſpectacles, but without any other effect, farther than a little to diſcompoſe them. I had now faſtened all the hooks, and taking the knot in my hand began to pull; but not a ſhip would ſtir, for they were all too faſt held by their anchors, ſo that the boldeſt part of my enterprize remained. I therefore let go the cord, and leaving the hooks fixed to the ſhips, I reſolutely cut with my knife the cables that faſtened the anchors, receiving above two hundred ſhots in my face and hands; then I took up the knotted end of the cables, to which my hooks were tied, and with great eaſe drew fifty of the enemy's largeſt men of war after me.

The Blefuſcudians, who had not the leaſt imagination of what I intended, were at firſt confounded with aſtoniſhment. They had ſeen me cut the cables, and thought my deſign was only to let the ſhips run a-drift, or fall foul on each other: but when they perceived the whole fleet moving in order, and ſaw me pulling at the end, they ſet up ſuch a ſcream of grief and deſpair, as it is almoſt impoſſible to deſcribe or conceive. When I had got out of danger, I ſtopt a while to pick out the arrows that ſtuck in my hands and face; and rubbed on ſome of the ſame ointment, that was given me at my firſt arrival, as I have formerly mentioned. I then took off my ſpectacles, and waiting about an hour, till the tide was a little fallen, I waded through the middle with my cargo, and arrived ſafe at the royal port of Lilliput.

The emperor and his whole court ſtood on the ſhore expecting the iſſue of this great adventure. They ſaw the ſhips move forward in a large half-moon, but could not diſcern me, who was up to my breaſt in water. When I advanced to the middle of the channel, they were yet in more pain, becauſe I was under water to my neck. The emperor concluded me to be drowned, and that the enemy's fleet was approaching in an hoſtile manner: but he was ſoon eaſed of his fears, for the channel growing ſhallower every ſtep I made, I came in a ſhort time within hearing, and holding up the end of the cable, by which the fleet was faſtened, I cried in a loud voice, "Long live the moſt puiſſant emperor of Lilliput!" This great prince received me at my landing with all poſſible encomiums, and created me a *nardac* upon the ſpot, which is the higheſt title of honour among them.

His majeſty deſired I would take ſome other opportunity of bringing all the reſt of his enemy's ſhips into his ports. And ſo unmeaſurable is the ambition of princes, that he ſeemed to think on nothing leſs than reducing the whole

whole empire of Blefuſcu into a province, and governing it by a viceroy; of deſtroying the Big-endian exiles, and compelling that people to break the ſmaller end of their eggs, by which he would remain the ſole monarch of the whole world. But I endeavoured to divert him from this deſign, by many arguments drawn from the topics of policy as well as juſtice: and I plainly proteſted, that I would never be an inſtrument of bringing a free and brave people into ſlavery. And, when the matter was debated in council, the wiſeſt part of the miniſtry were of my opinion.

This open bold declaration of mine was ſo oppoſite to the ſchemes and politics of his imperial majeſty, that he could never forgive me; he mentioned it in a very artful manner at council, where I was told that ſome of the wiſeſt appeared at leaſt by their ſilence to be of my opinion; but others, who were my ſecret enemies, could not forbear ſome expreſſions, which by a ſide-wind reflected on me. And from this time began an intrigue between his majeſty and a junto of miniſters maliciouſly bent againſt me, which broke out in leſs than two months, and had like to have ended in my utter deſtruction. Of ſo little weight are the greateſt ſervices to princes, when put into the balance with a refuſal to gratify their paſſions.

About three weeks after this exploit, there arrived a ſolemn embaſſy from Blefuſcu, with humble offers of a peace; which was ſoon concluded upon conditions very advantageous to our emperor, wherewith I ſhall not trouble the reader. There were ſix ambaſſadors, with a train of about five hundred perſons; and their entry was very magnificent, ſuitable to the grandeur of their maſter, and the importance of their buſineſs. When their treaty was finiſhed, wherein I did them ſeveral good offices by the credit I now had, or at leaſt appeared to have at court, their excellencies, who were privately told how much I had been their friend, made me a viſit in form. They began with many compliments upon my valour and generoſity, invited me to that kingdom in the emperor their maſter's name, and deſired me to ſhew them ſome proofs of my prodigious ſtrength, of which they had heard ſo many wonders; wherein I readily obliged them, but ſhall not trouble the reader with the particulars.

When I had for ſome time entertained their excellencies to their infinite ſatisfaction and ſurpriſe, I deſired they would do me the honour to preſent my moſt humble reſpects to the emperor their maſter, the renown of whoſe virtues had ſo juſtly filled the whole world with admiration, and whoſe royal perſon I reſolved to attend before I returned to my own country: accordingly the next time I had the honour to ſee our emperor, I deſired his general licence to wait on the Blefuſcudian monarch, which he was pleaſed to grant me, as I could plainly perceive, in a very cold manner: but could not gueſs the reaſon, till I had a whiſper from a certain perſon, that Flimnap and Bolgolam had repreſented my intercourſe with thoſe ambaſſadors as a mark of diſaffection, from which I am ſure my heart was wholly free. And this was the firſt time I began to conceive ſome imperfect idea of courts and miniſters.

It is to be obſerved, that theſe ambaſſadors ſpoke to me by an interpreter, the languages of both empires differing as much from each other as any two in Europe, and each nation priding itſelf upon the antiquity, beauty, and energy of their own tongues, with an avowed contempt for that of their neighbour; yet our emperor, ſtanding upon the advantage he had got by the ſeizure of their fleet, obliged them to deliver their credentials, and make their ſpeech in the Lilliputian tongue. And it muſt be confeſſed, that from the great intercourſe of trade and commerce between both realms, from the continual reception of exiles, which is mutual among them, and from the cuſtom in each empire to ſend their young nobility and richer gentry to the other in order to poliſh themſelves by ſeeing the world, and underſtanding men and manners; there are few perſons of diſtinction, or merchants, or ſeamen, who dwell in the maritime parts, but what can hold converſation in both tongues; as I found

ſome

ſome weeks after, when I went to pay my reſpects to the emperor of Blefuſcu, which in the midſt of great misfortunes, through the malice of my enemies, proved a very happy adventure to me, as I ſhall relate in its proper place.

The reader may remember, that when I ſigned thoſe articles upon which I recovered my liberty, there were ſome which I diſliked upon account of their being too ſervile, neither could any thing but an extreme neceſſity have forced me to ſubmit. But being now a *nardac* of the higheſt rank in that empire, ſuch offices were looked upon as below my dignity, and the emperor (to do him juſtice) never once mentioned them to me. However, it was not long before I had an opportunity of doing his majeſty, at leaſt, as I then thought, a moſt ſignal ſervice. I was alarmed at midnight with the cries of many hundred people at my door; by which being ſuddenly awaked, I was in ſome kind of terror. I heard the word *burglum* repeated inceſſantly: ſeveral of the emperor's court making their way through the crowd, intreated me to come immediately to the palace, where her imperial majeſty's apartment was on fire by the careleſſneſs of a maid of honour, who fell aſleep while ſhe was reading a romance. I got up in an inſtant; and orders being given to clear the way before me, and it being likewiſe a moonſhine night, I made a ſhift to get to the palace without trampling on any of the people. I found they had already applied ladders to the walls of the apartment, and were well provided with buckets, but the water was at ſome diſtance. Theſe buckets were about the ſize of a large thimble, and the poor people ſupplied me with them as faſt as they could; but the flame was ſo violent that they did little good. I might eaſily have ſtifled it with my coat, which I unfortunately left behind me for haſte, and came away only in my leathern jerkin. The caſe ſeemed wholly deſperate and deplorable, and this magnificent palace would have infallibly been burnt down to the ground, if by a preſence of mind unuſual to me I had not ſuddenly thought of an expedient. I had the evening before drank plentifully of a moſt delicious wine, called *glimigrim* (the Blefuſcudians call it *flunec*, but ours is eſteemed the better ſort) which is very diuretic. By the luckieſt chance in the world I had not diſcharged myſelf of any part of it. The heat I had contracted by coming very near the flames, and by my labouring to quench them, made the wine begin to operate by urine; which I voided in ſuch a quantity, and applied ſo well to the proper places, that in three minutes the fire was wholly extinguiſhed, and the reſt of that noble pile, which had coſt ſo many ages in erecting, preſerved from deſtruction.

It was now daylight, and I returned to my houſe without waiting to congratulate with the emperor; becauſe, although I had done a very eminent piece of ſervice, yet I could not tell how his majeſty might reſent the manner by which I had performed it: for, by the fundamental laws of the realm, it is capital in any perſon, of what quality ſoever, to make water within the precincts of the palace. But I was a little comforted by a meſſage from his majeſty, that he would give orders to the grand juſticiary for paſſing my pardon in form; which, however, I could not obtain. And I was privately aſſured, that the empreſs, conceiving the greateſt abhorrence of what I had done, removed to the moſt diſtant ſide of the court, firmly reſolved that thoſe buildings ſhould never be repaired for her uſe; and, in the preſence of her chief confidents, could not forbear vowing revenge.

CHAP. VI.

Of the inhabitants of Lilliput; their learning, laws, and cuſtoms; the manner of educating their children. The author's way of living in that country. His vindication of a great lady.

Although I intend to leave the deſcription of this empire to a particular treatiſe, yet in the mean time I am content to gratify the curious reader with ſome general ideas. As the common ſize of the natives is ſomewhat under ſix inches high, ſo there is an exact proportion in all other animals, as well as plants and trees: for inſtance, the talleſt horſes and oxen are between four and five

five inches in heighth, the ſheep an inch and a half, more or leſs; their geeſe about the bigneſs of a ſparrow, and ſo the ſeveral gradations downwards, till you come to the ſmalleſt, which to my ſight were almoſt inviſible; but nature hath adapted the eyes of the Lilliputians to all objects proper for their view: they ſee with great exactneſs, but at no great diſtance. And, to ſhew the ſharpneſs of their ſight towards objects that are near, I have been much pleaſed with obſerving a cook pulling a lark, which was not ſo large as a common fly; and a young girl threading an inviſible needle with inviſible ſilk. Their talleſt trees are about ſeven feet high: I mean ſome of thoſe in the great royal park, the tops whereof I could but juſt reach with my fiſt clinched. The other vegetables are in the ſame proportion; but this I leave to the reader's imagination.

I ſhall ſay but little at preſent of their learning, which for many ages hath flouriſhed in all its branches among them: but their manner of writing is very peculiar, being neither from the left to the right, like the Europeans; nor from the right to the left, like the Arabians; nor from up to down, like the Chineſe; but aſlant from one corner of the paper to the other, like ladies in England.

They bury their dead with their heads directly downwards, becauſe they hold an opinion, that in eleven thouſand moons they are all to riſe again, in which period the earth (which they conceive to be flat) will turn upſide down, and by this means they ſhall at their reſurrection be found ready ſtanding on their feet. The learned among them confeſs the abſurdity of this doctrine, but the practice ſtill continues in compliance to the vulgar.

There are ſome laws and cuſtoms in this empire very peculiar; and, if they were not ſo directly contrary to thoſe of my own dear country, I ſhould be tempted to ſay a little in their juſtification. It is only to be wiſhed they were as well executed. The firſt I ſhall mention, relates to informers. All crimes againſt the ſtate are puniſhed here with the utmoſt ſeverity; but, if the perſon accuſed maketh his innocence plainly to appear upon his trial, the accuſer is immediately put to an ignominious death: and out of his goods or lands the innocent perſon is quadruply recompenſed for the loſs of his time, for the danger he underwent, for the hardſhips of his impriſonment, and for all the charges he hath been at in making his defence. Or, if that fund be deficient, it is largely ſupplied by the crown. The emperor alſo confers on him ſome public mark of his favour, and proclamation is made of his innocence through the whole city.

They look upon fraud as a greater crime than theft, and therefore ſeldom fail to puniſh it with death; for they alledge, that care and vigilance, with a very common underſtanding, may preſerve a man's goods from thieves, but honeſty has no fence againſt ſuperior cunning; and ſince it is neceſſary that there ſhould be a perpetual intercourſe of buying and ſelling, and dealing upon credit; where fraud is permitted, and connived at, or hath no law to puniſh it, the honeſt dealer is always undone, and the knave gets the advantage. I remember when I was once interceding with the king for a criminal, who had wronged his maſter of a great ſum of money, which he had received by order, and ran away with; and happening to tell his majeſty, by way of extenuation, that it was only a breach of truſt; the emperor thought it monſtrous in me to offer as a defence the greateſt aggravation of the crime; and truly I had little to ſay in return, farther than the common anſwer, that different nations had different cuſtoms; for, I confeſs, I was heartily aſhamed *.

Although we uſually call reward and puniſhment the two hinges, upon which all government turns, yet I could never obſerve this maxim to be put in practice by any nation, except that of Lilliput. Whoever can there bring ſufficient proof, that he hath ſtrictly obſerved the laws of his country for ſeventy-three moons, hath a claim to certain privileges, according to his quality

* An act of parliament hath been ſince paſſed, by which ſome breaches of truſt have been made capital.

and condition of life, with a proportionable ſum of money out of a fund appropriated for that uſe: he likewiſe acquires the title of Snilpall, or Legal, which is added to his name, but doth not deſcend to his poſterity. And theſe people thought it a prodigious defect of policy among us, when I told them, that our laws were enforced only by penalties, without any mention of reward. It is upon this account that the image of juſtice, in their courts of judicature, is formed with ſix eyes, two before, as many behind, and on each ſide one, to ſignify circumſpection; with a bag of gold open in her right hand, and a ſword ſheathed in her left, to ſhew ſhe is more diſpoſed to reward than puniſh.

In chuſing perſons for all employments they have more regard to good morals than to great abilities; for, ſince government is neceſſary to mankind, they believe that the common ſize of human underſtandings is fitted to ſome ſtation or other, and that providence never intended to make the management of public affairs to be a myſtery comprehended only by a few perſons of ſublime genius, of which there ſeldom are three born in an age: but they ſuppoſe truth, juſtice, temperance, and the like, to be in every man's power, the practice of which virtues, aſſiſted by experience and a good intention, would qualify any man for the ſervice of his country, except where a courſe of ſtudy is required. But they thought the want of moral virtues was ſo far from being ſupplied by ſuperior endowments of the mind, that employments could never be put into ſuch dangerous hands as thoſe of perſons ſo qualified; and at leaſt, that the miſtakes committed by ignorance in a virtuous diſpoſition would never be of ſuch fatal conſequence to the public weal, as the practices of a man whoſe inclinations led him to be corrupt, and who had great abilities to manage, to multiply, and defend his corruptions.

In like manner, the diſbelief of a divine providence renders a man incapable of holding any public ſtation; for, ſince kings avowed themſelves to be the deputies of providence, the Lilliputians think nothing can be more abſurd than for a prince to employ ſuch men as diſown the authority under which he acteth.

In relating theſe and the following laws, I would only be underſtood to mean the original inſtitutions, and not the moſt ſcandalous corruptions, into which theſe people are fallen by the degenerate nature of man. For as to that infamous practice of acquiring great employments by dancing on the ropes, or badges of favour and diſtinction by leaping over ſticks, and creeping under them, the reader is to obſerve, that they were firſt introduced by the grandfather of the emperor now reigning, and grew to the preſent heighth by the gradual encreaſe of party and faction.

Ingratitude is among them a capital crime, as we read it to have been in ſome other countries; for they reaſon thus, that whoever makes ill returns to his benefactor, muſt needs be a common enemy to the reſt of mankind, from whom he hath received no obligation, and therefore ſuch a man is not fit to live.

Their notions relating to the duties of parents and children differ extremely from ours. For, ſince the conjunction of male and female is founded upon the great law of nature, in order to propagate and continue the ſpecies, the Lilliputians will needs have it, that men and women are joined together like other animals by the motives of concupiſcence; and that their tenderneſs towards their young proceeds from the like natural principle: for which reaſon they will never allow, that a child is under any obligation to his father for begetting him, or to his mother for bringing him into the world, which, conſidering the miſeries of human life, was neither a benefit in itſelf, nor intended ſo by his parents, whoſe thoughts in their love-encounters were otherwiſe employed. Upon theſe, and the like reaſonings, their opinion is, that parents are the laſt of all others to be truſted with the education of their own children: and therefore they have in every town public nurſeries, where all parents, except cottagers and labourers,

bourers, are obliged to ſend their infants of both ſexes to be reared and educated when they come to the age of twenty moons, at which time they are ſuppoſed to have ſome rudiments of docility. Theſe ſchools are of ſeveral kinds, ſuited to different qualities, and to both ſexes. They have certain profeſſors well ſkilled in preparing children for ſuch a condition of life as befits the rank of their parents, and their own capacities as well as inclination. I ſhall firſt ſay ſomething of the male nurſeries, and then of the female.

The nurſeries for males of noble or eminent birth are provided with grave and learned profeſſors, and their ſeveral deputies. The cloaths and food of the children are plain and ſimple. They are bred up in the principles of honour, juſtice, courage, modeſty, clemency, religion, and love of their country; they are always employed in ſome buſineſs, except in the times of eating and ſleeping, which are very ſhort, and two hours for diverſions, conſiſting of bodily exerciſes. They are dreſſed by men till four years of age, and then are obliged to dreſs themſelves, altho' their quality be ever ſo great, and the women attendants, who are aged proportionably to ours at fifty, perform only the moſt menial offices. They are never ſuffered to converſe with ſervants, but go together in ſmaller or greater numbers to take their diverſions, and always in the preſence of a profeſſor, or one of his deputies; whereby they avoid thoſe early bad impreſſions of folly and vice, to which our children are ſubject. Their parents are ſuffered to ſee them only twice a year; the viſit is to laſt but an hour; they are allowed to kiſs the child at meeting and parting; but a profeſſor, who always ſtands by on thoſe occaſions, will not ſuffer them to whiſper, or uſe any fondling expreſſions, or bring any preſents of toys, ſweetmeats, and the like.

The penſion from each family for the education and entertainment of a child, upon failure of due payment, is levied by the emperor's officers.

The nurſeries for children of ordinary gentlemen, merchants, traders, and handicrafts, are managed proportionably after the ſame manner, only thoſe deſigned for trades are put out apprentices at eleven years old, whereas thoſe of perſons of quality continue in their exerciſes till fifteen, which anſwers to twenty-one with us: but the confinement is gradually leſſened for the laſt three years.

In the female nurſeries, the young girls of quality are educated much like the males, only they are dreſſed by orderly ſervants of their own ſex; but always in the preſence of a profeſſor or deputy, till they come to dreſs themſelves, which is at five years old. And if it be found, that theſe nurſes ever preſume to entertain the girls with frightful or fooliſh ſtories, or the common follies practiſed by chambermaids among us, they are publicly whipped thrice about the city, impriſoned for a year, and baniſhed for life to the moſt deſolate part of the country. Thus the young ladies there are as much aſhamed of being cowards and fools as the men, and deſpiſe all perſonal ornaments beyond decency and cleanlineſs: neither did I perceive any difference in their education, made by their difference of ſex, only that the exerciſes of the females were not altogether ſo robuſt; and that ſome rules were given them relating to domeſtic life, and a ſmaller compaſs of learning was enjoined them; for their maxim is, that, among people of quality, a wife ſhould be always a reaſonable and agreeable companion, becauſe ſhe cannot always be young. When the girls are twelve years old, which among them is the marriageable age, their parents or guardians take them home with great expreſſions of gratitude to the profeſſors, and ſeldom without tears of the young lady and her companions.

In the nurſeries of females of the meaner ſort, the children are inſtructed in all kinds of works proper for their ſex, and their ſeveral degrees: thoſe intended for apprentices are diſmiſſed at ſeven years old, the reſt are kept to eleven.

The meaner families, who have children at theſe nurſeries, are obliged, beſides their annual penſion, which is as low as poſſible, to return to the ſtew-

ard of the nurſery a ſmall monthly ſhare of their gettings to be a portion for the child; and therefore all parents are limited in their expences by the law. For the Lilliputians think nothing can be more unjuſt, than for people, in ſubſervience to their own appetites, to bring children into the world, and leave the burden of ſupporting them on the public. As to perſons of quality, they give ſecurity to appropriate a certain ſum for each child ſuitable to their condition; and theſe funds are always managed with good huſbandry, and the moſt exact juſtice.

The cottagers and labourers keep their children at home, their buſineſs being only to till and cultivate the earth, and therefore their education is of little conſequence to the public: but the old and diſeaſed among them are ſupported by wn in this for begging is a trade unknohoſpitals: empire.

And here it may perhaps divert the curious reader, to give ſome account of my domeſtics, and my manner of living in this country, during a reſidence of nine months and thirteen days. Having a head mechanically turned, and being likewiſe forced by neceſſity, I had made for myſelf a table and chair convenient enough out of the largeſt trees in the royal park. Two hundred ſempſtreſſes were employed to make me ſhirts, and linen for my bed and table, all of the ſtrongeſt and coarſeſt kind they could get; which however they were forced to quilt together in ſeveral folds, for the thickeſt was ſome degrees finer than lawn. Their linen is uſually three inches wide, and three feet make a piece. The ſempſtreſſes took my meaſure as I lay on the ground, one ſtanding on my neck, and another at my mid-leg, with a ſtrong cord extended, that each held by the end, while a third meaſured the length of the cord with a rule of an inch long. Then they meaſured my right thumb, and deſired no more; for by a mathematical computation, that twice round the thumb is once round the wriſt, and ſo on to the neck and the waiſt, and by the help of my old ſhirt, which I diſplayed on the ground before them for a pattern, they fitted me exactly. Three hundred taylors were employed in the ſame manner to make me clothes; but they had another contrivance for taking my meaſure. I kneeled down, and they raiſed a ladder from the ground to my neck; upon this ladder one of them mounted, and let fall a plum-line from my collar to the floor, which juſt anſwered the length of my coat; but my waiſt and arms I meaſured myſelf. When my clothes were finiſhed, which was done in my houſe (for the largeſt of theirs would not have been able to hold them) they looked like the patchwork made by the ladies in England, only that mine were all of a colour.

I had three hundred cooks to dreſs my victuals in little convenient huts built about my houſe, where they and their families lived, and prepared me two diſhes a-piece. I took up twenty waiters in my hand, and placed them on the table; an hundred more attended below on the ground, ſome with diſhes of meat, and ſome with barrels of wine and other liquors, ſlung on their ſhoulders; all which, the waiters above drew up, as I wanted, in a very ingenious manner, by certain cords, as we draw the bucket up a well in Europe. A diſh of their meat was a good mouthful, and a barrel of their liquor a reaſonable draught. Their mutton yields to ours, but their beef is excellent. I have had a ſirloin ſo large, that I have been forced to make three bits of it; but this is rare. My ſervants were aſtoniſhed to ſee me eat it, bones and all, as in our country we do the leg of a lark. Their geeſe and turkies I uſually eat at a mouthful, and I muſt confeſs they far exceed ours. Of their ſmaller fowl I could take up twenty or thirty at the end of my knife.

One day his imperial majeſty, being informed of my way of living, deſired that himſelf and his royal conſort, with the young princes of the blood of both ſexes, might have the happineſs (as he was pleaſed to call it) of dining with me. They came accordingly, and I placed them in chairs of ſtate upon my table, juſt over-againſt me, with their guards about them. Flimnap, the lord high treaſurer, attended there likewiſe with his white ſtaff; and I obſerved he often

often looked on me with a ſour countenance, which I would not ſeem to regard, but eat more than uſual, in honour to my dear country, as well as to fill the court with admiration. I have ſome private reaſons to believe, that this viſit from his majeſty gave Flimnap an opportunity of doing me ill offices to his maſter. That miniſter had always been my ſecret enemy, though he outwardly careſſed me more than was uſual to the moroſeneſs of his nature. He repreſented to the emperor the low condition of his treaſury; that he was forced to take up money at great diſcount; that exchequer bills would not circulate under nine *per cent.* below par; that I had coſt his majeſty above a million and a half of *ſprugs* (their greateſt gold coin, about the bigneſs of a ſpangle) and upon the whole, that it would be adviſeable in the emperor to take the firſt fair occaſion of diſmiſſing me.

I am here obliged to vindicate the reputation of an excellent lady, who was an innocent ſufferer upon my account. The treaſurer took a fancy to be jealous of his wife, from the malice of ſome evil tongues, who informed him that her grace had taken a violent affection for my perſon; and the court-ſcandal ran for ſome time, that ſhe once came privately to my lodging. This I ſolemnly declare to be a moſt infamous falſhood, without any grounds, farther than that her grace was pleaſed to treat me with all innocent marks of freedom and friendſhip. I own ſhe came often to my houſe, but always publicly, nor ever without three more in the coach, who were uſually her ſiſter and young daughter, and ſome particular acquaintance; but this was common to many other ladies of the court. And I ſtill appeal to my ſervants round, whether they at any time ſaw a coach at my door, without knowing what perſons were in it. On thoſe occaſions, when a ſervant had given me notice, my cuſtom was to go immediately to the door; and, after paying my reſpects, to take up the coach and two horſes very carefully in my hands (for, if there were ſix horſes, the poſtilion always unharneſſed four) and placed them on a table, where I had fixed a moveable rim quite round, of five inches high, to prevent accidents. And I have often had four coaches and horſes at once on my table full of company, while I ſat in my chair, leaning my face towards them; and, when I was engaged with one ſet, the coachmen would gently drive the others round my table. I have paſſed many an afternoon very agreeably in theſe converſations. But I defy the treaſurer, or his two informers (I will name them, and let them make their beſt of it) Cluſtril and Drunlo, to prove that any perſon ever came to me *incognito*, except the ſecretary Reldreſal, who was ſent by expreſs command of his imperial majeſty, as I have before related. I ſhould not have dwelt ſo long upon this particular, if it had not been a point wherein the reputation of a great lady is ſo nearly concerned, to ſay nothing of my own, tho' I then had the honour to be a *nardac*, which the treaſurer himſelf is not; for all the world knows, that he is only a *glumglum*, a title inferior by one degree, as that of a marquis is to a duke in England; yet I allow he preceded me in right of his poſt. Theſe falſe informations, which I afterwards came to the knowledge of by an accident not proper to mention, made the treaſurer ſhew his lady for ſome time an ill countenance, and me a worſe; and altho' he was at laſt undeceived and reconciled to her, yet I loſt all credit with him, and found my intereſt decline very faſt with the emperor himſelf, who was indeed too much governed by that favourite.

CHAP. VII.

The author, being informed of a deſign to accuſe him of high treaſon, maketh his eſcape to Bleſuſcu. His reception there.

Before I proceed to give an account of my leaving this kingdom, it may be proper to inform the reader of a private intrigue, which had been for two months forming againſt me.

I had been hitherto all my life a ſtranger to courts, for which I was unqualified by the meanneſs of my condition. I had indeed heard and read

enough of the diſpoſitions of great princes and miniſters; but never expected to have found ſuch terrible effects of them in ſo remote a country, governed, as I thought, by very different maxims from thoſe in Europe.

When I was juſt preparing to pay my attendance on the emperor of Blefuſcu, a conſiderable perſon at court (to whom I had been very ſerviceable, at a time when he lay under the higheſt diſpleaſure of his imperial majeſty) came to my houſe very privately at night in a cloſe chair, and, without ſending his name, deſired admittance: the chairmen were diſmiſſed; I put the chair, with his lordſhip in it, into my coat-pocket; and, giving orders to a truſty ſervant to ſay I was indiſpoſed and gone to ſleep, I faſtened the door of my houſe, placed the chair on the table according to my uſual cuſtom, and ſat down by it. After the common ſalutations were over, obſerving his lordſhip's countenance full of concern, and enquiring into the reaſon, he deſired I would hear him with patience in a matter that highly concerned my honour and my life. His ſpeech was to the following effect, for I took notes of it as ſoon as he left me.

You are to know, ſaid he, that ſeveral committees of council have been lately called in the moſt private manner on your account; and it is but two days ſince his majeſty came to a full reſolution.

You are very ſenſible that Skyreſh Bolgolam (*galbet*, or high-admiral) hath been your mortal enemy almoſt ever ſince your arrival: his original reaſons I know not; but his hatred is increaſed ſince your great ſucceſs againſt Blefuſcu, by which his glory, as admiral, is much obſcured. This lord, in conjunction with Flimnap the high-treaſurer, whoſe enmity againſt you is notorious on account of his lady, Limtoc the general, Lalcon the chamberlain, and Balmuff the grand juſticiary, have prepared articles of impeachment againſt you for treaſon, and other capital crimes.

This preface made me ſo impatient, being conſcious of my own merits and innocence, that I was going to interrupt: when he entreated me to be ſilent, and thus proceeded:

Out of gratitude for the favours you have done me, I procured information of the whole proceedings, and a copy of the articles; wherein I venture my head for your ſervice.

Articles of impeachment againſt Quinbus Fleſtrin, *the Man-mountain.*

ARTICLE I.

Whereas, by a ſtatute made in the reign of his imperial majeſty Calin Deffar Plune, it is enacted, that whoever ſhall make water within the precincts of the royal palace, ſhall be liable to the pains and penalties of high-treaſon: notwithſtanding the ſaid Quinbus Fleſtrin, in open breach of the ſaid law, under colour of extinguiſhing the fire kindled in the apartment of his majeſty's moſt dear imperial conſort, did maliciouſly, traiterouſly, and deviliſhly, by diſcharge of his urine, put out the ſaid fire kindled in the ſaid apartment, lying and being within the precincts of the ſaid royal palace, againſt the ſtatute in that caſe provided, *&c.* againſt the duty, *&c.*

ARTICLE II.

That the ſaid Quinbus Fleſtrin having brought the imperial fleet of Blefuſcu into the royal port, and being afterwards commanded by his imperial majeſty to ſeize all the other ſhips of the ſaid empire of Blefuſcu, and reduce that empire to a province to be governed by a vice-roy from hence, and to deſtroy and put to death not only all the *big-endian exiles*, but likewiſe all the people of that empire, who would not immediately forſake the *big-endian* hereſy: he the ſaid Fleſtrin, like a falſe traitor againſt his moſt auſpicious, ſerene, imperial majeſty, did petition to be excuſed from the ſaid ſervice, upon pretence of unwillingneſs to force the conſciences, or deſtroy the liberties and lives of an innocent people *.

* A lawyer thinks himſelf honeſt if he does the beſt he can for his client, and a ſtateſman if he promotes the intereſt of his country; but the dean here inculcates an higher notion of right and wrong, and obligations to a larger community.

ARTICLE

ARTICLE III.

That, whereas certain ambaſſadors arrived from the court of Blefuſcu to ſue for peace in his majeſty's court: he the ſaid Fleſtrin did, like a falſe traitor, aid, abet, comfort, and divert the ſaid ambaſſadors, although he knew them to be ſervants to a prince who was lately an open enemy to his imperial majeſty, and in open war againſt his ſaid majeſty.

ARTICLE IV.

That the ſaid Quinbus Fleſtrin, contrary to the duty of a faithful ſubject, is now preparing to make a voyage to the court and empire of Blefuſcu, for which he hath received only verbal licence from his imperial majeſty; and under colour of the ſaid licence doth falſely and traiterouſly intend to take the ſaid voyage, and thereby to aid, comfort, and abet the emperor of Blefuſcu, ſo late an enemy, and in open war with his imperial majeſty aforeſaid.

There are ſome other articles, but theſe are the moſt important, of which I have read you an abſtract.

In the ſeveral debates upon this impeachment it muſt be confeſſed that his majeſty gave many marks of his great lenity, often urging the ſervices you had done him, and endeavouring to extenuate your crimes. The treaſurer and admiral inſiſted that you ſhould be put to the moſt painful and ignominious death, by ſetting fire on your houſe at night, and the general was to attend with twenty thouſand men armed with poiſoned arrows to ſhoot you on the face and hands. Some of your ſervants were to have private orders to ſtrew a poiſonous juice on your ſhirts and ſheets, which would ſoon make you tear your own fleſh, and die in the utmoſt torture. The general came into the ſame opinion; ſo that for a long time there was a majority againſt you: but his majeſty reſolving, if poſſible, to ſpare your life, at laſt brought off the chamberlain.

Upon this incident Reldreſal, principal ſecretary for private affairs, who always approved himſelf your true friend, was commanded by the emperor to deliver his opinion, which he accordingly did: and therein juſtified the good thoughts you have of him. He allowed your crimes to be great, but that ſtill there was room for mercy, the moſt commendable virtue in a prince, and for which his majeſty was ſo juſtly celebrated. He ſaid, the friendſhip between you and him was ſo well known to the world, that perhaps the moſt honourable board might think him partial: however, in obedience to the command he had received, he would freely offer his ſentiments. That if his majeſty, in conſideration of your ſervices, and purſuant to his own merciful diſpoſition, would pleaſe to ſpare your life, and only give order to put out both your eyes, he humbly conceived, that by this expedient juſtice might in ſome meaſure be ſatisfied, and all the world would applaud the lenity of the emperor, as well as the fair and generous proceedings of thoſe who have the honour to be his counſellors. That the loſs of your eyes would be no impediment to your bodily ſtrength, by which you might ſtill be uſeful to his majeſty: that blindneſs is an addition to courage, by concealing dangers from us; that the fear you had for your eyes, was the greateſt difficulty in bringing over the enemy's fleet; and it would be ſufficient for you to ſee by the eyes of the miniſters, ſince the greateſt princes do no more.

This propoſal was received with the utmoſt diſapprobation by the whole board. Bolgolam the admiral could not preſerve his temper; but riſing up in fury ſaid, he wondered how the ſecretary durſt preſume to give his opinion for preſerving the life of a traitor: that the ſervices you had performed were, by all true reaſons of ſtate, the great aggravation of your crimes; that you, who was able to extinguiſh the fire by diſcharge of urine in her majeſty's apartment (which he mentioned with horror) might at another time raiſe an inundation by the ſame means to drown the whole palace; and the ſame ſtrength, which enabled you to bring over the enemy's fleet, might ſerve upon the firſt diſcontent to carry them back: that he

he had good reaſons to think you were a Big-endian in your heart; and as treaſon begins in the heart before it appears in overt-acts, ſo he accuſed you as a traitor on that account, and therefore inſiſted you ſhould be put to death.

The treaſurer was of the ſame opinion: he ſhewed to what ſtreights his majeſty's revenue was reduced by the charge of maintaining you, which would ſoon grow inſupportable: that the ſecretary's expedient of putting out your eyes was ſo far from being a remedy againſt this evil, that it would probably increaſe it, as is manifeſt from the common practice of blinding ſome kind of fowl, after which they fed the faſter, and grew ſooner fat: that his ſacred majeſty and the council, who are your judges, were in their own conſciences fully convinced of your guilt, which was a ſufficient argument to condemn you to death, without the formal proofs required by the ſtrict letter of the law *.

But his imperial majeſty, fully determined againſt capital puniſhment, was graciouſly pleaſed to ſay, that ſince the council thought the loſs of your eyes too eaſy a cenſure, ſome other may be inflicted hereafter. And your friend the ſecretary, humbly deſiring to be heard again, in anſwer to what the treaſurer had objected concerning the great charge his majeſty was at in maintaining you, ſaid, that his excellency, who had the ſole diſpoſal of the emperor's revenue, might eaſily provide againſt that evil, by gradually leſſening your eſtabliſhment; by which, for want of ſufficient food, you would grow weak and faint, and loſe your appetite, and conſume in a few months; neither would the ſtench of your carcaſe be then ſo dangerous, when it ſhould become more than half diminiſhed; and immediately upon your death five or ſix thouſand of his majeſty's ſubjects might in two or three days cut your fleſh from your bones, take it away by cart-loads, and bury it in diſtant parts to prevent infection, leaving the ſkeleton as a monument of admiration to poſterity.

Thus by the great friendſhip of the ſecretary the whole affair was compromiſed. It was ſtrictly enjoined, that the project of ſtarving you by degrees ſhould be kept a ſecret, but the ſentence of putting out your eyes was entered on the books; none diſſenting except Bolgolam the admiral, who, being a creature of the empreſs's, was perpetually inſtigated by her majeſty to inſiſt upon your death, ſhe having borne perpetual malice againſt you on account of that infamous and illegal method you took to extinguiſh the fire in her apartment.

In three days, your friend the ſecretary will be directed to come to your houſe, and read before you the articles of impeachment; and then to ſignify the great lenity and favour of his majeſty and council, whereby you are only condemned to the loſs of your eyes, which his majeſty doth not queſtion you will gratefully and humbly ſubmit to; and twenty of his majeſty's ſurgeons will attend in order to ſee the operation well performed, by diſcharging very ſharp-pointed arrows into the balls of your eyes, as you lie on the ground.

I leave to your prudence what meaſures you will take; and, to avoid ſuſpicion, I muſt immediately return in as private a manner as I came.

His lordſhip did ſo, and I remained alone under many doubts and perplexities of mind.

It was a cuſtom introduced by this prince and his miniſtry (very different, as I have been aſſured, from the practices of former times) that after the court had decreed any cruel execution, either to gratify the monarch's reſentment, or the malice of a favourite, the emperor always made a ſpeech to his whole council, expreſſing his great lenity and tenderneſs, as qualities known and confeſſed by all the world.

This

* There is ſomething ſo odious in whatever is wrong, that even thoſe whom it does not ſubject to puniſhment endeavour to colour it with an appearance of right; but the attempt is always unſucceſsful, and only betrays a conſciouſneſs of deformity by ſhewing a deſire to hide it. Thus the Lilliputian court pretended a right to diſpenſe with the ſtrict letter of the law to put Gulliver to death, though by the ſtrict letter of the law only he could be convicted of a crime; the intention of the ſtatute not being to ſuffer the palace rather to be burnt than piſſed upon.

This ſpeech was immediately publiſhed through the kingdom; nor did any thing terrify the people ſo much as thoſe encomiums on his majeſty's mercy; becauſe it was obſerved, that, the more theſe praiſes were enlarged and inſiſted on, the more inhuman was the puniſhment, and the ſufferer more innocent. Yet as to myſelf, I muſt confeſs, having never been deſigned for a courtier, either by my birth or education, I was ſo ill a judge of things, that I could not diſcover the lenity and favour of this ſentence, but conceived it (perhaps erroneouſly) rather to be rigorous than gentle. I ſometimes thought of ſtanding my trial; for, although I could not deny the facts alledged in the ſeveral articles, yet I hoped they would admit of ſome extenuation. But having in my life peruſed many ſtate-trials, which I ever obſerved to terminate as the judges thought fit to direct, I durſt not rely on ſo dangerous a deciſion, in ſo critical a juncture, and againſt ſuch powerful enemies. Once I was ſtrongly bent upon reſiſtance, for, while I had liberty, the whole ſtrength of that empire could hardly ſubdue me, and I might eaſily with ſtones pelt the metropolis to pieces; but I ſoon rejected that project with horror, by remembering the oath I had made to the emperor, the favours I had received from him, and the high title of *nardac* he conferred upon me. Neither had I ſo ſoon learned the gratitude of courtiers, to perſuade myſelf, that his majeſty's preſent ſeverities acquitted me of all paſt obligations.

At laſt I fixed upon a reſolution, for which it is probable I may incur ſome cenſure, and not unjuſtly; for I confeſs I owe the preſerving mine eyes, and conſequently my liberty, to my own great raſhneſs, and want of experience; becauſe, if I had then known the nature of princes and miniſters, which I have ſince obſerved in many other courts, and their methods of treating criminals leſs obnoxious than myſelf, I ſhould with great alacrity and readineſs have ſubmitted to ſo eaſy a puniſhment. But hurried on by the precipitancy of youth, and having his imperial majeſty's licence to pay my attendance upon the emperor of Blefuſcu, I took this opportunity, before the three days were elapſed, to ſend a letter to my friend the ſecretary, ſignifying my reſolution of ſetting out that morning for Blefuſcu, purſuant to the leave I had got; and, without waiting for an anſwer, I went to that ſide of the iſland where our fleet lay. I ſeized a large man of war, tied a cable to the prow, and, lifting up the anchors, I ſtript myſelf, put my cloaths (together with my coverlet, which I carried under my arm) into the veſſel, and drawing it after me, between wading and ſwimming arrived at the royal port of Blefuſcu, where the people had long expected me; they lent me two guides to direct me to the capital city, which is of the ſame name. I held them in my hands, till I came within two hundred yards of the gate, and deſired them to ſignify my arrival to one of the ſecretaries, and let him know, I there waited his majeſty's command. I had an anſwer in about an hour, that his majeſty, attended by the royal family and great officers of the court, was coming out to receive me. I advanced a hundred yards. The emperor and his train alighted from their horſes, the empreſs and ladies from their coaches, and I did not perceive they were in any fright or concern. I lay on the ground to kiſs his majeſty's and the empreſs's hand. I told his majeſty that I was come according to my promiſe, and with the licence of the emperor my maſter, to have the honour of ſeeing ſo mighty a monarch, and to offer him any ſervice in my power conſiſtent with my duty to my own prince; not mentioning a word of my diſgrace, becauſe I had hitherto no regular information of it, and might ſuppoſe myſelf wholly ignorant of any ſuch deſign; neither could I reaſonably conceive that the emperor would diſcover the ſecret, while I was out of his power; wherein however it ſoon appeared I was deceived.

I ſhall not trouble the reader with the particular account of my reception at this court, which was ſuitable to the generoſity of ſo great a prince; nor of the difficulties I was in for want of a houſe

houſe and bed, being forced to lie on the ground, wrapt up in my coverlet.

CHAP. VIII.

The author, by a lucky accident, finds means to leave Blefuſcu; and, after ſome difficulties, returns ſafe to his native country.

Three days after my arrival, walking out of curioſity to the north-eaſt coaſt of the iſland, I obſerved about half a league off, in the ſea, ſomewhat that looked like a boat overturned. I pulled off my ſhoes and ſtockings, and, wading two or three hundred yards, I found the object to approach nearer by force of the tide: and then plainly ſaw it to be a real boat, which I ſuppoſed might by ſome tempeſt have been driven from a ſhip: whereupon I returned immediately towards the city, and deſired his imperial majeſty to lend me twenty of the talleſt veſſels he had left after the loſs of his fleet, and three thouſand ſeamen, under the command of his vice-admiral. This fleet ſailed round, while I went back the ſhorteſt way to the coaſt, where I firſt diſcovered the boat; I found the tide had driven it ſtill nearer. The ſeamen were all provided with cordage, which I had beforehand twiſted to a ſufficient ſtrength. When the ſhips came up, I ſtript myſelf, and waded till I came within a hundred yards of the boat, after which I was forced to ſwim till I got up to it. The ſeamen threw me the end of the cord, which I faſtened to a hole in the fore-part of the boat, and the other end to a man of war: but I found all my labour to little purpoſe; for, being out of my depth, I was not able to work. In this neceſſity, I was forced to ſwim behind, and puſh the boat forwards as often as I could, with one of my hands; and the tide favouring me I advanced ſo far, that I could juſt hold up my chin and feel the ground. I reſted two or three minutes, and then gave the boat another ſhove, and ſo on till the ſea was no higher than my armpits; and now, the moſt laborious part being over, I took out my other cables, which were ſtowed in one of the ſhips, and faſtened them firſt to the boat, and then to nine of the veſſels which attended me; the wind being favourable, the ſeamen towed, and I ſhoved till we arrived within forty yards of the ſhore, and, waiting till the tide was out, I got dry to the boat, and by the aſſiſtance of two thouſand men, with ropes and engines, I made a ſhift to turn it on its bottom, and found it was but little damaged.

I ſhall not trouble the reader with the difficulties I was under by the help of certain paddles, which coſt me ten days making, to get my boat to the royal port of Blefuſcu, where a mighty concourſe of people appeared upon my arrival, full of wonder at the ſight of ſo prodigious a veſſel. I told the emperor, that my good fortune had thrown this boat in my way to carry me to ſome place, from whence I might return into my native country, and begged his majeſty's orders for getting materials to fit it up, together with his licence to depart, which, after ſome kind expoſtulations, he was pleaſed to grant.

I did very much wonder, in all this time, not to have heard of any expreſs relating to me from our emperor to the court of Blefuſcu. But I was afterwards given privately to underſtand, that his imperial majeſty, never imagining I had the leaſt notice of his deſigns, believed I was gone to Blefuſcu in performance of my promiſe, according to the licence he had given me, which was well known at our court, and would return in a few days when the ceremony was ended. But he was at laſt in pain at my long abſence; and, after conſulting with the treaſurer and the reſt of that cabal, a perſon of quality was diſpatched with the copy of the articles againſt me. This envoy had inſtructions to repreſent to the monarch of Blefuſcu the great lenity of his maſter, who was content to puniſh me no farther than with the loſs of mine eyes; that I had fled from juſtice, and, if I did not return in two hours, I ſhould be deprived of my title of *nardac*, and declared a traitor. The envoy further added, that, in order to maintain the peace and amity between both empires, his maſter expected, that his brother of Blefuſcu would give orders

ders to have me ſent back to Lilliput, bound hand and foot, to be puniſhed as a traitor.

The emperor of Blefuſcu, having taken three days to conſult, returned an anſwer conſiſting of many civilities and excuſes. He ſaid, that, as for ſending me bound, his brother knew it was impoſſible; that although I had deprived him of his fleet, yet he owed great obligations to me for many good offices I had done him in making the peace. That however both their majeſties would ſoon be made eaſy; for I had found a prodigious veſſel on the ſhore, able to carry me on the ſea, which he had given order to fit up with my own aſſiſtance and direction; and he hoped in a few weeks both empires would be freed from ſo inſupportable an incumbrance.

With this anſwer the envoy returned to Lilliput, and the monarch of Blefuſcu related to me all that had paſſed; offering me at the ſame time (but under the ſtricteſt confidence) his gracious protection, if I would continue in his ſervice; wherein although I believed him ſincere, yet I reſolved never more to put any confidence in princes or miniſters, where I could poſſibly avoid it; and therefore, with all due acknowledgments for his favourable intentions, I humbly begged to be excuſed. I told him, that ſince fortune, whether good or evil, had thrown a veſſel in my way, I was reſolved to venture myſelf in the ocean, rather than be an occaſion of difference between two ſuch mighty monarchs. Neither did I find the emperor at all diſpleaſed; and I diſcovered by a certain accident, that he was very glad of my reſolution, and ſo were moſt of his miniſters.

Theſe conſiderations moved me to haſten my departure ſomewhat ſooner than I intended; to which the court, impatient to have me gone, very readily contributed. Five hundred workmen were employed to make two ſails to my boat, according to my directions, by quilting thirteen fold of their ſtrongeſt linen together. I was at the pains of making ropes and cables, by twiſting ten, twenty, or thirty of the thickeſt and ſtrongeſt of theirs. A great ſtone that I happened to find, after a long ſearch by the ſea-ſhore, ſerved me for an anchor. I had the tallow of three hundred cows for greaſing my boat, and other uſes. I was at incredible pains in cutting down ſome of the largeſt timber-trees for oars and maſts, wherein I was however much aſſiſted by his majeſty's ſhip-carpenters, who helped me in ſmoothing them after I had done the rough work.

In about a month, when all was prepared, I ſent to receive his majeſty's commands, and to take my leave. The emperor and royal family came out of the palace; I lay down on my face to kiſs his hand, which he very graciouſly gave me; ſo did the empreſs, and young princes of the blood. His majeſty preſented me with fifty purſes of two hundred *ſprugs* a-piece, together with his picture at full length, which I put immediately into one of my gloves to keep it from being hurt. The ceremonies at my departure were too many to trouble the reader with at this time.

I ſtored the boat with the carcaſes of an hundred oxen, and three hundred ſheep, with bread and drink proportionable, and as much meat ready dreſſed as four hundred cooks could provide. I took with me ſix cows and two bulls alive, with as many ewes and rams, intending to carry them into my own country, and propagate the breed. And to feed them on board I had a good bundle of hay and a bag of corn. I would gladly have taken a dozen of the natives, but this was a thing the emperor would by no means permit; and, beſides a diligent ſearch into my pockets, his majeſty engaged my honour not to carry away any of his ſubjects, although with their own conſent and deſire.

Having thus prepared all things as well as I was able, I ſet ſail on the 24th day of September 1701 at ſix in the morning; and when I had gone about four leagues to the northward, the wind being at ſouth-eaſt, at ſix in the evening I deſcried a ſmall iſland about half a league to the north-weſt. I advanced forward, and caſt anchor on the lee-ſide of the iſland, which ſeemed to be uninhabited. I then took ſome refreſh-

ment,

ment, and went to my reſt. I ſlept well, and as I conjecture at leaſt ſix hours, for I found the day broke in two hours after I awaked. It was a clear night. I eat my breakfaſt before the ſun was up; and heaving anchor, the wind being favourable, I ſteered the ſame courſe that I had done the day before, wherein I was directed by my pocket-compaſs. My intention was to reach, if poſſible, one of thoſe iſlands which I had reaſon to believe lay to the north-eaſt of Van Diemen's land. I diſcovered nothing all that day; but upon the next, about three in the afternoon, when I had by my computation made twenty-four leagues from Blefuſcu, I deſcried a ſail ſteering to the ſouth-eaſt; my courſe was due eaſt, I hailed her, but could get no anſwer; yet I found I gained upon her, for the wind ſlackened. I made all the ſail I could, and in half an hour ſhe ſpied me, then hung out her ancient, and diſcharged a gun. It is not eaſy to expreſs the joy I was in upon the unexpected hope of once more ſeeing my beloved country, and the dear pledges I left in it. The ſhip ſlackened her ſails, and I came up with her between five and ſix in the evening, September 26; but my heart leapt within me to ſee her Engliſh colours. I put my cows and ſheep into my coat-pockets, and got on board with all my little cargo of proviſions. The veſſel was an Engliſh merchant-man returning from Japan by the north and ſouth ſeas; the captain Mr. John Biddle of Deptford, a very civil man, and an excellent ſailor. We were now in the latitude of 30 degrees ſouth, there were about fifty men in the ſhip; and here I met an old comrade of mine, one Peter Williams, who gave me a good character to the captain. This gentleman treated me with kindneſs, and deſired I would let him know what place I came from laſt, and whither I was bound; which I did in few words, but he thought I was raving, and that the dangers I had underwent had diſturbed my head; whereupon I took my black cattle and ſheep out of my pocket, which, after great aſtoniſhment, clearly convinced him of my veracity. I then ſhewed him the gold given me by the emperor of Blefuſcu, together with his majeſty's picture at full length, and ſome other rarities of that country. I gave him two purſes of two hundred *ſprugs* each, and promiſed, when we arrived in England, to make him a preſent of a cow and a ſheep big with young.

I ſhall not trouble the reader with a particular account of this voyage, which was very proſperous for the moſt part. We arrived in the Downs on the 13th of April 1702. I had only one misfortune, that the rats on board carried away one of my ſheep; I found her bones in a hole, picked clean from the fleſh. The reſt of my cattle I got ſafe aſhore, and ſet them a-grazing in a bowling-green at Greenwich, where the fineneſs of the graſs made them feed very heartily, though I had always feared the contrary: neither could I poſſibly have preſerved them in ſo long a voyage, if the captain had not allowed me ſome of his beſt biſket, which rubbed to powder, and mingled with water, was their conſtant food. The ſhort time I continued in England, I made a conſiderable profit by ſhewing my cattle to many perſons of quality, and others: and before I began my ſecond voyage, I ſold them for ſix hundred pounds. Since my laſt return I find the breed is conſiderably increaſed, eſpecially the ſheep, which I hope will prove much to the advantage of the woollen manufacture by the fineneſs of the fleeces.

I ſtayed but two months with my wife and family; for my inſatiable deſire of ſeeing foreign countries would ſuffer me to continue no longer. I left fifteen hundred pounds with my wife, and fixed her in a good houſe at Redriff. My remaining ſtock I carried with me, part in money and part in goods, in hopes to improve my fortunes. My eldeſt uncle John had left me an eſtate in land, near Epping, of about thirty pounds a year; and I had a long leaſe of the Black-Bull in Fetter-Lane, which yielded me as much more; ſo that I was not in any danger of leaving my family upon the pariſh. My ſon Johnny, named ſo after his uncle, was at the grammar-ſchool, and a towardly child,

child. My daughter Betty (who is now well married, and has children) was then at her needle-work. I took leave of my wife, and boy and girl, with tears on both ſides, and went on board the Adventure, a merchant-ſhip of three hundred tons, bound for Surat, captain John Nicholas of Liverpool commander. But my account of this voyage muſt be deferred to the ſecond part of my travels. *Swift.*

§ 155. *A Voyage to Brobdingnag.*

CHAP. I.

A great ſtorm deſcribed, the long boat ſent to fetch water, the author goes with it to diſcover the country. He is left on ſhore, is ſeized by one of the natives, and carried to a farmer's houſe. His reception, with ſeveral accidents that happened there. A deſcription of the inhabitants.

Having been condemned by nature and fortune to an active and reſtleſs life, in two months after my return I again left my native country, and took ſhipping in the Downs on the 20th day of June 1702, in the Adventure, captain John Nicholas, a Corniſh man, commander, bound for Surat. We had a very proſperous gale till we arrived at the Cape of Good Hope, where we landed for freſh water, but diſcovering a leak, we unſhipped our goods, and wintered there; for, the captain falling ſick of an ague, we could not leave the Cape till the end of March. We then ſet ſail, and had a good voyage till we paſſed the ſtreights of Madagaſcar; but having got northward of that iſland, and to about five degrees ſouth latitude, the winds, which in thoſe ſeas are obſerved to blow a conſtant equal gale between the north and weſt, from the beginning of December to the beginning of May, on the 19th of April began to blow with much greater violence, and more weſterly than uſual, continuing ſo for twenty days together, during which time we were driven a little to the eaſt of the Molucca iſlands, and about three degrees northward of the line, as our captain found by an obſervation he took the ſecond of May, at which time the wind ceaſed, and it was a perfect calm, whereat I was not a little rejoiced. But he, being a man well experienced in the navigation of thoſe ſeas, bid us all prepare againſt a ſtorm, which accordingly happened the day following: for a ſouthern wind, called the ſouthern monſoon, began to ſet in.

Finding it was like to overblow, we took in our ſprit-ſail, and ſtood by to hand the fore-ſail; but, making foul weather, we looked the guns were all faſt, and handed the mizen. The ſhip lay very broad off, ſo we thought it better ſpooning before the ſea, than trying or hulling. We reeft the fore-ſail and ſet him, and hawled aft the fore-ſheet; the helm was hard a-weather. The ſhip wore bravely. We belayed the foredown-hall; but the ſail was ſplit, and we hawled down the yard, and got the ſail into the ſhip, and unbound all the things clear of it. It was a very fierce ſtorm; the ſea broke ſtrange and dangerous. We hawled off upon the lanniard of the whip-ſtaff, and helped the man at the helm. We would not get down our top-maſt, but let all ſtand, becauſe ſhe ſcudded before the ſea very well, and we knew that, the top-maſt being aloft, the ſhip was the wholeſomer, and made better way through the ſea, ſeeing we had ſea-room. When the ſtorm was over, we ſet fore-ſail and main-ſail, and brought the ſhip to. Then we ſet the mizen, main-top-ſail, and the fore-top-ſail. Our courſe was eaſt-north-eaſt, the wind was at ſouth-weſt. We got the ſtarboard tacks aboard, we caſt off our weather-braces and lifts; we ſet in the lee-braces, and hawled forward by the weather-bowlings, and hawled them tight, and belayed them, and hawled over the mizen-tack to windward, and kept her full and by as near as ſhe would lie.

During this ſtorm, which was followed by a ſtrong wind weſt-ſouth-weſt, we were carried by my computation about five hundred leagues to the eaſt, ſo that the oldeſt ſailor on board could not tell in what part of the world we were. Our proviſions held out well, our ſhip was ſtaunch, and our crew all in good health; but we lay in the utmoſt diſtreſs for water. We thought it beſt to hold on the ſame courſe, rather than turn more northerly, which might have brought us to the north-weſt parts

of

of Great Tartary, and into the frozen ſea.

On the 16th day of June, 1703, a boy on the top-maſt diſcovered land: On the 17th we came in full view of a great iſland or continent (for we knew not whether) on the ſouth ſide whereof was a ſmall neck of land jutting out into the ſea, and a creek too ſhallow to hold a ſhip of above one hundred tons. We caſt anchor within a league of this creek, and our captain ſent a dozen of his men well armed in the long-boat, with veſſels for water, if any could be found. I deſired his leave to go with them, that I might ſee the country, and make what diſcoveries I could. When we came to land, we ſaw no river or ſpring, nor any ſign of inhabitants. Our men therefore wandered on the ſhore to find out ſome freſh water near the ſea, and I walked alone about a mile on the other ſide, where I obſerved the country all barren and rocky. I now began to be weary, and ſeeing nothing to entertain my curioſity I returned gently down towards the creek; and the ſea being full in my view, I ſaw our men already got into the boat, and rowing for life to the ſhip. I was going to halloo after them, although it had been to little purpoſe, when I obſerved a huge creature walking after them in the ſea, as faſt as he could: he waded not much deeper than his knees, and took prodigious ſtrides: but our men had the ſtart of him half a league, and, the ſea thereabouts being full of ſharp-pointed rocks, the monſter was not able to overtake the boat. This I was afterwards told, for I durſt not ſtay to ſee the iſſue of the adventure; but ran as faſt as I could the way I firſt went, and then climbed up a ſteep hill, which gave me ſome proſpect of the country. I found it fully cultivated; but that which firſt ſurpriſed me was the length of the graſs, which, in thoſe grounds that ſeemed to be kept for hay, was about twenty feet high.

I fell into a high road, for ſo I took it to be, though it ſerved to the inhabitants only as a foot-path through a field of barley. Here I walked on for ſome time, but could ſee little on either ſide, it being now near harveſt, and the corn riſing at leaſt forty feet. I was an hour walking to the end of this field, which was fenced in with a hedge of at leaſt one hundred and twenty feet high, and the trees ſo lofty that I could make no computation of their altitude. There was a ſtile to paſs from this field into the next. It had four ſteps, and a ſtone to croſs over when you came to the uppermoſt. It was impoſſible for me to climb this ſtile, becauſe every ſtep was ſix feet high, and the upper ſtone above twenty. I was endeavouring to find ſome gap in the hedge, when I diſcovered one of the inhabitants in the next field advancing towards the ſtile, of the ſame ſize with him whom I ſaw in the ſea purſuing our boat. He appeared as tall as an ordinary ſpire-ſteeple, and took about ten yards at every ſtride, as near as I could gueſs. I was ſtruck with the utmoſt fear and aſtoniſhment, and ran to hide myſelf in the corn, from whence I ſaw him at the top of the ſtile looking back into the next field on the right hand, and heard him call in a voice many degrees louder than a ſpeaking-trumpet; but the noiſe was ſo high in the air, that at firſt I certainly thought it was thunder. Whereupon ſeven monſters, like himſelf, came towards him with reaping-hooks in their hands, each hook about the largeneſs of ſix ſcythes. Theſe people were not ſo well clad as the firſt, whoſe ſervants or labourers they ſeemed to be: for, upon ſome words he ſpoke, they went to reap the corn in the field where I lay. I kept from them at as great a diſtance as I could, but was forced to move with extreme difficulty, for the ſtalks of the corn were ſometimes not above a foot diſtant, ſo that I could hardly ſqueeze my body betwixt them. However I made a ſhift to go forward, till I came to a part of the field where the corn had been laid by the rain and wind. Here it was impoſſible for me to advance a ſtep; for the ſtalks were ſo interwoven that I could not creep thorough, and the beards of the fallen ears ſo ſtrong and pointed, that they pierced through my clothes into my fleſh. At the ſame time I heard the reapers not above an hundred yards behind me. Being quite

diſpirited

diſpirited with toil, and wholly overcome by grief and deſpair, I lay down between two ridges, and heartily wiſhed I might there end my days. I bemoaned my deſolate widow, and fatherleſs children. I lamented my own folly and wilfulneſs in attempting a ſecond voyage, againſt the advice of all my friends and relations. In this terrible agitation of mind I could not forbear thinking of Lilliput, whoſe inhabitants looked upon me as the greateſt prodigy that ever appeared in the world: where I was able to draw an imperial fleet in my hand, and perform thoſe other actions which will be recorded for ever in the chronicles of that empire, while poſterity ſhall hardly believe them, although atteſted by millions. I reflected what a mortification it muſt prove to me to appear as inconſiderable in this nation, as one ſingle Lilliputian would be among us. But this I conceived was to be the leaſt of my misfortunes: for, as human creatures are obſerved to be more ſavage and cruel in proportion to their bulk, what could I expect but to be a morſel in the mouth of the firſt among theſe enormous barbarians, that ſhould happen to ſeize me? Undoubtedly philoſophers are in the right when they tell us, that nothing is great or little otherwiſe than by compariſon. It might have pleaſed fortune to have let the Lilliputians find ſome nation, where the people were as diminutive with reſpect to them, as they were to me. And who knows but that even this prodigious race of mortals might be equally overmatched in ſome diſtant part of the world, whereof we have yet no diſcovery.

Scared and confounded as I was, I could not forbear going on with theſe reflections, when one of the reapers, approaching within ten yards of the ridge where I lay, made me apprehend that with the next ſtep I ſhould be ſquaſhed to death under his foot, or cut in two with his reaping-hook. And therefore when he was again about to move, I ſcreamed as loud as fear could make me. Whereupon the huge creature trod ſhort, and looking round about under him for ſome time, at laſt eſpied me as I lay on the ground. He conſidered a while, with the caution of one who endeavours to lay hold on a ſmall dangerous animal in ſuch a manner that it ſhall not be able either to ſcratch or to bite him, as I myſelf have ſometimes done with a weaſel in England. At length he ventured to take me up behind by the middle between his fore-finger and thumb, and brought me within three yards of his eyes, that he might behold my ſhape more perfectly. I gueſſed his meaning, and my good fortune gave me ſo much preſence of mind, that I reſolved not to ſtruggle in the leaſt as he held me in the air above ſixty feet from the ground, although he grievouſly pinched my ſides, for fear I ſhould ſlip through his fingers. All I ventured was to raiſe mine eyes towards the ſun, and place my hands together in a ſupplicating poſture, and to ſpeak ſome words in an humble melancholy tone, ſuitable to the condition I then was in. For I apprehended every moment that he would daſh me againſt the ground, as we uſually do any little hateful animal, which we have a mind to deſtroy*. But my good ſtar would have it, that he appeared pleaſed with my voice and geſtures, and began to look upon me as a curioſity, much wondering to hear me pronounce articulate words, although he could not underſtand them. In the mean time I was not able to forbear groaning and ſhedding tears, and turning my head towards my ſides; letting him know, as well as I could, how cruelly I was hurt by the preſſure of his thumb and finger. He ſeemed to apprehend my meaning; for, lifting up the lappet of his coat, he put me gently into it, and immediately ran along with me to his maſter, who was a ſubſtantial farmer, and the ſame perſon I had firſt ſeen in the field.

The farmer having (as I ſuppoſe by their talk) received ſuch an account of me as his ſervant could give him, took

* Our inattention to the felicity of ſenſitive beings merely becauſe they are ſmall is here forcibly reproved: many have wantonly cruſhed an inſect, who would ſhudder at cutting the throat of a dog; but it ſhould always be remembered, that the leaſt of theſe

"In mortal ſufferance feels a pang as great
"As when a giant dies."

a piece

a piece of a ſmall ſtraw, about the ſize of a walking-ſtaff, and therewith lifted up the lappets of my coat; which it ſeems he thought to be ſome kind of covering that nature had given me. He blew my hairs aſide to take a better view of my face. He called his hinds about him, and aſked them (as I afterwards learned) whether they had ever ſeen in the fields any little creature that reſembled me: he then placed me ſoftly on the ground upon all four, but I got immediately up, and walked ſlowly backwards and forwards to let thoſe people ſee I had no intent to run away. They all ſat down in a circle about me, the better to obſerve my motions. I pulled off my hat, and made a low bow towards the farmer. I fell on my knees, and lifted up my hands and eyes, and ſpoke ſeveral words as loud as I could: I took a purſe of gold out of my pocket, and humbly preſented it to him. He received it on the palm of his hand, then applied it cloſe to his eye to ſee what it was, and afterwards turned it ſeveral times with the point of a pin (which he took out of his ſleeve) but could make nothing of it. Whereupon I made a ſign that he ſhould place his hand on the ground. I then took the purſe, and opening it, poured all the gold into his palm. There were ſix Spaniſh pieces of four piſtoles each, beſides twenty or thirty ſmaller coins. I ſaw him wet the tip of his little finger upon his tongue, and take up one of my largeſt pieces, and then another, but he ſeemed to be wholly ignorant what they were. He made me a ſign to put them again into my purſe, and the purſe again into my pocket, which, after offering it to him ſeveral times, I thought it beſt to do.

The farmer by this time was convinced I muſt be a rational creature. He ſpoke often to me, but the ſound of his voice pierced my ears like that of a water-mill, yet his words were articulate enough. I anſwered as loud as I could in ſeveral languages, and he often laid his ear within two yards of me, but all in vain, for we were wholly unintelligible to each other. He then ſent his ſervants to their work, and, taking his handkerchief out of his pocket, he doubled and ſpread it on his left hand, which he placed flat on the ground, with the palm upwards, making me a ſign to ſtep into it, as I could eaſily do, for it was not above a foot in thickneſs. I thought it my part to obey, and, for fear of falling, laid myſelf at full length upon the handkerchief, with the remainder of which he lapped me up to the head for farther ſecurity, and in this manner carried me home to his houſe. There he called his wife, and ſhewed me to her; but ſhe ſcreamed and ran back, as women in England do at the ſight of a toad or a ſpider. However, when ſhe had a while ſeen my behaviour, and how well I obſerved the ſigns her huſband made, ſhe was ſoon reconciled, and by degrees grew extremely tender of me.

It was about twelve at noon, and a ſervant brought in dinner. It was only one ſubſtantial diſh of meat (fit for the plain condition of an huſbandman) in a diſh of about four-and-twenty feet diameter. The company were the farmer and his wife, three children, and an old grandmother: when they were ſat down the farmer placed me at ſome diſtance from him on the table, which was thirty feet high from the floor. I was in a terrible fright, and kept as far as I could from the edge for fear of falling. The wife minced a bit of meat, then crumbled ſome bread on a trencher, and placed it before me. I made her a low bow, took out my knife and fork, and fell to eat, which gave them exceeding delight. The miſtreſs ſent her maid for a ſmall dram-cup, which held about two gallons, and filled it with drink; I took up the veſſel with much difficulty in both hands, and in a moſt reſpectful manner drank to her ladyſhip's health, expreſſing the words as loud as I could in Engliſh, which made the company laugh ſo heartily, that I was almoſt deafened with the noiſe. This liquor taſted like a ſmall cyder, and was not unpleaſant. Then the maſter made me a ſign to come to his trencher-ſide; but as I walked on the table, being in great ſurprize all the time, as the indulgent reader will eaſily conceive and excuſe, I happened to ſtumble againſt a cruſt, and fell flat on my face, but received no

hurt.

hurt. I got up immediately, and obſerving the good people to be in much concern, I took my hat (which I held under my arm out of good manners) and, waving it over my head, made three huzzas to ſhew I had got no miſchief by my fall. But advancing forwards toward my maſter (as I ſhall henceforth call him) his youngeſt ſon, who ſat next him, an arch boy of about ten years old, took me up by the legs, and held me ſo high in the air, that I trembled every limb; but his father ſnatched me from him, and at the ſame time gave him ſuch a box on the left ear, as would have felled an European troop of horſe to the earth, ordering him to be taken from the table. But being afraid the boy might owe me a ſpite, and well remembering how miſchievous all children among us naturally are to ſparrows, rabbits, young kittens, and puppy-dogs, I fell on my knees, and pointing to the boy, made my maſter to underſtand, as well as I could, that I deſired his ſon might be pardoned. The father complied, and the lad took his ſeat again; whereupon I went to him and kiſſed his hand, which my maſter took, and made him ſtroke me gently with it.

In the midſt of dinner, my miſtreſs's favourite cat leaped into her lap. I heard a noiſe behind me like that of a dozen ſtocking-weavers at work; and, turning my head, I found it proceeded from the purring of that animal, who ſeemed to be three times larger than an ox, as I computed by the view of her head, and one of her paws, while her miſtreſs was feeding and ſtroking her. The fierceneſs of this creature's countenance altogether diſcompoſed me, though I ſtood at the further end of the table, above fifty feet off, and although my miſtreſs held her faſt, for fear ſhe might give a ſpring, and ſeize me in her talons. But it happened there was no danger; for the cat took not the leaſt notice of me, when my maſter placed me within three yards of her. And as I have been always told, and found true by experience in my travels, that flying or diſcovering fear before a fierce animal is a certain way to make it purſue or attack you, ſo I reſolved in this dangerous juncture to ſhew no manner of concern. I walked with intrepidity five or ſix times before the very head of the cat, and came within half a yard of her; whereupon ſhe drew herſelf back, as if ſhe were more afraid of me. I had leſs apprehenſion concerning the dogs, whereof three or four came into the room, as it is uſual in farmers houſes; one of which was a maſtiff equal in bulk to four elephants, and a greyhound ſomewhat taller than the maſtiff, but not ſo large.

When dinner was almoſt done, the nurſe came in with a child of a year old in her arms, who immediately ſpied me, and began a ſquall that you might have heard from London-bridge to Chelſea, after the uſual oratory of infants, to get me for a play-thing. The mother out of pure indulgence took me up, and put me towards the child, who preſently ſeized me by the middle, and got my head into his mouth, where I roared ſo loud that the urchin was frighted, and let me drop; and I ſhould infallibly have broke my neck, if the mother had not held her apron under me. The nurſe, to quiet her babe, made uſe of a rattle, which was a kind of hollow veſſel filled with great ſtones, and faſtened by a cable to the child's waiſt: but all in vain, ſo that ſhe was forced to apply the laſt remedy, by giving it ſuck. I muſt confeſs no object ever diſguſted me ſo much as the ſight of her monſtrous breaſt, which I cannot tell what to compare with, ſo as to give the curious reader an idea of its bulk, ſhape, and colour. It ſtood prominent ſix feet, and could not be leſs than ſixteen in circumference. The nipple was about half the bigneſs of my head, and the hue both of that and the dug ſo varied with ſpots, pimples, and freckles, that nothing could appear more nauſeous: for I had a near ſight of her, ſhe ſitting down the more conveniently to give ſuck, and I ſtanding on the table. This made me reflect upon the fair ſkins of our Engliſh ladies, who appear ſo beautiful to us, only becauſe they are of our own ſize, and their defects not to be ſeen but through a magnifying-glaſs, where we find by experiment, that the ſmootheſt

and whiteſt ſkins look rough and coarſe, and ill-coloured.

I remember, when I was at Lilliput, the complexions of thoſe diminutive people appeared to me the faireſt in the world; and talking upon this ſubject with a perſon of learning there, who was an intimate friend of mine, he ſaid that my face appeared much fairer and ſmoother when he looked on me from the ground, than it did upon a nearer view, when I took him up in my hand and brought him cloſe, which he confeſſed was at firſt a very ſhocking ſight. He ſaid he could diſcover great holes in my ſkin; that the ſtumps of my beard were ten times ſtronger than the briſtles of a boar, and my complexion made up of ſeveral colours altogether diſagreeable: although I muſt beg leave to ſay for myſelf, that I am as fair as moſt of my ſex and country, and very little ſun-burnt by all my travels. On the other ſide, diſcourſing of the ladies in that emperor's court, he uſed to tell me one had freckles, another too wide a mouth, a third too large a noſe, nothing of which I was able to diſtinguiſh. I confeſs this reflection was obvious enough; which, however I could not forbear, leſt the reader might think thoſe vaſt creatures were actually deformed; for I muſt do them juſtice to ſay, they are a comely race of people; and particularly the features of my maſter's countenance, although he were but a farmer, when I beheld him from the height of ſixty feet, appeared very well proportioned.

When dinner was done, my maſter went out to his labourers, and, as I could diſcover by his voice and geſture, gave his wife a ſtrict charge to take care of me. I was very much tired, and diſpoſed to ſleep; which my miſtreſs perceiving, ſhe put me on her own bed, and covered me with a clean white handkerchief, but larger and coarſer than the main-ſail of a man of war.

I ſlept about two hours, and dreamed I was at home with my wife and children, which aggravated my ſorrows when I awaked, and found myſelf alone in a vaſt room, between two and three hundred feet wide, and above two hundred high, lying in a bed twenty yards wide. My miſtreſs was gone about her houſehold affairs, and had locked me in. The bed was eight yards from the floor. Some natural neceſſities required me to get down; I durſt not preſume to call, and, if I had, it would have been in vain with ſuch a voice as mine, at ſo great a diſtance as from the room where I lay to the kitchen where the family kept. While I was under theſe circumſtances, two rats crept up the curtains, and ran ſmelling backwards and forwards on the bed. One of them came up almoſt to my face, whereupon I roſe in a fright, and drew out my hanger to defend myſelf. Theſe horrible animals had the boldneſs to attack me on both ſides, and one of them held his fore-feet at my collar; but I had the good fortune to rip up his belly, before he could do me any miſchief. He fell down at my feet, and the other ſeeing the fate of his comrade made his eſcape, but not without one good wound on the back, which I gave him as he fled, and made the blood run trickling from him. After this exploit I walked gently to and fro on the bed to recover my breath, and loſs of ſpirits. Theſe creatures were of the ſize of a large maſtiff, but infinitely more nimble and fierce, ſo that, if I had taken off my belt before I went to ſleep, I muſt infallibly have been torn to pieces and devoured. I meaſured the tail of the dead rat, and found it to be two yards long, wanting an inch; but it went againſt my ſtomach to drag the carcaſe off the bed, where it lay ſtill bleeding; I obſerved it had yet ſome life, but, with a ſtrong ſlaſh croſs the neck, I thoroughly diſpatched it.

Soon after my miſtreſs came into the room, who ſeeing me all bloody ran and took me up in her hand. I pointed to the dead rat, ſmiling, and making other ſigns to ſhew I was not hurt, whereat ſhe was extremely rejoiced, calling the maid to take up the dead rat with a pair of tongs, and throw it out of the window. Then ſhe ſet me on a table, where I ſhewed her my hanger all bloody, and, wiping it on the lappet of my coat, returned it to the ſcabbard. I was preſſed to do more than one thing, which another could not do

for

for me, and therefore endeavoured to make my miſtreſs underſtand that I deſired to be ſet down on the floor; which after ſhe had done, my baſhfulneſs would not ſuffer me to expreſs myſelf farther, than by pointing to the door and bowing ſeveral times. The good woman, with much difficulty, at laſt perceived what I would be at, and taking me up again in her hand, walked into the garden, where ſhe ſet me down. I went on one ſide about two hundred yards, and beckoning to her not to look or to follow me, I hid myſelf between two leaves of ſorrel, and there diſcharged the neceſſities of nature.

I hope the gentle reader will excuſe me for dwelling on theſe and the like particulars, which, however inſignificant they may appear to grovelling vulgar minds, yet will certainly help a philoſopher to enlarge his thoughts and imagination, and apply them to the benefit of public as well as private life, which was my ſole deſign in preſenting this and other accounts of my travels to the world; wherein I have been chiefly ſtudious of truth, without affecting any ornaments of learning or of ſtyle. But the whole ſcene of this voyage made ſo ſtrong an impreſſion on my mind, and is ſo deeply fixed in my memory, that in committing it to paper I did not omit one material circumſtance: however, upon a ſtrict review, I blotted out ſeveral paſſages of leſs moment which were in my firſt copy, for fear of being cenſured as tedious and trifling, whereof travellers are often, perhaps not without juſtice, accuſed.

CHAP. II.

A deſcription of the farmer's daughter. The author carried to a market-town, and then to the metropolis. The particulars of his journey.

My miſtreſs had a daughter of nine years old, a child of towardly parts for her age, very dexterous at her needle, and ſkilful in dreſſing her baby. Her mother and ſhe contrived to fit up the baby's cradle for me againſt night; the cradle was put into a ſmall drawer of a cabinet, and the drawer placed upon a hanging ſhelf, for fear of the rats. This was my bed all the time I ſtayed with thoſe people, though made more convenient by degrees, as I began to learn their language, and make my wants known. This young girl was ſo handy, that, after I had once or twice pulled off my clothes before her, ſhe was able to dreſs and undreſs me, though I never gave her that trouble when ſhe would let me do either myſelf. She made me ſeven ſhirts, and ſome other linen, of as fine cloth as could be got, which indeed was coarſer than ſackcloth; and theſe ſhe conſtantly waſhed for me with her own hands. She was likewiſe my ſchool-miſtreſs to teach me the language: when I pointed to any thing, ſhe told me the name of it in her own tongue, ſo that in a few days I was able to call for whatever I had a mind to. She was very good-natured, and not above forty feet high, being little for her age. She gave me the name of Grildrig, which the family took up, and afterwards the whole kingdom. The word imports what the Latins call *nanunculus*, the Italians *homuncletino*, and the Engliſh *mannikin*. To her I chiefly owe my preſervation in that country: we never parted while I was there; I called her my *Glumdalclitch*, or little nurſe; and ſhould be guilty of great ingratitude, if I omitted this honourable mention of her care and affection towards me, which I heartily wiſh it lay in my power to requite as ſhe deſerves, inſtead of being the innocent, but unhappy inſtrument of her diſgrace, as I have too much reaſon to fear.

It now began to be known and talked of in the neighbourhood, that my maſter had found a ſtrange animal in the field, about the bigneſs of a *ſplacknuck*, but exactly ſhaped in every part like a human creature; which it likewiſe imitated in all its actions; ſeemed to ſpeak in a little language of its own, had already learned ſeveral words of theirs, went erect upon two legs, was tame and gentle, would come when it was called, do whatever it was bid, had the fineſt limbs in the world, and a complexion fairer than a nobleman's daughter of three years old. Another

farmer who lived hard by, and was a particular friend of my maſter, came on a viſit on purpoſe to enquire into the truth of this ſtory. I was immediately produced, and placed upon a table, where I walked as I was commanded, drew my hanger, put it up again, made my reverence to my maſter's gueſt, aſked him in his own language how he did, and told him he was welcome, juſt as my little nurſe had inſtructed me. This man, who was old and dim-ſighted, put on his ſpectacles to behold me better, at which I could not forbear laughing very heartily, for his eyes appeared like the full moon ſhining into a chamber at two windows. Our people, who diſcovered the cauſe of my mirth, bore me company in laughing, at which the old fellow was fool enough to be angry and out of countenance. He had the character of a great miſer, and, to my misfortune, he well deſerved it, by the curſed advice he gave my maſter, to ſhew me as a ſight upon a market-day in the next town, which was half an hour's riding, about two-and-twenty miles, from our houſe. I gueſſed there was ſome miſchief contriving, when I obſerved my maſter and his friend whiſpering long together, ſometimes pointing at me; and my fears made me fancy that I overheard and underſtood ſome of their words. But the next morning Glumdalclitch, my little nurſe, told me the whole matter, which ſhe had cunningly picked out from her mother. The poor girl laid me on her boſom, and fell a weeping with ſhame and grief. She apprehended ſome miſchief would happen to me from rude vulgar folks, who might ſqueeze me to death, or break one of my limbs by taking me in their hands. She had alſo obſerved how modeſt I was in my nature, how nicely I regarded my honour, and what an indignity I ſhould conceive it to be expoſed for money as a public ſpectacle to the meaneſt of the people. She ſaid, her papa and mamma had promiſed that Grildrig ſhould be hers, but now ſhe found they meant to ſerve her as they did laſt year, when they pretended to give her a lamb, and yet, as ſoon as it was fat, ſold it to a butcher. For my own part, I may truly affirm, that I was leſs concerned than my nurſe. I had a ſtrong hope, which never left me, that I ſhould one day recover my liberty; and as to the ignominy of being carried about for a monſter, I conſidered myſelf to be a perfect ſtranger in the country, and that ſuch a misfortune could never be charged upon me as a reproach, if ever I ſhould return to England, ſince the king of Great-Britain himſelf, in my condition, muſt have undergone the ſame diſtreſs.

My maſter, purſuant to the advice of his friend, carried me in a box the next day to the neighbouring town, and took along with him his little daughter, my nurſe, upon a pillion behind him. The box was cloſe on every ſide, with a little door for me to go in and out, and a few gimlet-holes to let in air. The girl had been ſo careful as to put the quilt of her baby's bed into it for me to lie down on. However I was terribly ſhaken and diſcompoſed in this journey, though it were but of half an hour. For the horſe went about forty feet at every ſtep, and trotted ſo high, that the agitation was equal to the riſing and falling of a ſhip in a great ſtorm, but much more frequent. Our journey was ſomewhat farther than from London to St. Alban's. My maſter alighted at an inn which he uſed to frequent; and after conſulting a while with the inn-keeper, and making ſome neceſſary preparations, he hired the *grultrud* or crier to give notice through the town of a ſtrange creature to be ſeen at the ſign of the Green Eagle, not ſo big as a *ſplacknuck* (an animal in that country very finely ſhaped, about ſix feet long) and in every part of the body reſembling an human creature, could ſpeak ſeveral words, and perform an hundred diverting tricks.

I was placed upon a table in the largeſt room of the inn, which might be near three hundred feet ſquare. My little nurſe ſtood on a low ſtool cloſe to the table to take care of me, and direct what I ſhould do. My maſter, to avoid a crowd, would ſuffer only thirty people at a time to ſee me. I walked about on the table as the girl commanded; ſhe aſked me queſtions, as far as ſhe

ſhe knew my underſtanding of the language reached, and I anſwered them as loud as I could. I turned about ſeveral times to the company, paid my humble reſpects, ſaid they were welcome, and uſed ſome other ſpeeches I had been taught. I took up a thimble filled with liquor, which Glumdalclitch had given me for a cup, and drank their health. I drew out my hanger, and flouriſhed with it after the manner of fencers in England. My nurſe gave me part of a ſtraw, which I exerciſed as a pike, having learned the art in my youth. I was that day ſhewn to twelve ſets of company, and as often forced to act over again the ſame fopperies, till I was half dead with wearineſs and vexation. For thoſe who had ſeen me made ſuch wonderful reports, that the people were ready to break down the doors to come in. My maſter, for his own intereſt, would not ſuffer any one to touch me except my nurſe; and to prevent danger benches were ſet round the table at ſuch a diſtance as to put me out of every body's reach. However, an unlucky ſchool-boy aimed a hazel-nut directly at my head, which very narrowly miſſed me; otherwiſe, it came with ſo much violence, that it would have infallibly knocked out my brains, for it was almoſt as large as a ſmall pumpion: but I had the ſatisfaction to ſee the young rogue well beaten, and turned out of the room.

My maſter gave public notice, that he would ſhew me again the next market-day, and in the mean time he prepared a more convenient vehicle for me, which he had reaſon enough to do; for I was ſo tired with my firſt journey, and with entertaining company for eight hours together, that I could hardly ſtand upon my legs, or ſpeak a word. It was at leaſt three days before I recovered my ſtrength; and that I might have no reſt at home, all the neighbouring gentlemen from an hundred miles round, hearing of my fame, came to ſee me at my maſter's own houſe. There could not be fewer than thirty perſons with their wives and children (for the country is very populous;) and my maſter demanded the rate of a full room whenever he ſhewed me at home, although it were only to a ſingle family: ſo that for ſome time I had but little eaſe every day of the week (except Wedneſday, which is their ſabbath) although I were not carried to the town.

My maſter, finding how profitable I was like to be, reſolved to carry me to the moſt conſiderable cities of the kingdom. Having therefore provided himſelf with all things neceſſary for a long journey, and ſettled his affairs at home, he took leave of his wife, and upon the 17th of Auguſt 1703, about two months after my arrival, we ſet out for the metropolis, ſituated near the middle of that empire, and about three thouſand miles diſtance from our houſe: my maſter made his daughter Glumdalclitch ride behind him. She carried me on her lap in a box tied about her waiſt. The girl had lined it on all ſides with the ſofteſt cloth ſhe could get, well quilted underneath, furniſhed it with her baby's bed, provided me with linen and other neceſſaries, and made every thing as convenient as ſhe could. We had no other company but a boy of the houſe, who rode after us with the luggage.

My maſter's deſign was to ſhew me in all the towns by the way, and to ſtep out of the road for fifty or an hundred miles, to any village, or perſon of quality's houſe, where he might expect cuſtom. We made eaſy journies of not above ſeven or eight ſcore miles a day: for Glumdalclitch, on purpoſe to ſpare me, complained ſhe was tired with the trotting of the horſe. She often took me out of my box at my own deſire to give me air, and ſhew me the country, but always held me faſt by a leading-ſtring. We paſſed over five or ſix rivers many degrees broader and deeper than the Nile or the Ganges; and there was hardly a rivulet ſo ſmall as the Thames at London-bridge. We were ten weeks in our journey, and I was ſhewn in eighteen large towns, beſides many villages and private families.

On the 26th day of October, we arrived at the metropolis, called in their language *Lorbrulgrud*, or *Pride of the Univerſe*. My maſter took a lodging

in the principal ſtreet of the city, not far from the royal palace, and put up bills in the uſual form, containing an exact deſcription of my perſon and parts. He hired a large room between three and four hundred feet wide. He provided a table ſixty feet in diameter, upon which I was to act my part, and paliſadoed it round three feet from the edge, and as many high, to prevent my falling over. I was ſhewn ten times a day, to the wonder and ſatisfaction of all people. I could now ſpeak the language tolerably well, and perfectly underſtood every word that was ſpoken to me. Beſides, I had learned their alphabet, and could make a ſhift to explain a ſentence here and there; for Glumdalclitch had been my inſtructor while we were at home, and at leiſure hours during our journey. She carried a little book in her pocket, not much larger than a Sanſon's Atlas; it was a common treatiſe for the uſe of young girls, giving a ſhort account of their religion; out of this ſhe taught me my letters, and interpreted the words.

CHAP. III.

The author ſent for to court. The queen buys him of his maſter the farmer, and preſents him to the king. He diſputes with his majeſty's great ſcholars. An apartment at court provided for the author. He is in high favour with the queen. He ſtands up for the honour of his own country. His quarrels with the queen's dwarf.

The frequent labours I underwent every day, made in a few weeks a very conſiderable change in my health: the more my maſter got by me, the more inſatiable he grew. I had quite loſt my ſtomach, and was almoſt reduced to a ſkeleton. The farmer obſerved it, and, concluding I muſt ſoon die, reſolved to make as good a hand of me as he could. While he was thus reaſoning and reſolving with himſelf, a *ſardral*, or gentleman-uſher, came from court, commanding my maſter to carry me immediately thither for the diverſion of the queen and her ladies. Some of the latter had already been to ſee me, and reported ſtrange things of my beauty, behaviour, and good ſenſe. Her majeſty, and thoſe who attended her, were beyond meaſure delighted with my demeanour. I fell on my knees, and begged the honour of kiſſing her imperial foot; but this gracious princeſs held out her little finger towards me (after I was ſet on a table) which I embraced in both my arms, and put the tip of it with the utmoſt reſpect to my lip. She made me ſome general queſtions about my country, and my travels, which I anſwered as diſtinctly, and in as few words as I could. She aſked, whether I would be content to live at court. I bowed down to the board of the table, and humbly anſwered that I was my maſter's ſlave; but if I were at my own diſpoſal, I ſhould be proud to devote my life to her majeſty's ſervice. She then aſked my maſter, whether he were willing to ſell me at a good price. He, who apprehended I could not live a month, was ready enough to part with me, and demanded a thouſand pieces of gold, which were ordered him on the ſpot, each piece being about the bigneſs of eight hundred moidores; but allowing for the proportion of all things between that country and Europe, and the high price of gold among them, was hardly ſo great a ſum as a thouſand guineas would be in England. I then ſaid to the queen, ſince I was now her majeſty's moſt humble creature and vaſſal, I muſt beg the favour that Glumdalclitch, who had always tended me with ſo much care and kindneſs, and underſtood to do it ſo well, might be admitted into her ſervice, and continue to be my nurſe and inſtructor. Her majeſty agreed to my petition, and eaſily got the farmer's conſent, who was glad enough to have his daughter preferred at court, and the poor girl herſelf was not able to hide her joy: my late maſter withdrew, bidding me farewell, and ſaying he had left me in a good ſervice; to which I replied not a word, only making him a ſlight bow.

The queen obſerved my coldneſs, and, when the farmer was gone out of the apartment, aſked me the reaſon. I made bold to tell her majeſty, that I owed no other obligation to my late maſter,

maſter, than his not daſhing out the brains of a poor harmleſs creature found by chance in his field; which obligation was amply recompenſed by the gain he had made by me in ſhewing me through half the kingdom, and the price he had now ſold me for. That the life I had ſince led, was laborious enough to kill an animal of ten times my ſtrength. That my health was much impaired by the continual drudgery of entertaining the rabble every hour of the day; and that, if my maſter had not thought my life in danger, her majeſty would not have got ſo cheap a bargain. But as I was out of all fear of being ill-treated under the protection of ſo great and good an empreſs, the ornament of nature, the darling of the world, the delight of her ſubjects, the phœnix of the creation; ſo I hoped my late maſter's apprehenſions would appear to be groundleſs, for I already found my ſpirits to revive by the influence of her moſt auguſt preſence.

This was the ſum of my ſpeech, delivered with great improprieties and heſitation; the latter part was altogether framed in the ſtyle peculiar to that people, whereof I learned ſome phraſes from Glumdalclitch, while ſhe was carrying me to court.

The queen, giving great allowance for my defectiveneſs in ſpeaking, was however ſurpriſed at ſo much wit and good ſenſe in ſo diminutive an animal. She took me in her own hand, and carried me to the king, who was then retired to his cabinet. His majeſty, a prince of much gravity and auſtere countenance, not well obſerving my ſhape at firſt view, aſked the queen after a cold manner, how long it was ſince ſhe grew fond of a *ſplacknuck?* for ſuch it ſeems he took me to be, as I lay upon my breaſt in her majeſty's right hand. But this princeſs, who hath an infinite deal of wit and humour, ſet me gently on my feet upon the ſcrutore, and commanded me to give his majeſty an account of myſelf, which I did in a very few words; and Glumdalclitch, who attended at the cabinet door, and could not endure I ſhould be out of her ſight, being admitted, confirmed all that had paſſed from my arrival at her father's houſe.

The king, although he be as learned a perſon as any in his dominions, had been educated in the ſtudy of philoſophy, and particularly mathematics; yet when he obſerved my ſhape exactly, and ſaw me walk erect, before I began to ſpeak, conceived I might be a piece of clock-work (which is in that country arrived to a very great perfection) contrived by ſome ingenious artiſt. But when he heard my voice, and found what I delivered to be regular and rational, he could not conceal his aſtoniſhment. He was by no means ſatisfied with the relation I gave him of the manner I came into his kingdom, but thought it a ſtory concerted between Glumdalclitch and her father, who had taught me a ſet of words to make me ſell at a better price. Upon this imagination he put ſeveral other queſtions to me, and ſtill received rational anſwers, no otherwiſe defective than by a foreign accent, and an imperfect knowledge in the language, with ſome ruſtic phraſes which I had learned at the farmer's houſe, and did not ſuit the polite ſtyle of a court.

His majeſty ſent for three great ſcholars, who were then in their weekly waiting according to the cuſtom in that country. Theſe gentlemen, after they had a while examined my ſhape with much nicety, were of different opinions concerning me. They all agreed, that I could not be produced according to the regular laws of nature, becauſe I was not framed with a capacity of preſerving my life either by ſwiftneſs, or climbing of trees, or digging holes in the earth. They obſerved by my teeth, which they viewed with great exactneſs, that I was a carnivorous animal; yet moſt quadrupeds being an over-match for me, and field mice with ſome others too nimble, they could not imagine how I ſhould be able to ſupport myſelf, unleſs I fed upon ſnails and other inſects, which they offered, by many learned arguments, to evince that I could not poſſibly do *. One of theſe virtuoſi

* By this reaſoning the author probably intended to ridicule the pride of thoſe philoſophers, who

virtuoſi ſeemed to think that I might be an embryo, or abortive birth. But this opinion was rejected by the other two, who obſerved my limbs to be perfect and finiſhed, and that I had lived ſeveral years, as it was manifeſt from my beard, the ſtumps whereof they plainly diſcovered through a magnifying glaſs. They would not allow me to be a dwarf, becauſe my littleneſs was beyond all degrees of compariſon; for the queen's favourite dwarf, the ſmalleſt ever known in that kingdom, was near thirty feet high. After much debate they concluded unanimouſly, that I was only *relplum ſcalcath*, which is interpreted literally *luſus naturæ*; a determination exactly agreeable to the modern philoſophy of Europe, whoſe profeſſors, diſdaining the old evaſion of occult cauſes, whereby the followers of Ariſtotle endeavoured in vain to diſguiſe their ignorance, have invented this wonderful ſolution of all difficulties, to the unſpeakable advancement of human knowledge.

After this deciſive concluſion I intreated to be heard a word or two. I applied myſelf to the king, and aſſured his majeſty that I came from a country, which abounded with ſeveral millions of both ſexes, and of my own ſtature; where the animals, trees, and houſes were all in proportion, and where by conſequence I might be as able to defend myſelf, and to find ſuſtenance, as any of his majeſty's ſubjects could do here; which I took for a full anſwer to thoſe gentlemen's arguments. To this they only replied with a ſmile of contempt, ſaying that the farmer had inſtructed me very well in my leſſon*. The king, who had a much better underſtanding, diſmiſſing his learned men, ſent for the farmer, who by good fortune was not yet gone out of town: having therefore firſt examined him privately, and then confronted him with me and the young girl, his majeſty began to think that what we told him might poſſibly be true. He deſired the queen to order that particular care ſhould be taken of me, and was of opinion that Glumdalclitch ſhould ſtill continue in her office of tending me, becauſe he obſerved we had a great affection for each other. A convenient apartment was provided for her at court; ſhe had a ſort of governeſs appointed to take care of her education, a maid to dreſs her, and two other ſervants for menial offices; but the care of me was wholly appropriated to herſelf. The queen commanded her own cabinet-maker to contrive a box, that might ſerve me for a bed-chamber, after the model that Glumdalclitch and I ſhould agree upon. This man was a moſt ingenious artiſt, and according to my directions in three weeks finiſhed for me a wooden chamber of ſixteen feet ſquare, and twelve high, with ſaſh-windows, a door, and two cloſets, like a London bed-chamber. The board that made the ceiling was to be lifted up and down by two hinges to put in a bed ready furniſhed by her majeſty's upholſterer, which Glumdalclitch took out every day to air, made it with her own hands, and letting it down at night, locked up the roof over me. A nice workman, who was famous for little curioſities, undertook to make me two chairs, with backs and frames, of a ſubſtance not unlike ivory, and two tables, with a cabinet to put my things in. The room was quilted on all ſides, as well as the floor and the ceiling, to prevent any accident from the careleſſneſs of thoſe who carried me, and to break the force of a jolt when I went in a coach. I deſired a lock for my door, to prevent rats and mice from coming in: the ſmith, after ſeveral attempts, made the ſmalleſt that ever was ſeen among them, for I have known a larger at the gate of a gentleman's houſe in England. I made a ſhift to keep the key in a pocket of my own, fearing Glumdalclitch might loſe it. The queen likewiſe ordered the thinneſt ſilks that could be gotten to make me clothes, not much thicker than an

who have thought fit to arraign the wiſdom of providence in the creation and government of the world: whoſe cavils are ſpecious, like thoſe of the Brobdingnagian ſages, only in proportion to the ignorance of thoſe to whom they are propoſed.

* This ſatire is levelled againſt all, who reject thoſe facts for which they cannot perfectly account, notwithſtanding the abſurdity of rejecting the teſtimony by which they are ſupported.

Engliſh blanket, very cumberſome till I was accuſtomed to them. They were after the faſhion of the kingdom, partly reſembling the Perſian, and partly the Chineſe, and are a very grave and decent habit.

The queen became ſo fond of my company, that ſhe could not dine without me. I had a table placed upon the ſame at which her majeſty eat, juſt at her left elbow, and a chair to ſit on. Glumdalclitch ſtood on a ſtool on the floor near my table, to aſſiſt and take care of me. I had an entire ſet of ſilver diſhes and plates, and other neceſſaries, which, in proportion to thoſe of the queen, were not much bigger than what I have ſeen in a London toy-ſhop, for the furniture of a baby-houſe: theſe my little nurſe kept in her pocket in a ſilver box, and gave me at meals as I wanted them, always cleaning them herſelf. No perſon dined with the queen but the two princeſſes royal, the elder ſixteen years old, and the younger at that time thirteen and a month. Her majeſty uſed to put a bit of meat upon one of my diſhes, out of which I carved for myſelf; and her diverſion was to ſee me eat in miniature. For the queen (who had indeed but a weak ſtomach) took up, at one mouthful, as much as a dozen Engliſh farmers could eat at a meal, which to me was for ſome time a very nauſeous ſight*. She would craunch the wing of a lark, bones and all, between her teeth, although it were nine times as large as that of a full grown turkey; and put a bit of bread in her mouth, as big as two twelve-penny loaves. She drank out of a golden cup, above a hogſhead at a draught. Her knives were twice as long as a ſcythe, ſet ſtrait upon the handle. The ſpoons, forks, and other inſtruments, were all in the ſame proportion. I remember, when Glumdalclitch carried me out of curioſity to ſee ſome of the tables at court, where ten or a dozen of theſe enormous knives and forks were lifted up together, I thought I had never till then beheld ſo terrible a ſight.

It is the cuſtom, that every Wedneſday (which, as I have before obſerved, is their ſabbath) the king and queen, with the royal iſſue of both ſexes, dine together in the apartment of his majeſty, to whom I was now become a great favourite; and at theſe times my little chair and table were placed at his left hand before one of the ſalt-cellars. This prince took a pleaſure in converſing with me, enquiring into the manners, religion, laws, government, and learning of Europe; wherein I gave him the beſt account I was able. His apprehenſion was ſo clear, and his judgment ſo exact, that he made very wiſe reflections and obſervations upon all I ſaid. But I confeſs, that after I had been a little too copious in talking of my own beloved country, of our trade, and wars by ſea and land, of our ſchiſms in religion, and parties in the ſtate; the prejudices of his education prevailed ſo far, that he could not forbear taking me up in his right hand, and ſtroking me gently with the other, after an hearty fit of laughing, aſked me, whether I was a whig or tory? Then turning to his firſt miniſter, who waited behind him with a white ſtaff near as tall as the main-maſt of the Royal Sovereign, he obſerved how contemptible a thing was human grandeur, which could be mimicked by ſuch diminutive inſects as I: and yet, ſays he, I dare engage, theſe creatures have their titles and diſtinctions of honour; they contrive little neſts and burrows, that they call houſes and cities; they make a figure in dreſs and equipage; they love, they fight, they diſpute, they cheat, they betray. And thus he continued on, while my colour came and went ſeveral times with indignation to hear our noble country, the miſtreſs of arts and arms, the ſcourge of France, the arbitreſs of Europe, the

* Among other dreadful and diſguſting images which cuſtom has rendered familiar are thoſe which ariſe from eating animal food: he who has ever turned with abhorrence from the ſkeleton of a beaſt which has been picked whole by birds or vermin, muſt confeſs that habit only could have enabled him to endure the ſight of the mangled limbs and fleſh of a dead carcaſs which every day covers his table: and he who reflects on the numbers of lives that have been ſacrificed to ſuſtain him by what the account either his life is bevalue by the exerſuperior happi- reaſonable intellect has

ſeat

ſeat of virtue, piety, honour, and truth, the pride and envy of the world, ſo contemptuouſly treated.

But as I was not in a condition to reſent injuries, ſo upon mature thoughts I began to doubt whether I was injured or no. For, after having been accuſtomed ſeveral months to the ſight and converſe of this people, and obſerved every object upon which I caſt mine eyes to be of proportionable magnitude, the horror I had at firſt conceived from their bulk and aſpect, was ſo far worn off, that if I had then beheld a company of Engliſh lords and ladies in their finery, and birth-day cloaths, acting their ſeveral parts in the moſt courtly manner of ſtrutting, and bowing, and prating, to ſay the truth, I ſhould have been ſtrongly tempted to laugh as much at them, as the king and his grandees did at me. Neither indeed could I forbear ſmiling at myſelf, when the queen uſed to place me upon her hand towards a looking-glaſs, by which both our perſons appeared before me in full view together; and there could be nothing more ridiculous than the compariſon: ſo that I really began to imagine myſelf dwindled many degrees below my uſual ſize.

Nothing angered and mortified me ſo much as the queen's dwarf, who being of the loweſt ſtature that was ever in that country (for I verily think he was not full thirty feet high) became ſo inſolent at ſeeing a creature ſo much beneath him, that he would always affect to ſwagger and look big as he paſſed by me in the queen's anti-chamber, while I was ſtanding on ſome table talking with the lords or ladies of the court, and he ſeldom failed of a ſmart word or two upon my littleneſs; againſt which I could only revenge myſelf by calling him brother, challenging him to wreſtle, and ſuch repartees as are uſual in the mouths of court pages. One day, at dinner, this malicious little cub was ſo nettled with ſomething I had ſaid to him, that, raiſing himſelf upon the frame of her majeſty's chair, he took me up by the middle, as I was ſitting down, not thinking any harm, and let me drop into a large ſilver bowl of cream, and then ran away as faſt as he could. I fell over head and ears, and, if I had not been a good ſwimmer, it might have have gone very hard with me; for Glumdalclitch in that inſtant happened to be at the other end of the room, and the queen was in ſuch a fright, that ſhe wanted preſence of mind to aſſiſt me. But my little nurſe ran to my relief, and took me out, after I had ſwallowed above a quart of cream. I was put to bed; however I received no other damage than the loſs of a ſuit of clothes, which was utterly ſpoiled. The dwarf was ſoundly whipped, and as a farther puniſhment forced to drink up the bowl of cream into which he had thrown me; neither was he ever reſtored to favour: for ſoon after the queen beſtowed him on a lady of high quality, ſo that I ſaw him no more, to my very great ſatisfaction; for I could not tell to what extremity ſuch a malicious urchin might have carried his reſentment.

He had before ſerved me a ſcurvy trick, which ſet the queen a laughing, although at the ſame time ſhe was heartily vexed, and would have immediately caſhiered him, if I had not been ſo generous as to intercede. Her majeſty had taken a marrow-bone upon her plate, and, after knocking out the marrow, placed the bone again in the diſh erect, as it ſtood before; the dwarf watching his opportunity, while Glumdalclitch was gone to the ſide-board, mounted the ſtool that ſhe ſtood on to take care of me at meals, took me up in both hands, and ſqueezing my legs together, wedged them into the marrow-bone, above my waiſt, where I ſtuck for ſome time, and made a very ridiculous figure. I believe it was near a minute before any one knew what was become of me; for I thought it below me to cry out. But, as princes ſeldom get their meat hot, my legs were not ſcalded, only my ſtockings and breeches in a ſad condition. The dwarf, at my intreaty, had no other puniſhent than a ſound whipping.

I was frequently rallied by the queen upon account of my fearfulneſs; and ſhe uſed to aſk me, whether the people of my country were as great cowards

as

yſelf? The occaſion was this: the dom is much peſtered with flies in ner; and theſe odious inſects, each iem as big as a Dunſtable lark, ly gave me any reſt while I ſat at er with their continual humming buzzing about mine ears. They d ſometimes alight upon my vic-, and leave their loathſome excre-: or ſpawn behind, which to me very viſible, though not to the na- of that country, whoſe large op- were not ſo acute as mine in view- ſmaller objects. Sometimes they d fix upon my noſe or forehead, e they ſtung me to the quick, ſmell- very offenſively; and I could eaſily that viſcous matter, which, our raliſts tell us, enables thoſe crea- to walk with their feet upwards a ceiling. I had much ado to id myſelf againſt theſe deteſtable ials, and could not forbear ſtarting they came on my face. It was ommon practice of the dwarf to a number of theſe inſects in his , as ſchool-boys do amongſt us, let them out ſuddenly under my , on purpoſe to frighten me, and t the queen. My remedy was to them in pieces with my knife, as flew in the air, wherein my dex- y was much admired.

remember, one morning, when ndalclitch had ſet me in my box a window, as ſhe uſually did in days to give me air (for I durſt not ure to let the box be hung on a out of the window, as we do with s in England) after I had lifted up of my ſaſhes, and ſat down at my to eat a piece of ſweet cake for reakfaſt, above twenty waſps, al- by the ſmell, came flying into room, humming louder than the es of as many bag-pipes. Some of ſeized my cake, and carried it -meal away; others flew about my and face, confounding me with oiſe, and putting me in the ut- terror of their ſtings. However, the courage to riſe and draw my er, and attack them in the air. I tched four of them, but the reſt way, and I preſently ſhut my win-

Theſe inſects were as large as partridges; I took out their ſtings, and found them an inch and a half long, and as ſharp as needles. I carefully preſerved them all, and having ſince ſhewn them, with ſome other curioſities, in ſeveral parts of Europe, upon my return to England I gave three of them to Greſham College, and kept the fourth for myſelf.

CHAP. IV.

The country deſcribed. A propoſal for correcting modern maps. The king's palace, and ſome account of the metropolis. The author's way of travelling. The chief temple deſcribed.

I now intend to give the reader a ſhort deſcription of this country, as far as I travelled in it, which was not above two thouſand miles round Lorbrulgrud, the metropolis. For the queen, whom I always attended, never went farther when ſhe accompanied the king in his progreſſes, and there ſtaid till his majeſty returned from viewing his frontiers. The whole extent of this prince's dominions reacheth about ſix thouſand miles in length, and from three to five in breadth. From whence I cannot but conclude, that our geographers of Europe are in a great error, by ſuppoſing nothing but ſea between Japan and California; for it was ever my opinion, that there muſt be a balance of earth to counterpoiſe the great continent of Tartary; and therefore they ought to correct their maps and charts by joining this vaſt tract of land to the north-weſt parts of America, wherein I ſhall be ready to lend them my aſſiſtance.

The kingdom is a peninſula, terminated to the north-eaſt by a ridge of mountains thirty miles high, which are altogether impaſſable by reaſon of the volcanoes upon their tops: neither do the moſt learned know what ſort of mortals inhabit beyond thoſe mountains, or whether they be inhabited at all. On the three other ſides it is bounded by the ocean. There is not one ſea-port in the whole kingdom, and thoſe parts of the coaſts into which the rivers iſſue are ſo full of pointed rocks, and the ſea generally ſo rough, that there is no venturing with the ſmalleſt

ſmalleſt of their boats; ſo that theſe people are wholly excluded from any commerce with the reſt of the world. But the large rivers are full of veſſels, and abound with excellent fiſh, for they ſeldom get any from the ſea, becauſe the ſea-fiſh are of the ſame ſize with thoſe in Europe, and conſequently not worth catching; whereby it is manifeſt, that nature in the production of plants and animals of ſo extraordinary a bulk is wholly confined to this continent, of which I leave the reaſons to be determined by philoſophers. However, now and then they take a whale that happens to be daſhed againſt the rocks, which the common people feed on heartily. Theſe whales I have known ſo large that a man could hardly carry one upon his ſhoulders; and ſometimes for curioſity they are brought in hampers to Lorbrulgrud: I ſaw one of them in a diſh at the king's table, which paſſed for a rarity, but I did not obſerve he was fond of it; for I think indeed the bigneſs diſguſted him, although I have ſeen one ſomewhat larger in Greenland.

The country is well inhabited, for it contains fifty-one cities, near an hundred walled towns, and a great number of villages. To ſatisfy my curious readers it may be ſufficient to deſcribe Lorbrulgrud. This city ſtands upon almoſt two equal parts on each ſide the river that paſſes through. It contains above eighty thouſand houſes, and about ſix hundred thouſand inhabitants. It is in length three *glumglungs* (which make about fifty-four Engliſh miles) and two and a half in breadth, as I meaſured it myſelf in the royal map made by the king's order, which was laid on the ground on purpoſe for me, and extended an hundred feet; I paced the diameter and circumference ſeveral times bare-foot, and, computing by the ſcale, meaſured it pretty exactly.

The king's palace is no regular edifice, but an heap of building about ſeven miles round: the chief rooms are generally two hundred and forty feet high, and broad and long in proportion. A coach was allowed to Glum*dalclitch* and me, wherein her governeſs frequently took her out to ſee the town, or go among the ſhops; and I was always of the party, carried in my box; although the girl, at my own deſire, would often take me out, and hold me in her hand, that I might more conveniently view the houſes and the people, as we paſſed along the ſtreets. I reckoned our coach to be about a ſquare of Weſtminſter-hall, but not altogether ſo high: however, I cannot be very exact. One day the governeſs ordered our coachman to ſtop at ſeveral ſhops, where the beggars, watching their opportunity, crouded to the ſides of the coach, and gave me the moſt horrible ſpectacles that ever an European eye beheld. There was a woman with a cancer in her breaſt, ſwelled to a monſtrous ſize, full of holes, in two or three of which I could have eaſily crept, and covered my whole body. There was a fellow with a wen in his neck larger than five wool-packs, and another with a couple of wooden legs, each about twenty feet high. But the moſt hateful ſight of all was the lice crawling on their clothes. I could ſee diſtinctly the limbs of theſe vermin with my naked eye, much better than thoſe of an European louſe through a microſcope, and their ſnouts with which they rooted like ſwine. They were the firſt I had ever beheld, and I ſhould have been curious enough to diſſect one of them, if I had had proper inſtruments (which I unluckily left behind me in the ſhip) although indeed the ſight was ſo nauſeous, that it perfectly turned my ſtomach.

Beſide the large box in which I was uſually carried, the queen ordered a ſmaller one to be made for me of about twelve feet ſquare and ten high, for the convenience of travelling, becauſe the other was ſomewhat too large for Glumdalclitch's lap, and cumberſome in the coach; it was made by the ſame artiſt, whom I directed in the whole contrivance. This travelling-cloſet was an exact ſquare, with a window in the middle of three of the ſquares, and each window was latticed with iron wire on the outſide, to prevent accidents in long journies. On the fourth ſide, which had no window, two ſtrong ſtaples were fixed,

fixed, through which the perſon that carried me, when I had a mind to be on horſeback, put a leathern belt, and buckled it about his waiſt. This was always the office of ſome grave truſty ſervant in whom I could confide, whether I attended the king and queen in their progreſſes, or were diſpoſed to ſee the gardens, or pay a viſit to ſome great lady or miniſter of ſtate in the court, when Glumdalclitch happened to be out of order: for I ſoon began to be known and eſteemed among the greateſt officers, I ſuppoſe more upon account of their majeſties favour than any merit of my own. In journies, when I was weary of the coach, a ſervant on horſeback would buckle on my box, and place it upon a cuſhion before him; and there I had a full proſpect of the country on three ſides from my three windows. I had in this cloſet a field-bed and a hammock hung from the ceiling, two chairs, and a table, neatly ſcrewed to the floor, to prevent being toſſed about by the agitation of the horſe or the coach. And having been long uſed to ſea-voyages, thoſe motions, although ſometimes very violent, did not much diſcompoſe me.

Whenever I had a mind to ſee the town it was always in my travelling-cloſet, which Glumdalclitch held in her lap in a kind of open ſedan, after the faſhion of the country, borne by four men, and attended by two others in the queen's livery. The people, who had often heard of me, were very curious to croud about the ſedan; and the girl was complaiſant enough to make the bearers ſtop, and to take me in her hand that I might be more conveniently ſeen.

I was very deſirous to ſee the chief temple, and particularly the tower belonging to it, which is reckoned the higheſt in the kingdom. Accordingly one day my nurſe carried me thither, but I may truly ſay I came back diſappointed; for the height is not above three thouſand feet, reckoning from the ground to the higheſt pinnacle top; which, allowing for the difference between the ſize of thoſe people and us in Europe, is no great matter for admiration, nor at all equal in proportion (if I rightly remember) to Saliſbury ſteeple. But, not to detract from a nation to which during my life I ſhall acknowledge myſelf extremely obliged, it muſt be allowed that whatever this famous tower wants in height is amply made up in beauty and ſtrength. For the walls are near an hundred feet thick, built of hewn ſtone, whereof each is about forty feet ſquare, and adorned on all ſides with ſtatues of gods and emperors cut in marble larger than the life, placed in their ſeveral niches. I meaſured a little finger which had fallen down from one of theſe ſtatues, and lay unperceived among ſome rubbiſh, and found it exactly four feet and an inch in length. Glumdalclitch wrapped it up in her handkerchief, and carried it home in her pocket, to keep among other trinkets, of which the girl was very fond, as children at her age uſually are.

The king's kitchen is indeed a noble building, vaulted at top, and about ſix hundred feet high. The great oven is not ſo wide by ten paces as the cupola at St. Paul's: for I meaſured the latter on purpoſe after my return. But if I ſhould deſcribe the kitchen-grate, the prodigious pots and kettles, the joints of meat turning on the ſpits, with many other particulars, perhaps I ſhould be hardly believed; at leaſt a ſevere critic would be apt to think I enlarged a little, as travellers are often ſuſpected to do. To avoid which cenſure, I fear I have run too much into the other extreme; and that if this treatiſe ſhould happen to be tranſlated into the language of Brobdingnag (which is the general name of that kingdom) and tranſmitted thither, the king and his people would have reaſon to complain, that I had done them an injury by a falſe and diminutive repreſentation.

His majeſty ſeldom keeps above ſix hundred horſes in his ſtables: they are generally from fifty-four to ſixty feet high. But, when he goes abroad on ſolemn days, he is attended for ſtate by a militia guard of five hundred horſe, which indeed I thought was the moſt ſplendid ſight that could be ever beheld,

held, till I ſaw part of his army in battalia, whereof I ſhall find another occaſion to ſpeak.

CHAP. V.

Several adventures that happened to the author. The execution of a criminal. The author ſhews his ſkill in navigation.

I ſhould have lived happy enough in that country, if my littleneſs had not expoſed me to ſeveral ridiculous and troubleſome accidents: ſome of which I ſhall venture to relate. Glumdalclitch often carried me into the gardens of the court in my ſmaller box, and would ſometimes take me out of it, and hold me in her hand, or ſet me down to walk. I remember, before the dwarf left the queen, he followed us one day into thoſe gardens, and my nurſe having ſet me down, he and I being cloſe together, near ſome dwarf apple-trees, I muſt needs ſhew my wit by a ſilly alluſion between him and the trees, which happens to hold in their language as it doth in ours. Whereupon the malicious rogue, watching his opportunity, when I was walking under one of them, ſhook it directly over my head, by which a dozen apples, each of them as large as a Briſtol barrel, came tumbling about my ears; one of them hit me on the back as I chanced to ſtoop, and knocked me down flat on my face; but I received no other hurt, and the dwarf was pardoned at my deſire, becauſe I had given the provocation.

Another day Glumdalclitch left me on a ſmooth graſs-plat to divert myſelf, while ſhe walked at ſome diſtance with her governeſs. In the mean time there ſuddenly fell ſuch a violent ſhower of hail, that I was immediately by the force of it ſtruck to the ground: and when I was down, the hail-ſtones gave me ſuch cruel bangs all over the body, as if I had been pelted with tennis-balls; however, I made a ſhift to creep on all four, and ſhelter myſelf by lying flat on my face, on the lee-ſide of a border of lemon-thyme, but ſo bruiſed from head to foot, that I could not go abroad in ten days. Neither is this at all to be wondered at, becauſe nature in that country, obſerving the ſame proportion through all her operations, a hail-ſtone is near eighteen hundred times as large as one in Europe, which I can aſſert upon experience, having been ſo curious to weigh and meaſure them.

But a more dangerous accident happened to me in the ſame garden, when my little nurſe believing ſhe had put me in a ſecure place, which I often intreated her to do, that I might enjoy my own thoughts, and having left my box at home to avoid the trouble of carrying it, went to another part of the garden with her governeſs, and ſome ladies of her acquaintance. While ſhe was abſent, and out of hearing, a ſmall white ſpaniel belonging to one of the chief gardeners, having got by accident into the garden, happened to range near the place where I lay: the dog, following the ſcent, came directly up, and taking me in his mouth ran ſtrait to his maſter, wagging his tail, and ſet me gently on the ground. By good fortune he had been ſo well taught, that I was carried between his teeth without the leaſt hurt, or even tearing my clothes. But the poor gardener, who knew me well, and had a great kindneſs for me, was in a terrible fright: he gently took me up in both his hands, and aſked me how I did: but I was ſo amazed and out of breath, that I could not ſpeak a word. In a few minutes I came to myſelf, and he carried me ſafe to my little nurſe, who by this time had returned to the place where ſhe left me, and was in cruel agonies when I did not appear, nor anſwer when ſhe called; ſhe ſeverely reprimanded the gardener on account of his dog. But the thing was huſhed up, and never known at court; for the girl was afraid of the queen's anger; and truly, as to myſelf, I thought it would not be for my reputation that ſuch a ſtory ſhould go about.

This accident abſolutely determined Glumdalclitch never to truſt me abroad for the future out of her ſight. I had been long afraid of this reſolution, and therefore concealed from her ſome little unlucky adventures that happened in thoſe times when I was left by myſelf. Once a kite, hovering over the garden, made

made a ſtoop at me, and if I had not reſolutely drawn my hanger, and run under a thick eſpalier, he would have certainly carried me away in his talons. Another time, walking to the top of a freſh mole-hill, I fell to my neck in the hole through which that animal had caſt up the earth, and coined ſome lye, not worth remembering, to excuſe myſelf for ſpoiling my clothes. I likewiſe broke my right ſhin againſt the ſhell of a ſnail, which I happened to ſtumble over, as I was walking alone, and thinking on poor England.

I cannot tell, whether I was more pleaſed or mortified to obſerve in thoſe ſolitary walks, that the ſmaller birds did not appear to be at all afraid of me, but would hop about me within a yard's diſtance, looking for worms and other food with as much indifference and ſecurity, as if no creature at all were near them. I remember, a thruſh had the confidence to ſnatch out of my hand, with his bill, a piece of cake that Glumdalclitch had juſt given me for my breakfaſt. When I attempted to catch any of theſe birds, they would boldly turn againſt me, endeavouring to peck my fingers, which I durſt not venture within their reach; and then they would hop back unconcerned to hunt for worms or ſnails, as they did before. But one day I took a thick cudgel, and threw it with all my ſtrength ſo luckily at a linnet, that I knocked him down, and ſeizing him by the neck with both my hands, ran with him in triumph to my nurſe. However the bird, who had only been ſtunned, recovering himſelf, gave me ſo many boxes with his wings on both ſides of my head and body, though I held him at arm's length, and was out of the reach of his claws, that I was twenty times thinking to let him go. But I was ſoon relieved by one of our ſervants, who wrung off the bird's neck, and I had him next day for dinner by the queen's command. This linnet, as near as I can remember, ſeemed to be ſomewhat larger than an England ſwan.

The maids of honour often invited Glumdalclitch to their apartments, and deſired ſhe would bring me along with her, on purpoſe to have the pleaſure of ſeeing and touching me. They would often ſtrip me naked from top to toe, and lay me at full length in their boſoms; wherewith I was much diſguſted; becauſe, to ſay the truth, a very offenſive ſmell came from their ſkins; which I do not mention, or intend, to the diſadvantage of thoſe excellent ladies, for whom I have all manner of reſpect; but I conceive that my ſenſe was more acute in proportion to my littleneſs, and that thoſe illuſtrious perſons were no more diſagreeable to their lovers, or to each other, than people of the ſame quality are with us in England. And, after all, I found their natural ſmell was much more ſupportable, than when they uſed perfumes, under which I immediately ſwooned away. I cannot forget, that an intimate friend of mine in Lilliput took the freedom in a warm day, when I had uſed a good deal of exerciſe, to complain of a ſtrong ſmell about me, although I am as little faulty that way as moſt of my ſex: but I ſuppoſe his faculty of ſmelling was as nice with regard to me, as mine was to that of this people. Upon this point I cannot forbear doing juſtice to the queen my miſtreſs, and Glumdalclitch my nurſe, whoſe perſons were as ſweet as thoſe of any lady in England.

That which gave me moſt uneaſineſs among theſe maids of honour (when my nurſe carried me to viſit them) was to ſee them uſe me, without any manner of ceremony, like a creature who had no ſort of conſequence: for they would ſtrip themſelves to the ſkin, and put on their ſmocks in my preſence, while I was placed on their toilet, directly before their naked bodies, which I am ſure to me was very far from being a tempting ſight, or from giving me any other emotions, than thoſe of horror and diſguſt. Their ſkins appeared ſo coarſe and uneven, ſo variouſly coloured, when I ſaw them near, with a mole here and there as broad as a trencher, and hairs hanging from it thicker than pack-threads, to ſay nothing farther concerning the reſt of their perſons. Neither did they at all ſcruple, while I was by, to diſcharge what they had drank, to the quantity of at leaſt two

hogſheads, in a veſſel that held above three tuns. The handſomeſt among theſe maids of honour, a pleaſant frolicſome girl of ſixteen, would ſometimes ſet me aſtride upon one of her nipples, with many other tricks, wherein the reader will excuſe me for not being over particular. But I was ſo much diſpleaſed, that I intreated Glumdalclitch to contrive ſome excuſe for not ſeeing that young lady any more.

One day a young gentleman, who was nephew to my nurſe's governeſs, came and preſſed them both to ſee an execution. It was of a man, who had murdered one of that gentleman's intimate acquaintance. Glumdalclitch was prevailed on to be of the company, very much againſt her inclination, for ſhe was naturally tender-hearted: and as for myſelf, although I abhorred ſuch kind of ſpectacles, yet my curioſity tempted me to ſee ſomething, that I thought muſt be extraordinary. The malefactor was fixed in a chair upon a ſcaffold erected for that purpoſe, and his head cut off at one blow with a ſword of about forty feet long. The veins and arteries ſpouted up ſuch a prodigious quantity of blood, and ſo high in the air, that the great *jet d'eau* at Verſailles was not equal for the time it laſted; and the head, when it fell on the ſcaffold floor, gave ſuch a bounce as made me ſtart, although I were at leaſt half an Engliſh mile diſtant.

The queen, who often uſed to hear me talk of my ſea-voyages, and took all occaſions to divert me when I was melancholy, aſked me whether I underſtood how to handle a ſail or an oar, and whether a little exerciſe of rowing might not be convenient for my health? I anſwered that I underſtood both very well: for although my proper employment had been to be ſurgeon or doctor to the ſhip, yet often upon a pinch I was forced to work like a common mariner. But I could not ſee how this could be done in their country, where the ſmalleſt wherry was equal to a firſt-rate man of war among us, and ſuch a boat as I could manage would never live in any of their rivers. Her majeſty ſaid, if I would contrive a boat, her own joiner ſhould make it, and ſhe would provide a place for me to ſail in. The fellow was an ingenious workman, and by inſtructions in ten days finiſhed a pleaſure-boat, with all its tackling, able conveniently to hold eight Europeans. When it was finiſhed the queen was ſo delighted, that ſhe ran with it in her lap to the king, who ordered it to be put in a ciſtern full of water with me in it by way of trial; where I could not manage my two ſculls, or little oars, for want of room. But the queen had before contrived another project. She ordered the joiner to make a wooden trough of three hundred feet long, fifty broad, and eight deep, which being well pitched, to prevent leaking, was placed on the floor along the wall in an outer room of the palace. It had a cock near the bottom to let out the water, when it began to grow ſtale; and two ſervants could eaſily fill it in half an hour. Here I often uſed to row for my own diverſion, as well as that of the queen and her ladies, who thought themſelves well entertained with my ſkill and agility. Sometimes I would put up my ſail, and then my buſineſs was only to ſteer, while the ladies gave me a gale with their fans; and, when they were weary, ſome of the pages would blow my ſail forward with their breath, while I ſhewed my art by ſteering ſtarboard or larboard, as I pleaſed. When I had done, Glumdalclitch always carried back my boat into her cloſet, and hung it on a nail to dry.

In this exerciſe I once met an accident which had like to have coſt me my life: for, one of the pages having put my boat into the trough, the governeſs, who attended Glumdalclitch, very officiouſly lifted me up to place me in the boat, but I happened to ſlip through her fingers, and ſhould infallibly have fallen down forty feet upon the floor, if, by the luckieſt chance in the world, I had not been ſtopped by a corking-pin that ſtuck in the good gentlewoman's ſtomacher; the head of the pin paſſed between my ſhirt and the waiſtband of my breeches, and thus I was held by the middle in the air, till Glumdalclitch ran to my relief.

Another time, one of the ſervants, whoſe

whoſe office it was to fill my trough every third day with freſh water, was ſo careleſs to let a huge frog (not perceiving it) ſlip out of his pail. The frog lay concealed till I was put into my boat, but then ſeeing a reſting-place climbed up, and made it lean ſo much on one ſide, that I was forced to balance it with all my weight on the other to prevent overturning. When the frog was got in, it hopped at once half the length of the boat, and then over my head, backwards and forwards, daubing my face and clothes with its odious ſlime. The largeneſs of its features made it appear the moſt deformed animal that can be conceived. However, I deſired Glumdalclitch to let me deal with it alone. I banged it a good while with one of my ſculls, and at laſt forced it to leap out of the boat.

But the greateſt danger I ever underwent in that kingdom, was from a monkey, who belonged to one of the clerks of the kitchen. Glumdalclitch had locked me up in her cloſet, while ſhe went ſomewhere upon buſineſs, or a viſit. The weather being very warm, the cloſet-window was left open, as well as the windows and the door of my bigger box, in which I uſually lived, becauſe of its largeneſs and conveniency. As I ſat quietly meditating at my table, I heard ſomething bounce in at the cloſet-window, and ſkip about from one ſide to the other: whereat although I were much alarmed, yet I ventured to look out, but not ſtirring from my ſeat; and then I ſaw this frolicſome animal friſking and leaping up and down, till at laſt he came to my box, which he ſeemed to view with great pleaſure and curioſity, peeping in at the door and every window. I retreated to the farther corner of my room, or box, but the monkey looking in at every ſide put me into ſuch a fright, that I wanted preſence of mind to conceal myſelf under the bed, as I might eaſily have done. After ſome time ſpent in peeping, grinning, and chattering, he at laſt eſpied me, and reaching one of his paws in at the door, as a cat does when ſhe plays with a mouſe, although I often ſhifted place to avoid him, he at length ſeized the lappet of my coat (which, being of that country's ſilk, was very thick and ſtrong) and dragged me out. He took me up in his right fore-foot, and held me as a nurſe does a child ſhe is going to ſuckle, juſt as I have ſeen the ſame ſort of creature do with a kitten in Europe: and when I offered to ſtruggle, he ſqueezed me ſo hard, that I thought it more prudent to ſubmit. I have good reaſon to believe, that he took me for a young one of his own ſpecies, by his often ſtroking my face very gently with his other paw. In theſe diverſions he was interrupted by a noiſe at the cloſet-door, as if ſomebody were opening it; whereupon he ſuddenly leaped up to the window, at which he had come in, and thence upon the leads and gutters, walking upon three legs, and holding me in the fourth, till he clambered up to a roof that was next to ours. I heard Glumdalclitch give a ſhriek at the moment he was carrying me out. The poor girl was almoſt diſtracted: that quarter of the palace was all in an uproar; the ſervants ran for ladders; the monkey was ſeen by hundreds in the court, ſitting upon the ridge of a building, holding me like a baby in one of his fore-paws, and feeding me with the other, by cramming into my mouth ſome victuals he had ſqueezed out of the bag on one ſide of his chaps, and patting me when I would not eat; whereat many of the rabble below could not forbear laughing; neither do I think they juſtly ought to be blamed, for, without queſtion, the ſight was ridiculous enough to every body but myſelf. Some of the people threw up ſtones, hoping to drive the monkey down; but this was ſtrictly forbidden, or elſe very probably my brains had been daſhed out.

The ladders were now applied, and mounted by ſeveral men, which the monkey obſerving, and finding himſelf almoſt encompaſſed; not being able to make ſpeed enough with his three legs, let me drop on a ridge tile, and made his eſcape. Here I ſat for ſome time, five hundred yards from the ground, expecting every moment to be blown down by the wind, or to fall by my own giddineſs, and come tumbling over

and over from the ridge to the eves: but an honeſt lad, one of my nurſe's footmen, climbed up, and putting me into his breeches-pocket, brought me down ſafe.

I was almoſt choaked with the filthy ſtuff the monkey had crammed down my throat: but my dear little nurſe picked it out of my mouth with a ſmall needle, and then I fell a vomiting, which gave me great relief. Yet I was ſo weak, and bruiſed in the ſides with the ſqueezes given my by this odious animal, that I was forced to keep my bed a fortnight. The king, queen, and all the court, ſent every day to enquire after my health, and her majeſty made me ſeveral viſits during my ſickneſs. The monkey was killed, and an order made that no ſuch animal ſhould be kept about the palace.

When I attended the king after my recovery to return him thanks for his favours, he was pleaſed to rally me a good deal upon this adventure. He aſked me, what my thoughts and ſpeculations were while I lay in the monkey's paw; how I liked the victuals he gave me; his manner of feeding; and whether the freſh air on the roof had ſharpened my ſtomach. He deſired to know, what I would have done upon ſuch an occaſion in my own country. I told his majeſty, that in Europe we had no monkeys, except ſuch as were brought for curioſities from other places, and ſo ſmall, that I could deal with a dozen of them together, if they preſumed to attack me. And as for that monſtrous animal with whom I was ſo lately engaged (it was indeed as large as an elephant) if my fears had ſuffered me to think ſo far as to make uſe of my hanger (looking fiercely, and clapping my hand upon the hilt, as I ſpoke) when he poked his paw into my chamber, perhaps I ſhould have given him ſuch a wound, as would have made him glad to withdraw it with more haſte than he put it in. This I delivered in a firm tone, like a perſon who was jealous leſt his courage ſhould be called in queſtion. However, my ſpeech produced nothing elſe beſides a loud laughter, which all the reſpect due to his majeſty from thoſe about him could not make them contain. This made me reflect, how vain an attempt it is for a man to endeavour to do himſelf honour among thoſe, who are out of all degree of equality or compariſon with him. And yet I have ſeen the moral of my own behaviour very frequent in England ſince my return, where a little contemptible varlet, without the leaſt title to birth, perſon, wit, or common ſenſe, ſhall preſume to look with importance, and put himſelf upon a foot with the greateſt perſons of the kingdom.

I was every day furniſhing the court with ſome ridiculous ſtory; and Glumdalclitch, although ſhe loved me to exceſs, yet was arch enough to inform the queen, whenever I committed any folly that ſhe thought would be diverting to her majeſty. The girl, who had been out of order, was carried by her governeſs to take the air about an hour's diſtance, or thirty miles from town. They alighted out of the coach near a ſmall foot-path in a field, and Glumdalclitch ſetting down my travelling-box, I went out of it to walk. There was a cow-dung in the path, and I muſt need try my activity by attempting to leap over it. I took a run, but unfortunately jumped ſhort, and found myſelf juſt in the middle up to my knees. I waded through with ſome difficulty, and one of the footmen wiped me as clean as he could with his handkerchief, for I was filthily bemired, and my nurſe confined me to my box till we returned home; where the queen was ſoon informed of what had paſſed, and the footmen ſpread it about the court; ſo that all the mirth for ſome days was at my expence.

CHAP. VI *.

Several contrivances of the author to pleaſe the king and queen. He ſhews his ſkill in muſic. The king enquires into the ſtate of England, which the author relates to him. The king's obſervations thereon.

I uſed to attend the king's levee once or twice a week, and had often ſeen him under

* In this chapter he gives an account of the political ſtate of Europe. ORRERY.

This is a miſtake of the noble commentator, for

under the barber's hand, which indeed was at firſt very terrible to behold: for the razor was almoſt twice as long as an ordinary ſcythe. His majeſty, according to the cuſtom of the country, was only ſhaved twice a week. I once prevailed on the barber to give me ſome of the ſuds or lather, out of which I picked forty or fifty of the ſtrongeſt ſtumps of hair. I then took a piece of fine wood, and cut it like the back of a comb, making ſeveral holes in it at equal diſtance with as ſmall a needle as I could get from Glumdalclitch. I fixed in the ſtumps ſo artificially, ſcraping and ſloping them with my knife towards the points, that I made a very tolerable comb; which was a ſeaſonable ſupply, my own being ſo much broken in the teeth, that it was almoſt uſeleſs: neither did I know any artiſt in that country ſo nice and exact, as would undertake to make me another.

And this puts me in mind of an amuſement, wherein I ſpent many of my leiſure hours. I deſired the queen's woman to ſave for me the combings of her majeſty's hair, whereof in time I got a good quantity, and conſulting with my friend the cabinet-maker, who had received general orders to do little jobs for me, I directed him to make two chair-frames, no larger than thoſe I had in my box, and then to bore little holes with a fine awl round thoſe parts where I deſigned the backs and ſeats; through theſe holes I wove the ſtrongeſt hairs I could pick out, juſt after the manner of cane-chairs in England. When they were finiſhed, I made a preſent of them to her majeſty, who kept them in her cabinet, and uſed to ſhew them for curioſities, as indeed they were the wonder of every one that beheld them. The queen would have had me ſit upon one of theſe chairs, but I abſolutely refuſed to obey her, proteſting I would rather die a thouſand deaths than place a diſhonourable part of my body on thoſe precious hairs, that once adorned her majeſty's head. Of theſe hairs (as I had always a mechanical genius) I likewiſe made a neat little purſe about five feet long, with her majeſty's name decyphered in gold letters, which I gave to Glumdalclitch by the queen's conſent. To ſay the truth, it was more for ſhew than uſe, being not of ſtrength to bear the weight of the larger coins, and therefore ſhe kept nothing in it but ſome little toys that girls are fond of.

The king, who delighted in muſic, had frequent concerts at court, to which I was ſometimes carried, and ſet in my box on a table to hear them: but the noiſe was ſo great, that I could hardly diſtinguiſh the tunes. I am confident, that all the drums and trumpets of a royal army, beating and ſounding together juſt at your ears, could not equal it. My practice was to have my box removed from the place where the performers ſat, as far as I could, then to ſhut the doors and windows of it, and draw the window curtains; after which I found their muſic not diſagreeable.

I had learned in my youth to play a little upon the ſpinet. Glumdalclitch kept one in her chamber, and a maſter attended twice a week to teach her: I called it a ſpinet, becauſe it ſomewhat reſembled that inſtrument, and was played upon in the ſame manner. A fancy came into my head, that I would entertain the king and queen with an Engliſh tune upon this inſtrument. But this appeared extremely difficult: for the ſpinet was near ſixty feet long, each key being almoſt a foot wide, ſo that with my arms extended I could not reach to above five keys, and to preſs them down required a good ſmart ſtroke with my fiſt, which would be too great a labour, and to no purpoſe. The method I contrived was this: I prepared two round ſticks about the bigneſs of common cudgels; they were thicker at one end than the other, and I covered the thicker ends with a piece of a mouſe's ſkin, that, by rapping on them, I might neither damage the tops of the keys, nor interrupt the ſound. Before

for Gulliver has here given a political account of no country but England: it is however a miſtake to which any commentator would have been liable, who had read little more than the titles or contents of the chapters into which this work is divided; for the word Europe has in ſome Engliſh, and all the Iriſh, editions been printed in the title of this chapter inſtead of England.

the ſpinet a bench was placed about four feet below the keys, and I was put upon the bench. I ran ſideling upon it that way and this, as faſt as I could, banging the proper keys with my two ſticks, and made a ſhift to play a jigg to the great ſatisfaction of both their majeſties: but it was the moſt violent exerciſe I ever underwent, and yet I could not ſtrike above ſixteen keys, nor conſequently play the baſs and treble together, as other artiſts do, which was a great diſadvantage to my performance.

The king, who, as I before obſerved, was a prince of excellent underſtanding, would frequently order that I ſhould be brought in my box, and ſet upon the table in his cloſet; he would then command me to bring one of my chairs out of the box, and ſit down within three yards diſtance upon the top of the cabinet, which brought me almoſt to a level with his face. In this manner I had ſeveral converſations with him. I one day took the freedom to tell his majeſty, that the contempt he diſcovered towards Europe, and the reſt of the world, did not ſeem anſwerable to thoſe excellent qualities of mind that he was maſter of: that reaſon did not extend itſelf with the bulk of the body; on the contrary, we obſerved in our country, that the talleſt perſons were uſually leaſt provided with it: that, among other animals, bees and ants had the reputation of more induſtry, art, and ſagacity, than many of the larger kinds; and that, as inconſiderable as he took me to be, I hoped I might live to do his majeſty ſome ſignal ſervice. The king heard me with attention, and began to conceive a much better opinion of me than he had ever before. He deſired I would give him as exact an account of the government of England as I poſſibly could; becauſe, as fond as princes commonly are of their own cuſtoms (for ſo he conjectured of other monarchs by my former diſcourſes) he ſhould be glad to hear of any thing that might deſerve imitation.

Imagine with thyſelf, courteous reader, how often I then wiſhed for the tongue of Demoſthenes or Cicero, that might have enabled me to celebrate the praiſe of my own dear native country in a ſtyle equal to its merits and felicity.

I began my diſcourſe by informing his majeſty, that our dominions conſiſted of two iſlands, which compoſed three mighty kingdoms under one ſovereign, beſides our plantations in America. I dwelt long upon the fertility of our ſoil, and the temperature of our climate. I then ſpoke at large upon the conſtitution of an Engliſh parliament, partly made up of an illuſtrious body called the houſe of peers, perſons of the nobleſt blood, and of the moſt ancient and ample patrimonies. I deſcribed that extraordinary care always taken of their education in arts and arms, to qualify them for being counſellors both to the king and kingdom; to have a ſhare in the legiſlature; to be members of the higheſt court of judicature, from whence there could be no appeal; and to be champions always ready for the defence of their prince and country, by their valour, conduct, and fidelity. That theſe were the ornament and bulwark of the kingdom, worthy followers of their moſt renowned anceſtors, whoſe honour had been the reward of their virtue, from which their poſterity were never once known to degenerate. To theſe were joined ſeveral holy perſons as part of that aſſembly under the title of biſhops, whoſe peculiar buſineſs it is to take care of religion, and of thoſe who inſtruct the people therein. Theſe were ſearched and ſought out through the whole nation, by the prince and his wiſeſt counſellors, among ſuch of the prieſthood as were moſt deſervedly diſtinguiſhed by the ſanctity of their lives, and the depth of their erudition, who were indeed the ſpiritual fathers of the clergy and the people.

That the other part of the parliament conſiſted of an aſſembly called the houſe of commons, who were all principal gentlemen, *freely* picked and culled out by the people themſelves, for their great abilities and love of their country, to repreſent the wiſdom of the whole nation. And that theſe two bodies made up the moſt auguſt aſſem-

bly in Europe, to whom, in conjunction with the prince, the whole legiſlature is committed.

I then deſcended to the courts of juſtice, over which the judges, thoſe venerable ſages and interpreters of the law, preſided for determining the diſputed rights and properties of men, as well as for the puniſhment of vice, and protection of innocence. I mentioned the prudent management of our treaſury, the valour and achievements of our forces by ſea and land. I computed the number of our people, by reckoning how many millions there might be of each religious ſect, or political party among us. I did not omit even our ſports and paſtimes, or any other particular, which I thought might redound to the honour of my country. And I finiſhed all with a brief hiſtorical account of affairs and events in England for about an hundred years paſt.

This converſation was not ended under five audiences, each of ſeveral hours; and the king heard the whole with great attention, frequently taking notes of what I ſpoke, as well as memorandums of what queſtions he intended to aſk me.

When I had put an end to theſe long diſcourſes, his majeſty in a ſixth audience, conſulting his notes, propoſed many doubts, queries, and objections upon every article. He aſked what methods were uſed to cultivate the minds and bodies of our young nobility, and in what kind of buſineſs they commonly ſpent the firſt and teachable part of their lives. What courſe was taken to ſupply that aſſembly, when any noble family became extinct. What qualifications were neceſſary in thoſe who are to be created new lords: whether the humour of the prince, a ſum of money to a court lady or a prime miniſter, or a deſign of ſtrengthening a party oppoſite to the public intereſt, ever happened to be motives in thoſe advancements. What ſhare of knowledge theſe lords had in the laws of their country, and how they came by it, ſo as to enable them to decide the properties of their fellow-ſubjects in the laſt reſort. Whether they were all ſo free from avarice, partialities, or want, that a bribe, or ſome other ſiniſter view, could have no place among them. Whether thoſe holy lords I ſpoke of were always promoted to that rank upon account of their knowledge in religious matters, and the ſanctity of their lives; had never been compliers with the times while they were common prieſts, or ſlaviſh proſtitute chaplains to ſome nobleman, whoſe opinions they continued ſervilely to follow after they were admitted into that aſſembly.

He then deſired to know, what arts were practiſed in electing thoſe whom I called commoners: whether a ſtranger with a ſtrong purſe might not influence the vulgar voters to chuſe him before their own landlord, or the moſt conſiderable gentleman in the neighbourhood. How it came to paſs, that people were ſo violently bent upon getting into this aſſembly, which I allowed to be a great trouble and expence, often to the ruin of their families, without any ſalary or penſion: becauſe this appeared ſuch an exalted ſtrain of virtue and public ſpirit, that his majeſty ſeemed to doubt it might poſſibly not be always ſincere: and he deſired to know, whether ſuch zealous gentlemen could have any views of refunding themſelves for the charges and trouble they were at, by ſacrificing the public good to the deſigns of a weak and vicious prince in conjunction with a corrupted miniſtry. He multiplied his queſtions, and ſifted me thoroughly upon every part of this head, propoſing numberleſs enquiries and objections, which I think it not prudent or convenient to repeat.

Upon what I ſaid in relation to our courts of juſtice, his majeſty deſired to be ſatisfied in ſeveral points: and this I was the better able to do, having been formerly almoſt ruined by a long ſuit in chancery, which was decreed for me with coſts. He aſked what time was uſually ſpent in determining between right and wrong, and what degree of expence. Whether advocates and orators had liberty to plead in cauſes manifeſtly known to be unjuſt, vexatious, or oppreſſive. Whether party in religion or politics were obſerved to be of any weight in the ſcale of juſtice. Whether thoſe pleading orators were

perſons educated in the general knowledge of equity, or only in provincial, national, and other local cuſtoms. Whether they or their judges had any part in penning thoſe laws, which they aſſumed the liberty of interpreting and gloſſing upon at their pleaſure. Whether they had ever at different times pleaded for and againſt the ſame cauſe, and cited precedents to prove contrary opinions. Whether they were a rich or a poor corporation. Whether they received any pecuniary reward for pleading or delivering their opinions. And particularly, whether they were ever admitted as members in the lower ſenate.

He fell next upon the management of our treaſury; and ſaid, he thought my memory had failed me, becauſe I computed our taxes at about five or ſix millions a year, and when I came to mention the iſſues, he found they ſometimes amounted to more than double; for the notes he had taken were very particular in this point, becauſe he hoped, as he told me, that the knowledge of our conduct might be uſeful to him, and he could not be deceived in his calculations. But, if what I told him were true, he was ſtill at a loſs how a kingdom could run out of its eſtate like a private perſon. He aſked me, who were our creditors, and where we found money to pay them. He wondered to hear me talk of ſuch chargable and expenſive wars; that certainly we muſt be a quarrelſome people, or live among very bad neighbours, and that our generals muſt needs be richer than our kings. He aſked what buſineſs we had out of our own iſlands, unleſs upon the ſcore of trade or treaty, or to defend the coaſts with our fleet. Above all, he was amazed to hear me talk of a mercenary ſtanding army in the midſt of peace, and among a free people. He ſaid, if we were governed by our own conſent in the perſons of our repreſentatives, he could not imagine of whom we were afraid, or againſt whom we were to fight; and would hear my opinion, whether a private man's houſe might not better be defended by himſelf, his children, and family, than by half a dozen raſcals picked up at a venture in the ſtreets for ſmall wages, who might get an hundred times more by cutting their throats.

He laughed at my odd kind of arithmetic (as he was pleaſed to call it) in reckoning the numbers of our people by a computation drawn from the ſeveral ſects among us in religion and politics. He ſaid, he knew no reaſon why thoſe, who entertain opinions prejudicial to the public, ſhould be obliged to change, or ſhould not be obliged to conceal them. And as it was tyranny in any government to require the firſt, ſo it was weakneſs not to enforce the ſecond: for a man may be allowed to keep poiſons in his cloſet; but not to vend them about for cordials.

He obſerved, that among the diverſions of our nobility and gentry I had mentioned gaming: he deſired to know at what age this entertainment was uſually taken up, and when it was laid down; how much of their time it employed: whether it ever went ſo high as to affect their fortunes: whether mean vicious people by their dexterity in that art might not arrive at great riches, and ſometimes keep our very nobles in dependence, as well as habituate them to vile companions, wholly take them from the improvement of their minds, and force them by the loſſes they received to learn and practiſe that infamous dexterity upon others.

He was perfectly aſtoniſhed with the hiſtorical account I gave him of our affairs during the laſt century, proteſting it was only a heap of conſpiracies, rebellions, murders, maſſacres, revolutions, baniſhments, the very worſt effects that avarice, faction, hypocriſy, perfidiouſneſs, cruelty, rage, madneſs, hatred, envy, luſt, malice, and ambition could produce.

His majeſty in another audience was at the pains to recapitulate the ſum of all I had ſpoken; compared the queſtions he made with the anſwers I had given; then taking me into his hands, and ſtroking me gently, delivered himſelf in theſe words, which I ſhall never forget, nor the manner he ſpoke them in: "My little friend Grildrig, you have made

made a moſt admirable panegyric upon your country; you have clearly proved, that ignorance, idleneſs, and vice, are the proper ingredients for qualifying a legiſlator; that laws are beſt explained, interpreted, and applied by thoſe whoſe intereſt and abilities lie in perverting, confounding, and eluding them. I obſerve among you ſome lines of an inſtitution, which in its original might have been tolerable, but theſe half eraſed, and the reſt wholly blurred and blotted by corruptions. It doth not appear from all you have ſaid, how any one perfection is required toward the procurement of any one ſtation among you; much leſs, that men are ennobled on account of their virtue, that prieſts are advanced for their piety or learning, ſoldiers for their conduct or valour, judges for their integrity, ſenators for the love of their country, or counſellors for their wiſdom. As for yourſelf, continued the king, who have ſpent the greateſt part of your life in travelling, I am well diſpoſed to hope you may hitherto have eſcaped many vices of your country. But by what I have gathered from your own relation, and the anſwers I have with much pains wringed and extorted from you, I cannot but conclude the bulk of your natives to be the moſt pernicious race of little odious vermin, that nature ever ſuffered to crawl upon the ſurface of the earth."

CHAP. VII.

The author's love of his country. He makes a propoſal of much advantage to the king, which is rejected. The king's great ignorance in politics. The learning of that country very imperfect and confined. The laws, and military affairs, and parties in the ſtate.

Nothing but an extreme love of truth could have hindered me from concealing this part of my ſtory. It was in vain to diſcover my reſentments, which were always turned into ridicule; and I was forced to reſt with patience, while my noble and moſt beloved country was ſo injuriouſly treated. I am as heartily ſorry as any of my readers can poſſibly be, that ſuch an occaſion was given: but this prince happened to be ſo curious and inquiſitive upon every particular, that it could not conſiſt either with gratitude or good manners to refuſe giving him what ſatisfaction I was able. Yet thus much I may be allowed to ſay in my own vindication, that I artfully eluded many of his queſtions, and gave to every point a more favourable turn by many degrees than the ſtrictneſs of truth would allow. For I have always borne that laudable partiality to my own country, which Dionyſius Halicarnaſſenſis with ſo much juſtice recommends to an hiſtorian: I would hide the frailties and deformities of my political mother, and place her virtues and beauties in the moſt advantageous light. This was my ſincere endeavour in thoſe many diſcourſes I had with that monarch, although it unfortunately failed of ſucceſs.

But great allowances ſhould be given to a king, who lives wholly ſecluded from the reſt of the world, and muſt therefore be altogether unacquainted with the manners and cuſtoms that moſt prevail in other nations: the want of which knowledge will ever produce many *prejudices*, and a certain *narrowneſs of thinking*, from which we and the politer countries of Europe are wholly exempted. And it would be hard indeed, if ſo remote a prince's notions of virtue and vice were to be offered as a ſtandard for all mankind.

To confirm what I have now ſaid, and further to ſhew the miſerable effects of a *confined education*, I ſhall here inſert a paſſage which will hardly obtain belief. In hopes to ingratiate myſelf farther into his majeſty's favour, I told him of an invention diſcovered between three and four hundred years ago to make a certain powder, into an heap of which the ſmalleſt ſpark of fire falling would kindle the whole in a moment, although it were as big as a mountain, and make it all fly up in the air together with a noiſe and agitation greater than thunder. That a proper quantity of this powder rammed into an hollow tube of braſs or iron, according to its bigneſs, would drive a ball of iron or lead with ſuch violence and ſpeed, as nothing was able to ſuſ-

tain its force. That the largeſt balls thus diſcharged would not only deſtroy whole ranks of an army at once, but batter the ſtrongeſt walls to the ground, ſink down ſhips, with a thouſand men in each, to the bottom of the ſea; and, when linked by a chain together, would cut thro' maſts and rigging, divide hundreds of bodies in the middle, and lay all waſte before them. That we often put this powder into large hollow balls of iron, and diſcharged them by an engine into ſome city we were beſieging, which would rip up the pavements, tear the houſes to pieces, burſt and throw ſplinters on every ſide, daſhing out the brains of all who came near. That I knew the ingredients very well, which were cheap and common; I underſtood the manner of compounding them, and could direct his workmen how to make thoſe tubes of a ſize proportionable to all other things in his majeſty's kingdom, and the largeſt need not be above an hundred feet long; twenty or thirty of which tubes, charged with the proper quantity of powder and balls, would batter down the walls of the ſtrongeſt town in his dominions in a few hours, or deſtroy the whole metropolis, if ever it ſhould pretend to diſpute his abſolute commands. This I humbly offered to his majeſty as a ſmall tribute of acknowledgment in return for ſo many marks that I had received of his royal favour and protection.

The king was ſtruck with horror at the deſcription I had given of thoſe terrible engines, and the propoſal I had made. He was amazed, how ſo impotent and groveling an inſect as I (theſe were his expreſſions) could entertain ſuch inhuman ideas, and in ſo familiar a manner, as to appear wholly unmoved at all the ſcenes of blood and deſolation, which I had painted as the common effects of thoſe deſtructive machines, whereof he ſaid ſome evil genius, enemy to mankind, muſt have been the firſt contriver. As for himſelf, he proteſted, that although few things delighted him ſo much as new diſcoveries in art or in nature, yet he would rather loſe half his kingdom, than be privy to ſuch a ſecret, which he commanded me, as I valued my life, never to mention any more.

A ſtrange effect of *narrow principles and ſhort views!* that a prince, poſſeſſed of every quality which procures veneration, love, and eſteem; of ſtrong parts, great wiſdom, and profound learning, endowed with admirable talents for government, and almoſt adored by his ſubjects, ſhould, from a *nice unneceſſary ſcruple*, whereof in Europe we can have no conception, let ſlip an opportunity put into his hands, that would have made him abſolute maſter of the lives, the liberties, and the fortunes of his people. Neither do I ſay this with the leaſt intention to detract from the many virtues of that excellent king, whoſe character I am ſenſible will on this account be very much leſſened in the opinion of an Engliſh reader: but I take this defect among them to have riſen from their ignorance, by not having hitherto reduced politics into a ſcience, as the more acute wits of Europe have done. For I remember very well in a diſcourſe one day with the king, when I happened to ſay there were ſeveral thouſand books among us written upon the art of government, it gave him (directly contrary to my intention) a very mean opinion of our underſtandings. He profeſſed both to abominate and deſpiſe all myſtery, refinement, and intrigue, either in a prince or a miniſter. He could not tell what I meant by ſecrets of ſtate, where an enemy, or ſome rival nation, were not in the caſe. He confined the knowledge of governing within very narrow bounds, to common ſenſe and reaſon, to juſtice and lenity, to the ſpeedy determination of civil and criminal cauſes; with ſome other obvious topics, which are not worth conſidering. And he gave it for his opinion, that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of graſs, to grow upon a ſpot of ground where only one grew before, would deſerve better of mankind, and do more eſſential ſervice to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together.

The learning of this people is very defective, conſiſting only in morality,

ty, hiſtory, poetry, and mathematics, wherein they muſt be allowed to excel. But the laſt of theſe is wholly applied to what may be uſeful in life, to the improvement of agriculture, and all mechanical arts; ſo that among us it would be little eſteemed. And as to ideas, entities, abſtractions, and tranſcendentals, I could never drive the leaſt conception into their heads.

No law of that country muſt exceed in words the number of letters in their alphabet, which conſiſts only in two and twenty. But indeed few of them extend even to that length. They are expreſſed in the moſt plain and ſimple terms, wherein thoſe people are not mercurial enough to diſcover above one interpretation: and to write a comment upon any law is a capital crime. As to the deciſion of civil cauſes, or proceedings againſt criminals, their precedents are ſo few, that they have little reaſon to boaſt of any extraordinary ſkill in either.

They have had the art of printing, as well as the Chineſe, time out of mind: but their libraries are not very large; for that of the king, which is reckoned the largeſt, doth not amount to above a thouſand volumes, placed in a gallery of twelve hundred feet long, from whence I had liberty to borrow what books I pleaſed. The queen's joiner had contrived in one of Glumdalclitch's rooms a kind of wooden machine five and twenty feet high, formed like a ſtanding ladder, the ſteps were each fifty feet long: it was indeed a moveable pair of ſtairs, the loweſt end placed at ten feet diſtance from the wall of the chamber. The book I had a mind to read was put up leaning againſt the wall: I firſt mounted to the upper ſtep of the ladder, and turning my face towards the book, began at the top of the page, and ſo walking to the right and left about eight or ten paces, according to the length of the lines, till I had gotten a little below the level of mine eyes, and then deſcending gradually till I came to the bottom: after which I mounted again, and began the other page in the ſame manner, and ſo turned over the leaf, which I could eaſily do with both my hands, for it was as thick and ſtiff as a paſteboard, and in the largeſt folios not above eighteen or twenty feet long.

Their ſtyle is clear, maſculine, and ſmooth, but not florid; for they avoid nothing more than multiplying unneceſſary words, or uſing various expreſſions. I have peruſed many of their books, eſpecially thoſe in hiſtory and morality. Among the reſt, I was much diverted with a little old treatiſe, which always lay in Glumdalclitch's bed-chamber, and belonged to her governeſs, a grave elderly gentlewoman, who dealt in writings of morality and devotion. The book treats of the weakneſs of human kind, and is in little eſteem, except among the women and the vulgar. However, I was curious to ſee what an author of that country could ſay upon ſuch a ſubject. This writer went through all the uſual topics of European moraliſts, ſhewing how diminutive, contemptible, and helpleſs an animal was man in his own nature; how unable to defend himſelf from inclemencies of the air, or the fury of wild beaſts: how much he was excelled by one creature in ſtrength, by another in ſpeed, by a third in foreſight, by a fourth in induſtry. He added, that nature was degenerated in theſe latter declining ages of the world, and could now produce only ſmall abortive births, in compariſon of thoſe in ancient times. He ſaid it was very reaſonable to think, not only that the ſpecies of men were originally much larger, but alſo that there muſt have been giants in former ages; which, as it is aſſerted by hiſtory and tradition, ſo it hath been confirmed by huge bones and ſkulls caſually dug up in ſeveral parts of the kingdom, far exceeding the common dwindled race of man in our days. He argued, that the very laws of nature abſolutely required we ſhould have been made in the beginning of a ſize more large and robuſt, not ſo liable to deſtruction from every little accident of a tile falling from an houſe, or a ſtone caſt from the hand of a boy, or being drowned in a little brook. From this way of reaſoning, the author drew

ſeveral moral applications uſeful in the conduct of life, but needleſs here to repeat. For my own part, I could not avoid reflecting how univerſally this talent was ſpread, of drawing lectures in morality, or indeed rather matter of diſcontent and repining, from the quarrels we raiſe with nature. And, I believe, upon a ſtrict enquiry, thoſe quarrels might be ſhewn as ill-grounded among us, as they are among that people *.

As to their military affairs, they boaſt that the king's army conſiſts of an hundred and ſeventy-ſix thouſand foot, and thirty-two thouſand horſe: if that may be called an army, which is made up of tradeſmen in the ſeveral cities, and farmers in the country, whoſe commanders are only the nobility and gentry without pay or reward. They are indeed perfect enough in their exerciſes, and under very good diſcipline, wherein I ſaw no great merit; for how ſhould it be otherwiſe, where every farmer is under the command of his own landlord, and every citizen under that of the principal men in his own city, choſen after the manner of Venice by ballot?

I have often ſeen the militia of Lorbrulgrud drawn out to exerciſe in a great field near the city of twenty miles ſquare. They were in all not above twenty-five thouſand foot, and ſix thouſand horſe; but it was impoſſible for me to compute their number, conſidering the ſpace of ground they took up. A cavalier, mounted on a large ſteed, might be about ninety feet high. I have ſeen this whole body of horſe, upon a word of command, draw their ſwords at once, and brandiſh them in the air. Imagination can figure nothing ſo grand, ſo ſurpriſing, and ſo aſtoniſhing! it looked as if ten thouſand flaſhes of lightning were darting at the ſame time from every quarter of the ſky.

* The author's zeal to juſtify Providence has before been remarked; and theſe quarrels with nature, or in other words with God, could not have been more forcibly reproved than by ſhewing, that the complaints upon which they are founded would be equally ſpecious among beings of ſuch aſtoniſhing ſuperiority of ſtature and ſtrength.

I was curious to know how this prince, to whoſe dominions there is no acceſs from any other country, came to think of armies, or to teach his people the practice of military diſcipline. But I was ſoon informed, both by converſation and reading their hiſtories: for in the courſe of many ages they have been troubled with the ſame diſeaſe to which the whole race of mankind is ſubject; the nobility often contending for power, the people for liberty, and the king for abſolute dominion. All which, however happily tempered by the laws of that kingdom, have been ſometimes violated by each of the three parties, and have more than once occaſioned civil wars, the laſt whereof was happily put an end to by this prince's grandfather in a general compoſition; and the militia, then ſettled with common conſent, hath been ever ſince kept in the ſtricteſt duty.

CHAP. VIII.

The king and queen make a progreſs to the frontiers. The author attends them. The manner in which he leaves the country very particularly related. He returns to England.

I had always a ſtrong impulſe, that I ſhould ſome time recover my liberty, though it was impoſſible to conjecture by what means, or to form any project with the leaſt hope of ſucceeding. The ſhip in which I ſailed was the firſt ever known to be driven within ſight of that coaſt, and the king had given ſtrict orders, that, if at any time another appeared, it ſhould be taken aſhore, and with all its crew and paſſengers brought in a tumbril to Lorbrulgrud. He was ſtrongly bent to get me a woman of my own ſize, by whom I might propagate the breed: but I think I ſhould rather have died, than undergone the diſgrace of leaving a poſterity to be kept in cages like tame canary birds, and perhaps in time ſold about the kingdom to perſons of quality for curioſities. I was indeed treated with much kindneſs: I was the favourite of a great king and queen, and the delight of the whole court; but it was upon ſuch a foot, as ill became the dignity

dignity of human kind. I could never forget thoſe domeſtic pledges I had left behind me. I wanted to be among people with whom I could converſe upon even terms, and walk about the ſtreets and fields, without being afraid of being trod to death like a frog, or young puppy. But my deliverance came ſooner than I expected, and in a manner not very common: the whole ſtory and circumſtances of which I ſhall faithfully relate.

I had now been two years in this country; and about the beginning of the third Glumdalclitch and I attended the king and queen in a progreſs to the ſouth coaſt of the kingdom. I was carried as uſual in my travelling-box, which, as I have already deſcribed, was a very convenient cloſet of twelve feet wide. And I had ordered a hammock to be fixed by ſilken ropes from the four corners at the top, to break the jolts, when a ſervant carried me before him on horſeback, as I ſometimes deſired, and would often ſleep in my hammock while we were upon the road. On the roof of my cloſet, not directly over the middle of the hammock, I ordered the joiner to cut out a hole of a foot ſquare, to give me air in hot weather, as I ſlept; which hole I ſhut at pleaſure with a board, that drew backwards and forwards through a groove.

When we came to our journey's end, the king thought proper to paſs a few days at a palace he hath near Flanflaſnic, a city within eighteen Engliſh miles of the ſea-ſide. Glumdalclitch and I were much fatigued: I had gotten a ſmall cold, but the poor girl was ſo ill as to be confined to her chamber. I longed to ſee the ocean, which muſt be the only ſcene of my eſcape, if ever it ſhould happen. I pretended to be worſe than I really was, and deſired leave to take the freſh air of the ſea with a page whom I was very fond of, and who had ſometimes been truſted with me. I ſhall never forget with what unwillingneſs Glumdalclitch conſented, nor the ſtrict charge ſhe gave the page to be careful of me, burſting at the ſame time into a flood of tears, as if ſhe had ſome foreboding of what was to happen. The boy took me out in my box about half an hour's walk from the palace towards the rocks on the ſea-ſhore. I ordered him to ſet me down, and lifting up one of my ſaſhes, caſt many a wiſtful melancholy look towards the ſea. I found myſelf not very well, and told the page that I had a mind to take a nap in my hammock, which I hoped would do me good. I got in, and the boy ſhut the window cloſe down to keep out the cold. I ſoon fell aſleep, and all I can conjecture is, that while I ſlept, the page, thinking no danger could happen, went among the rocks to look for birds eggs, having before obſerved him from my window ſearching about, and picking up one or two in the clefts. Be that as it will, I found myſelf ſuddenly awaked with a violent pull upon the ring, which was faſtened at the top of my box for the conveniency of carriage. I felt my box raiſed very high in the air, and then borne forward with prodigious ſpeed. The firſt jolt had like to have ſhaken me out of my hammock, but afterwards the motion was eaſy enough. I called out ſeveral times, as loud as I could raiſe my voice, but all to no purpoſe. I looked towards my windows, and could ſee nothing but the clouds and ſky. I heard a noiſe juſt over my head like the clapping of wings, and then began to perceive the woful condition I was in, that ſome eagle had got the ring of my box in his beak with an intent to let it fall on a rock like a tortoiſe in a ſhell, and then pick out my body, and devour it: for the ſagacity and ſmell of this bird enabled him to diſcover his quarry at a great diſtance, though better concealed than I could be within a two-inch board.

In a little time I obſerved the noiſe and flutter of wings to increaſe very faſt, and my box was toſſed up and down like a ſign in a windy day. I heard ſeveral bangs or buſſets, as I thought, given to the eagle (for ſuch I am certain it muſt have been that held the ring of my box in his beak) and then all on a ſudden felt myſelf falling perpendicularly down for above a minute, but with ſuch incredible ſwiftneſs that I almoſt loſt my breath.

My

My fall was ſtopped by a terrible ſquaſh, that ſounded louder to my ears than the cataract of Niagara *; after which I was quite in the dark for another minute, and then my box began to riſe ſo high that I could ſee light from the tops of the windows. I now perceived that I was fallen into the ſea. My box, by the weight of my body, the goods that were in, and the broad plates of iron fixed for ſtrength at the four corners of the top and bottom, floated about five feet deep in water. I did then, and do now ſuppoſe, that the eagle which flew away with my box was purſued by two or three others, and forced to let me drop while he defended himſelf againſt the reſt, who hoped to ſhare in the prey. The plates of iron faſtened at the bottom of the box (for thoſe were the ſtrongeſt) preſerved the balance while it fell, and hindered it from being broken on the ſurface of the water. Every joint of it was well grooved; and the door did not move on hinges, but up and down like a ſaſh, which kept my cloſet ſo tight that very little water came in. I got with much difficulty out of my hammock, having firſt ventured to draw back the ſlip-board on the roof already mentioned, contrived on purpoſe to let in air, for want of which I found myſelf almoſt ſtifled.

How often did I then wiſh myſelf with my dear Glumdalclitch, from whom one ſingle hour had ſo far divided me! And I may ſay with truth, that in the midſt of my own misfortunes I could not forbear lamenting my poor nurſe, the grief ſhe would ſuffer for my loſs, the diſpleaſure of the queen, and the ruin of her fortune. Perhaps many travellers have not been under greater difficulties and diſtreſs than I was at this juncture, expecting every moment to ſee my box daſhed to pieces, or at leaſt overſet by the firſt violent blaſt or riſing wave. A breach in one ſingle pane of glaſs would have been immediate death: nor could any thing have preſerved the windows but the ſtrong lattice-wires placed on the outſide againſt accidents in travelling. I ſaw the water ooze in at ſeveral crannies, although the leaks were not conſiderable, and I endeavoured to ſtop them as well as I could. I was not able to lift up the roof of my cloſet, which otherwiſe I certainly ſhould have done, and ſat on the top of it, where I might at leaſt preſerve myſelf ſome hours longer than by being ſhut up (as I may call it) in the hold. Or if I eſcaped theſe dangers for a day or two, what could I expect but a miſerable death of cold and hunger? I was four hours under theſe circumſtances, expecting, and indeed wiſhing every moment to be my laſt.

I have already told the reader, that there were two ſtrong ſtaples fixed upon that ſide of my box which had no window, and into which the ſervant who uſed to carry me on horſeback would put a leathern belt, and buckle it about his waiſt. Being in this diſconſolate ſtate, I heard, or at leaſt thought I heard, ſome kind of grating noiſe on that ſide of my box where the ſtaples were fixed, and ſoon after I began to fancy, that the box was pulled or towed along in the ſea; for I now and then felt a ſort of tugging, which made the waves riſe near the tops of my windows, leaving me almoſt in the dark. This gave me ſome faint hopes of relief; although I was not able to imagine how it could be brought about. I ventured to unſcrew one of my chairs, which were always faſtened to the floor; and having made a hard ſhift to ſcrew it down again directly under the ſlipping-board that I had lately opened, I mounted on the chair, and, putting my mouth as near as I could to the hole, I called for help in a loud voice, and in all the languages I underſtood. I then faſtened my handkerchief to a ſtick I uſually carried, and thruſting it up the hole, waved it ſeveral times in the air, that if any boat or ſhip were near, the ſeamen might conjecture ſome unhappy mortal to be ſhut up in the box.

I found no effect from all I could do, but plainly perceived my cloſet to be moved along; and in the ſpace of an hour, or better, that ſide of the box where the ſtaples were, and had no win-

dow,

* Niagara is a ſettlement of the French in North America, and the cataract is produced by the fall of a conflux of water (formed of the four vaſt lakes of Canada) from a rocky precipice, the perpendicular height of which is one hundred and thirty-ſeven feet; and it is ſaid to have been heard fifteen leagues.

k againſt ſomething that was
ıpprehended it to be a rock,
myſelf toſſed more than ever.
eard a noiſe upon the cover
:t like that of a cable, and
; of it as it paſſed through
I then found myſelf hoiſted
rees at leaſt three feet higher
before. Whereupon I again
my ſtick and handkerchief,
help till I was almoſt hoarſe.
to which, I heard a great
ated three times, giving me
ports of joy as are not to be
but by thoſe who feel them.
'd a trampling over my head,
ody calling through the hole
l voice in the Engliſh tongue,
e any body below, let them
anſwered, I was an Engliſh-
wn by ill fortune into the
lamity that ever any creature
, and begged by all that was
be delivered out of the dun-
in. The voice replied, I was
ny box was faſtened to their
the carpenter ſhould imme-
me and ſaw a hole in the
e enough to pull me out.
d, that was needleſs, and
te up too much time, for
no more to be done, but let
crew put his finger into the
take the box out of the ſea
lip, and ſo into the captain's
Some of them upon hearing
o wildly thought I was mad;
ughed; for indeed it never
my head that I was now got
ople of my own ſtature and
The carpenter came, and in
nutes ſawed a paſſage about
ſquare, then let down a ſmall
pon which I mounted, and
ce was taken into the ſhip in
ak condition.
lors were all in amazement,
l me a thouſand queſtions,

re ſeveral little incidents which ſhew
have had a deep knowledge of human
I think this is one. Although the
antages enumerated by Gulliver in the
this chapter, of mingling again among
nen, depended on their being of the
th himſelf, yet this is forgotten in his
: delivered: and he is afterwards be-
he ſame abſurdity, by his zeal to pre-
niture.

which I had no inclination to anſwer. I was equally confounded at the ſight of ſo many pigmies, for ſuch I took them to be, after having ſo long accuſtomed mine eyes to the monſtrous objects I had left. But the captain, Mr. Thomas Wilcocks, an honeſt worthy Shropſhireman, obſerving I was ready to faint, took me into his cabin, gave me a cordial to comfort me, and made me turn in upon his own bed, adviſing me to take a little reſt, of which I had great need. Before I went to ſleep, I gave him to underſtand that I had ſome valuable furniture in my box too good to be loſt; a fine hammock, an handſome field-bed, two chairs, a table, and a cabinet. That my cloſet was hung on all ſides, or rather quilted, with ſilk and cotton: that if he would let one of the crew bring my cloſet into his cabin, I would open it there before him and ſhew him my goods. The captain hearing me utter theſe abſurdities concluded I was raving: however (I ſuppoſe to pacify me) he promiſed to give order as I deſired, and going upon deck, ſent ſome of his men down into my cloſet, from whence (as I afterwards found) they drew up all my goods, and ſtripped off the quilting; but the chairs, cabinet, and bedſtead, being ſcrewed to the floor, were much damaged by the ignorance of the ſeamen, who tore them up by force. Then they knocked off ſome of the boards for the uſe of the ſhip, and when they had got all they had a mind for, let the hull drop into the ſea, which by reaſon of many breaches made in the bottom and ſides ſunk to rights. And indeed I was glad not to have been a ſpectator of the havock they made; becauſe I am confident it would have ſenſibly touched me, by bringing former paſſages into my mind, which I had rather forget.

I ſlept ſome hours, but perpetually diſturbed with dreams of the place I had left, and the dangers I had eſcaped. However, upon waking I found myſelf much recovered. It was now about eight o'clock at night, and the captain ordered ſupper immediately, thinking I had already faſted too long. He entertained me with great kindneſs, obſerving me not to look wildly, or talk inconſiſtently; and, when we were left

alone,

alone, deſired I would give him a relation of my travels, and by what accident I came to be ſet adrift in that monſtrous wooden cheſt. He ſaid, that about twelve o'clock at noon, as he was looking through his glaſs, he ſpied it at a diſtance, and thought it was a ſail, which he had a mind to make, being not much out of his courſe, in hopes of buying ſome biſcuit, his own beginning to fall ſhort. That upon coming nearer, and finding his error, he ſent out his long-boat to diſcover what I was; that his men came back in a fright, ſwearing they had ſeen a ſwimming houſe. That he laughed at their folly, and went himſelf in the boat, ordering his men to take a ſtrong cable along with them. That the weather being calm he rowed round me ſeveral times, obſerved my windows, and the wire-lattices that defended them. That he diſcovered two ſtaples upon one ſide, which was all of boards without any paſſage for light. He then commanded his men to row up to that ſide, and, faſtening a cable to one of the ſtaples, ordered them to tow my cheſt (as they called it) towards the ſhip. When it was there, he gave directions to faſten another cable to the ring fixed in the cover, and to raiſe up my cheſt with pullies, which all the ſailors were not able to do above two or three feet. He ſaid, they ſaw my ſtick and handkerchief thruſt out of the hole, and concluded that ſome unhappy man muſt be ſhut up in the cavity. I aſked, whether he or the crew had ſeen any prodigious birds in the air about the time he firſt diſcovered me? to which he anſwered, that, diſcourſing this matter with the ſailors while I was aſleep, one of them ſaid, he had obſerved three eagles flying towards the north, but remarked nothing of their being larger than the uſual ſize, which I ſuppoſe muſt be imputed to the great height they were at; and he could not gueſs the reaſon of my queſtion. I then aſked the captain, how far he reckoned we might be from land? he ſaid, by the beſt computation he could make, we were at leaſt an hundred leagues. I aſſured him that he muſt be miſtaken by almoſt half, for I had not left the country from whence I came above two hours before I dropt into the ſea. Whereupon he began again to think that my brain was diſturbed, of which he gave me a hint, and adviſed me to go to bed in a cabin he had provided. I aſſured him I was well refreſhed with his good entertainment and company, and as much in my ſenſes as ever I was in my life. He then grew ſerious, and deſired to aſk me freely, whether I were not troubled in mind by the conſciouſneſs of ſome enormous crime, for which I was puniſhed at the command of ſome prince by expoſing me in that cheſt, as great criminals in other countries have been forced to ſea in a leaky veſſel without proviſions: for although he ſhould be ſorry to have taken ſo ill a man into his ſhip, yet he would engage his word to ſet me ſafe a-ſhore in the firſt port where we arrived. He added, that his ſuſpicions were much increaſed by ſome very abſurd ſpeeches I had delivered at firſt to the ſailors, and afterwards to himſelf, in relation to my cloſet or cheſt, as well as by my odd looks and behaviour while I was at ſupper.

I begged his patience to hear me tell my ſtory, which I faithfully did from the laſt time I left England to the moment he firſt diſcovered me. And as truth always forceth its way into rational minds, ſo this honeſt worthy gentleman, who had ſome tincture of learning, and very good ſenſe, was immediately convinced of my candour and veracity. But, farther to confirm all I had ſaid, I intreated him to give order that my cabinet ſhould be brought, of which I had the key in my pocket, (for he had already informed me how the ſeamen diſpoſed of my cloſet.) I opened it in his own preſence, and ſhewed him the ſmall collection of rarities I made in the country from whence I had been ſo ſtrangely delivered. There was the comb I had contrived out of the ſtumps of the king's beard, and another of the ſame materials, but fixed into a paring of her majeſty's thumb-nail, which ſerved for the back. There was a collection of needles and pins from a foot to half a yard long; four waſp-ſtings, like joiners tacks; ſome combings of the queen's hair;

hair; a gold ring which one day ſhe made me a preſent of in a moſt obliging manner, taking it from her little finger, and throwing it over my head like a collar. I deſired the captain would pleaſe to accept this ring in return of his civilities; which he abſolutely refuſed. I ſhewed him a corn that I had cut off with my own hand from a maid of honour's toe; it was about the bigneſs of a Kentiſh pippin, and grown ſo hard, that, when I returned to England, I got it hollowed into a cup, and ſet in ſilver. Laſtly, I deſired him to ſee the breeches I had then on, which were made of a mouſe's ſkin.

I could force nothing on him but a footman's tooth, which I obſerved him to examine with great curioſity, and found he had a fancy for it. He received it with abundance of thanks, more than ſuch a trifle could deſerve. It was drawn by an unſkilful ſurgeon in a miſtake from one of Glumdalclitch's men, who was afflicted with the tooth-ach, but it was as ſound as any in his head. I got it cleaned, and put it into my cabinet. It was about a foot long, and four inches in diameter.

The captain was very well ſatisfied with this plain relation I had given him, and ſaid, he hoped, when we returned to England, I would oblige the world by putting it on paper, and making it public. My anſwer was, that I thought we were already overſtocked with books of travels: that nothing could now paſs which was not extraordinary; wherein I doubted ſome authors leſs conſulted truth, than their own vanity, or intereſt, or the diverſion of ignorant readers: that my ſtory could contain little beſides common events, without thoſe ornamental deſcriptions of ſtrange plants, trees, birds, and other animals; or of the barbarous cuſtoms and idolatry of ſavage people, with which moſt writers abound. However, I thanked him for his good opinion, and promiſed to take the matter into my thoughts.

He ſaid, he wondered at one thing very much, which was, to hear me ſpeak ſo loud, aſking me whether the king or queen of that country were thick of hearing. I told him, it was what I had been uſed to for above two years paſt; and that I admired as much at the voices of him and his men, who ſeemed to me only to whiſper, and yet I could hear them well enough. But, when I ſpoke in that country, it was like a man talking in the ſtreet to another looking out from the top of a ſteeple, unleſs when I was placed on a table, or held in any perſon's hand. I told him, I had likewiſe obſerved another thing, that when I firſt got into the ſhip, and the ſailors ſtood all about me, I thought they were the moſt little contemptible creatures I had ever beheld. For indeed, while I was in that prince's country, I could never endure to look in a glaſs, after mine eyes had been accuſtomed to ſuch prodigious objects, becauſe the compariſon gave me ſo deſpicable a conceit of myſelf. The captain ſaid, that while we were at ſupper he obſerved me to look at every thing with a ſort of wonder, and that I often ſeemed hardly able to contain my laughter, which he knew not well how to take, but imputed it to ſome diſorder in my brain. I anſwered it was very true; and I wondered how I could forbear, when I ſaw his diſhes of the ſize of a ſilver three-pence, a leg of pork hardly a mouthful, a cup not ſo big as a nut-ſhell; and ſo I went on, deſcribing the reſt of his houſhold-ſtuff and proviſions after the ſame manner. For although the queen had ordered a little equipage of all things neceſſary for me, while I was in her ſervice, yet my ideas were wholly taken up with what I ſaw on every ſide of me, and I winked at my own littleneſs, as people do at their own faults. The captain underſtood my raillery very well, and merrily replied with the old Engliſh proverb, that he doubted mine eyes were bigger than my belly, for he did not obſerve my ſtomach ſo good although I had faſted all day; and, continuing in his mirth, proteſted he would have gladly given an hundred pounds to have ſeen my cloſet in the eagle's bill, and afterwards in its fall from ſo great a height into the ſea; which would certainly have been a moſt aſtoniſhing object, worthy to have the deſcription of it tranſmitted

to

to future ages: and the compariſon of Phaeton was ſo obvious, that he could not forbear applying it, although I did not much admire the conceit.

The captain, having been at Tonquin, was in his return to England driven north-eaſtward to the latitude of 44 degrees, and of longitude 143. But meeting a trade-wind two days after I came on board him, we ſailed ſouthward a long time, and, coaſting New-Holland, kept our courſe weſt-ſouth-weſt, and then ſouth-ſouth-weſt, till we doubled the Cape of Good-Hope. Our voyage was very proſperous, but I ſhall not trouble the reader with a journal of it. The captain called in at one or two ports, and ſent in his long-boat for proviſions and freſh water, but I never went out of the ſhip till we came into the Downs, which was on the third day of June, 1706, about nine months after my eſcape. I offered to leave my goods in ſecurity for payment of my freight; but the captain proteſted he would not receive one farthing. We took a kind leave of each other, and I made him promiſe he would come to ſee me at my houſe in Rotherhithe. I hired a horſe and guide for five ſhillings, which I borrowed of the captain.

As I was on the road, obſerving the littleneſs of the houſes, the trees, the cattle, and the people, I began to think myſelf in Lilliput. I was afraid of trampling on every traveller I met, and often called aloud to have them ſtand out of the way, ſo that I had like to have gotten one or two broken heads for my impertinence.

When I came to my own houſe, for which I was forced to enquire, one of the ſervants opening the door, I bent down to go in (like a gooſe under a gate) for fear of ſtriking my head. My wife ran out to embrace me, but I ſtooped lower than her knees, thinking ſhe could otherwiſe never be able to reach my mouth. My daughter kneeled to aſk my bleſſing, but I could not ſee her till ſhe aroſe, having been ſo long uſed to ſtand with my head and eyes erect to above ſixty feet; and then I went to take her up with one hand by the waiſt. I looked down upon the ſervants, and one or two friends who were in the houſe, as if they had been pigmies, and I a giant. I told my wife ſhe had been too thrifty, for I found ſhe had ſtarved herſelf and her daughter to nothing. In ſhort, I behaved myſelf ſo unaccountably, that they were all of the captain's opinion when he firſt ſaw me, and concluded I had loſt my wits. This I mention as an inſtance of the great power of habit and prejudice.

In a little time, I and my family and friends came to a right underſtanding: but my wife proteſted I ſhould never go to ſea any more; although my evil deſtiny ſo ordered, that ſhe had not power to hinder me, as the reader may know hereafter. In the mean time, I here conclude the ſecond part of my unfortunate voyages *. *Swift.*

§ 156. *Detached Sentences.*

To be ever active in laudable purſuits, is the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of a man of merit.

There is an heroic innocence, as well as an heroic courage.

There is a mean in all things. Even virtue itſelf hath its ſtated limits; which not being ſtrictly obſerved, it ceaſes to be virtue.

It is wiſer to prevent a quarrel beforehand, than to revenge it afterwards.

It is much better to reprove, than to be angry ſecretly.

No revenge is more heroic, than that which torments envy by doing good.

The diſcretion of a man deferreth his anger, and it is his glory to paſs over a tranſgreſſion.

* From the whole of theſe two voyages to Lilliput and Brobdingnag ariſes one general remark, which, however obvious, has been overlooked by thoſe who conſider them as little more than the ſport of a wanton imagination. When human actions are aſcribed to pigmies and giants, there are few that do not excite either contempt, diſguſt, or horror; to aſcribe them therefore to ſuch beings was perhaps the moſt probable method of engaging the mind to examine them with attention, and judge of them with impartiality, by ſuſpending the faſcination of habit, and exhibiting familiar objects in a new light. The uſe of the fable then is not leſs apparent than important and extenſive; and that this uſe was intended by the author, can be doubted only by thoſe who are diſpoſed to affirm, that order and regularity are the effects of chance.

Money,

Money, like manure, does no good till it is ſpread. There is no real uſe of riches, except in the diſtribution; the reſt is all conceit.

A wiſe man will deſire no more than what he may get juſtly, uſe ſoberly, diſtribute cheerfully, and live upon contentedly.

A contented mind, and a good conſcience, will make a man happy in all conditions. He knows not how to fear, who dares to die.

There is but one way of fortifying the ſoul againſt all gloomy preſages and terrors of mind; and that is, by ſecuring to ourſelves the friendſhip and protection of that Being, who diſpoſes of events, and governs futurity.

Philoſophy is then only valuable, when it ſerves for the law of life, and not for the oſtentation of ſcience.

Without a friend, the world is but a wilderneſs.

A man may have a thouſand intimate acquaintances, and not a friend among them all. If you have one friend, think yourſelf happy.

When once you profeſs yourſelf a friend, endeavour to be always ſuch. He can never have any true friends, that will be often changing them.

Proſperity gains friends, and adverſity tries them.

Nothing more engages the affections of men, than a handſome addreſs, and graceful converſation.

Complaiſance renders a ſuperior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable.

Exceſs of ceremony ſhews want of breeding. That civility is beſt, which excludes all ſuperfluous formality.

Ingratitude is a crime ſo ſhameful, that the man was never yet found, who would acknowledge himſelf guilty of it.

Truth is born with us; and we muſt do violence to nature, to ſhake off our veracity.

There cannot be a greater treachery, than firſt to raiſe a confidence, and then deceive it.

By others faults wiſe men correct their own.

No man hath a thorough taſte of proſperity, to whom adverſity never happened.

When our vices leave us, we flatter ourſelves that we leave them.

It is as great a point of wiſdom to hide ignorance, as to diſcover knowledge.

Pitch upon that courſe of life which is the moſt excellent; and habit will render it the moſt delightful.

Cuſtom is the plague of wiſe men, and the idol of fools.

As, to be perfectly juſt, is an attribute of the Divine nature; to be ſo to the utmoſt of our abilities, is the glory of man.

No man was ever caſt down with the injuries of fortune, unleſs he had before ſuffered himſelf to be deceived by her favours.

Anger may glance into the breaſt of a wiſe man, but reſts only in the boſom of fools.

None more impatiently ſuffer injuries, than thoſe that are moſt forward in doing them.

By taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy; but in paſſing it over he is ſuperior.

To err is human; to forgive, divine.

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man, than this, that when the injury began on his part, the kindneſs ſhould begin on ours.

The prodigal robs his heir, the miſer robs himſelf.

We ſhould take a prudent care for the future, but ſo as to enjoy the preſent. It is no part of wiſdom, to be miſerable to-day, becauſe we may happen to be ſo to-morrow.

To mourn without meaſure, is folly; not to mourn at all, inſenſibility.

Some would be thought to do great things, who are but tools and inſtruments; like the fool who fancied he played upon the organ, when he only blew the bellows.

Though a man may become learned by another's learning, he can never be wiſe but by his own wiſdom.

He who wants good ſenſe is unhappy in having learning; for he has thereby more ways of expoſing himſelf.

It is ungenerous to give a man occaſion to bluſh at his own ignorance in one thing, who perhaps may excel us in many.

No object is more pleasing to the eye, than the sight of a man whom you have obliged; nor any music so agreeable to the ear, as the voice of one that owns you for his benefactor.

The coin that is most current among mankind is flattery; the only benefit of which is, that by hearing what we are not, we may be instructed what we ought to be.

The character of the person who commends you, is to be considered before you set a value on his esteem. The wise man applauds him whom he thinks most virtuous; the rest of the world, him who is most wealthy.

The temperate man's pleasures are durable, because they are regular; and all his life is calm and serene, because it is innocent.

A good man will love himself too well to lose, and all his neighbours too well to win, an estate by gaming. The love of gaming will corrupt the best principles in the world.

An angry man who suppresses his passions, thinks worse than he speaks; and an angry man that will chide, speaks worse than he thinks.

A good word is an easy obligation; but not to speak ill, requires only our silence, which costs us nothing.

It is to affectation the world owes its whole race of coxcombs. Nature in her whole drama never drew such a part; she has sometimes made a fool, but a coxcomb is always of his own making.

It is the infirmity of little minds, to be taken with every appearance, and dazzled with every thing that sparkles; but great minds have but little admiration, because few things appear new to them.

It happens to men of learning, as to ears of corn: they shoot up, and raise their heads high, while they are empty: but when full and swelled with grain, they begin to flag and droop.

He that is truly polite, knows how to contradict with respect, and to please without adulation; and is equally remote from an insipid complaisance, and a low familiarity.

The failings of good men are commonly more published in the world than their good deeds; and one fault of a deserving man shall meet with more reproaches, than all his virtues praise: such is the force of ill-will and ill-nature.

It is harder to avoid censure, than to gain applause; for this may be done by one great or wise action in an age; but to escape censure, a man must pass his whole life without saying or doing one ill or foolish thing.

When Darius offered Alexander ten thousand talents to divide Asia equally with him, he answered, The earth cannot bear two suns, nor Asia two kings.—Parmenio, a friend of Alexander's, hearing the great offers Darius had made, said, Were I Alexander I would accept them. So would I, replied Alexander, were I Parmenio.

Nobility is to be considered only as an imaginary distinction, unless accompanied with the practice of those generous virtues by which it ought to be obtained. Titles of honour conferred upon such as have no personal merit, are at best but the royal stamp set upon base metal.

Though an honourable title may be conveyed to posterity, yet the ennobling qualities which are the soul of greatness are a sort of incommunicable perfections, and cannot be transferred. If a man could bequeath his virtues by will, and settle his sense and learning upon his heirs, as certainly as he can his lands, a noble descent would then indeed be a valuable privilege.

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out. It is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware: whereas a lye is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack; and one trick needs a great many more to make it good.

The pleasure which affects the human mind with the most lively and transporting touches, is the sense that we act in the eye of infinite wisdom, power, and goodness, that will crown our virtuous endeavours here with a happiness hereafter, large as our desires, and lasting as our immortal souls: without this the highest state of life is insipid, and with it the lowest is a paradise.

Honourable age is not that which standeth

ſtandeth in length of time, nor that is meaſured by number of years; but wiſdom is the grey hair unto man, and unſpotted life is old age.

Wickedneſs, condemned by her own witneſs, is very timorous, and being preſſed with conſcience, always forecaſteth evil things; for fear is nothing elſe but a betraying of the ſuccours which reaſon offereth.

A wiſe man will fear in every thing. He that contemneth ſmall things, ſhall fall by little and little.

A rich man beginning to fall, is held up of his friends; but a poor man being down, is thruſt away by his friends: when a rich man is fallen, he hath many helpers; he ſpeaketh things not to be ſpoken, and yet men juſtify him: the poor man ſlipt, and they rebuked him; he ſpoke wiſely, and could have no place. When a rich man ſpeaketh, every man holdeth his tongue, and, look, what he ſaith they extol it to the clouds; but if a poor man ſpeaks, they ſay, What fellow is this?

Many have fallen by the edge of the ſword, but not ſo many as have fallen by the tongue. Well is he that is defended from it, and hath not paſſed through the venom thereof; who hath not drawn the yoke thereof, nor been bound in her bonds; for the yoke thereof is a yoke of iron, and the bands thereof are bands of braſs; the death thereof is an evil death.

My ſon, blemiſh not thy good deeds, neither uſe uncomfortable words, when thou giveſt any thing. Shall not the dew aſſuage the heat? ſo is a word better than a gift. Lo, is not a word better than a gift? but both are with a gracious man.

Blame not, before thou haſt examined the truth; underſtand firſt, and then rebuke.

If thou wouldeſt get a friend, prove him firſt, and be not haſty to credit him; for ſome men are friends for their own occaſions, and will not abide in the day of thy trouble.

Forſake not an old friend, for the new is not comparable to him: a new friend is as new wine; when it is old, thou ſhalt drink it with pleaſure.

A friend cannot be known in proſperity; and an enemy cannot be hidden in adverſity.

Admoniſh thy friend; it may be he hath not done it; and if he have, that he do it no more. Admoniſh thy friend; it may be he hath not ſaid it; or if he have, that he ſpeak it not again. Admoniſh a friend; for many times it is a ſlander; and believe not every tale. There is one that ſlippeth in his ſpeech, but not from his heart; and who is he that hath not offended with his tongue?

Whoſo diſcovereth ſecrets loſeth his credit, and ſhall never find a friend to his mind.

Honour thy father with thy whole heart, and forget not the ſorrows of thy mother; how canſt thou recompenſe them the things that they have done for thee?

There is nothing ſo much worth as a mind well inſtructed.

The lips of talkers will be telling ſuch things as pertain not unto them; but the words of ſuch as have underſtanding are weighed in the balance. The heart of fools is in their mouth, but the tongue of the wiſe is in their heart.

To labour, and to be content with that a man hath, is a ſweet life.

Be at peace with many; nevertheleſs, have but one counſellor of a thouſand.

Be not confident in a plain way.

Let reaſon go before every enterprize, and counſel before every action.

The latter part of a wiſe man's life is taken up in curing the follies, prejudices, and falſe opinions he had contracted in the former.

Cenſure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.

Very few men, properly ſpeaking, live at preſent, but are providing to live another time.

Party is the madneſs of many, for the gain of a few.

To endeavour to work upon the vulgar with fine ſenſe, is like attempting to hew blocks of marble with a razor.

Superſtition is the ſpleen of the ſoul.

He who tells a lye is not ſenſible how great a taſk he undertakes; for he muſt be forced to invent twenty more to maintain that one.

Some people will never learn any thing, for this reaſon, becauſe they underſtand every thing too ſoon.

There is nothing wanting, to make all rational and diſintereſted people in the world of one religion, but that they ſhould talk together every day.

Men are grateful, in the ſame degree that they are reſentful.

Young men are ſubtle arguers; the cloak of honour covers all their faults, as that of paſſion all their follies.

Œconomy is no diſgrace; it is better living on a little, than outliving a great deal.

Next to the ſatisfaction I receive in the proſperity of an honeſt man, I am beſt pleaſed with the confuſion of a raſcal.

What is often termed ſhyneſs, is nothing more than refined ſenſe, and an indifference to common obſervations.

The higher character a perſon ſupports, the more he ſhould regard his minuteſt actions.

Every perſon inſenſibly fixes upon ſome degree of refinement in his diſcourſe, ſome meaſure of thought which he thinks worth exhibiting. It is wiſe to fix this pretty high, although it occaſions one to talk the leſs.

To endeavour all one's days to fortify our minds with learning and philoſophy, is to ſpend ſo much in armour, that one has nothing left to defend.

Deference often ſhrinks and withers as much upon the approach of intimacy, as the ſenſitive plant does upon the touch of one's finger.

Men are ſometimes accuſed of pride, merely becauſe their accuſers would be proud themſelves if they were in their places.

People frequently uſe this expreſſion, I am inclined to think ſo and ſo, not conſidering that they are then ſpeaking the moſt literal of all truths.

Modeſty makes large amends for the pain it gives the perſons who labour under it, by the prejudice it affords every worthy perſon in their favour.

The difference there is betwixt honour and honeſty ſeems to be chiefly in the motive. The honeſt man does that from duty, which the man of honour does for the ſake of character.

A lyar begins with making falſehood appear like truth, and ends with making truth itſelf appear like falſehood.

Virtue ſhould be conſidered as a part of taſte; and we ſhould as much avoid deceit, or ſiniſter meanings in diſcourſe, as we would puns, bad language, or falſe grammar.

Deference is the moſt complicate, the moſt indirect, and the moſt elegant of all compliments.

He that lies in bed all a ſummer's morning, loſes the chief pleaſure of the day: he that gives up his youth to indolence, undergoes a loſs of the ſame kind.

Shining characters are not always the moſt agreeable ones; the mild radiance of an emerald is by no means leſs pleaſing than the glare of the ruby.

To be at once a rake, and to glory in the character, diſcovers at the ſame time a bad diſpoſition and a bad taſte.

How is it poſſible to expect that mankind will take advice, when they will not ſo much as take warning?

Although men are accuſed for not knowing their own weakneſs, yet perhaps as few know their own ſtrength. It is in men as in ſoils, where ſometimes there is a vein of gold which the owner knows not of.

Fine ſenſe, and exalted ſenſe, are not half ſo valuable as common ſenſe. There are forty men of wit for one man of ſenſe; and he that will carry nothing about him but gold, will be every day at a loſs for want of ready change.

Learning is like mercury, one of the moſt powerful and excellent things in the world in ſkilful hands; in unſkilful, moſt miſchievous.

A man ſhould never be aſhamed to own he has been in the wrong; which is but ſaying, in other words, that he is wiſer to-day than he was yeſterday.

Wherever I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, I take it for granted there would be as much generoſity if he were a rich man.

Flowers of rhetoric in ſermons or ſerious diſcourſes, are like the blue and red flowers in corn, pleaſing to thoſe who come only for amuſement, but prejudicial to him who would reap the profit.

It often happens that thoſe are the beſt people,

people, whoſe characters have been moſt injured by ſlanderers: as we uſually find that to be the ſweeteſt fruit which the birds have been pecking at.

The eye of a critic is often like a microſcope, made ſo very fine and nice, that it diſcovers the atoms, grains, and minuteſt articles, without ever comprehending the whole, comparing the parts, or ſeeing all at once the harmony.

Men's zeal for religion is much of the ſame kind as that which they ſhew for a foot-ball; whenever it is conteſted for, every one is ready to venture their lives and limbs in the diſpute; but when that is once at an end, it is no more thought on, but ſleeps in oblivion, buried in rubbiſh, which no one thinks it worth his pains to rake into, much leſs to remove.

Honour is but a fictious kind of honeſty; a mean but a neceſſary ſubſtitute for it, in ſocieties who have none; it is a ſort of paper-credit, with which men are obliged to trade who are deficient in the ſterling caſh of true morality and religion.

Perſons of great delicacy ſhould know the certainty of the following truth—— There are abundance of caſes which occaſion ſuſpence, in which, whatever they determine, they will repent of their determination; and this through a propenſity of human nature to fancy happineſs in thoſe ſchemes which it does not purſue.

The chief advantage that ancient writers can boaſt over modern ones, ſeems owing to ſimplicity. Every noble truth and ſentiment was expreſſed by the former in a natural manner, in word and phraſe ſimple, perſpicuous, and incapable of improvement. What then remained for later writers, but affectation, witticiſm, and conceit?

What a piece of work is man! how noble in reaſon! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how expreſs and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehenſion, how like a God!

If to do were as eaſy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes palaces. He is a good divine that follows his own inſtructions; I can eaſier teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow my own teaching.

Men's evil manners live in braſs; their virtues we write in water.

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together; our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would deſpair, if they were not cheriſhed by our virtues.

The ſenſe of death is moſt in apprehenſion;

and the poor beetle that we tread upon,

In corporal ſufferance feels a pang as great,
As when a giant dies.

§ 157. *The Way to Wealth, as clearly ſhewn in the Preface of an old Pennſylvanian Almanack, intitled, "Poor Richard improved." Written by Dr. Benjamin Franklin.*

Courteous Reader,

I have heard, that nothing gives an author ſo great pleaſure, as to find his works reſpectfully quoted by others. Judge, then, how much I muſt have been gratified by an incident I am going to relate to you. I ſtopped my horſe, lately, where a great number of people were collected at an auction of merchants goods. The hour of the ſale not being come, they were converſing on the badneſs of the times; and one of the company called to a plain, clean old man, with white locks, 'Pray, father Abraham, what think you of the times? Will not thoſe heavy taxes quite ruin the country? how ſhall we be ever able to pay them? What would you adviſe us to?'——Father Abraham ſtood up, and replied, 'If you would have my advice, I will give it you in ſhort; "for a word to the wiſe is enough," as Poor Richard ſays.' They joined in deſiring him to ſpeak his mind, and gathering round him, he proceeded as follows*:

'Friends,'

* Dr. Franklin, wiſhing to collect into one piece all the ſayings upon the following ſubjects, which he had dropped in the courſe of publiſhing the Almanacks called Poor Richard, introduces father Abraham for this purpoſe. Hence it is, that Poor Richard is ſo often quoted, and that, in the preſent title, he is ſaid to be improved.—Notwithſtanding the ſtroke of humour in the concluding

'Friends,' ſays he, the taxes are, indeed, very heavy; and, if thoſe laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more eaſily diſcharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to ſome of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleneſs, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from theſe taxes the commiſſioners cannot eaſe or deliver us, by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and ſomething may be done for us; "God helps them that help themſelves," as Poor Richard ſays.

I. 'It would be thought a hard government that ſhould tax its people one-tenth part of their time, to be employed in its ſervice: but idleneſs taxes many of us much more; ſloth, by bringing on diſeaſes, abſolutely ſhortens life. "Sloth, like ruſt, conſumes faſter than labour wears, while the uſed key is always bright," as Poor Richard ſays.—"But doſt thou love life, then do not ſquander time, for that is the ſtuff life is made of," as Poor Richard ſays.—How much more than is neceſſary do we ſpend in ſleep! forgetting that "The ſleeping fox catches no poultry, and that there will be ſleeping enough in the grave," as Poor Richard ſays.

"If time be of all things the moſt precious, waſting time muſt be," as Poor Richard ſays, "the greateſt prodigality;" ſince, as he elſewhere tells us, "Loſt time is never found again; and what we call time enough always proves little enough:" Let us then up and be doing, and doing to the purpoſe: ſo by diligence ſhall we do more with leſs perplexity. "Sloth makes all things difficult, but induſtry all eaſy; and, he that riſeth late, muſt trot all day, and ſhall ſcarce overtake his buſineſs at night; while lazineſs travels ſo ſlowly, that poverty ſoon overtakes him. Drive thy buſineſs, let not that drive thee; and early to bed, and early to riſe, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wiſe," as Poor Richard ſays.

'So what ſignifies wiſhing and hoping for better times? We may make theſe times better, if we beſtir ourſelves. "Induſtry need not wiſh, and he that lives upon hope will die faſting. There are no gains without pains; then help hands, for I have no lands," or, if I have, they are ſmartly taxed. "He that hath a trade, hath an eſtate; and he that hath a calling, hath an office of profit and honour," as Poor Richard ſays; but then the trade muſt be worked at, and the calling well followed, or neither the eſtate nor the office will enable us to pay our taxes.—If we are induſtrious we ſhall never ſtarve; for, "at the working man's houſe hunger looks in, but dares not enter." Nor will the bailiff or the conſtable enter, for "Induſtry pays debts, while deſpair encreaſeth them." What though you have found no treaſure, nor has any rich relation left you a legacy, "Diligence is the mother of good luck, and God gives all things to induſtry. Then plow deep, while ſluggards ſleep, and you ſhall have corn to ſell and to keep." Work while it is called to-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow. "One to-day is worth two to-morrows," as Poor Richard ſays; and farther, "Never leave that till to-morrow, which you can do to-day."—If you were a ſervant, would you not be aſhamed that a good maſter ſhould catch you idle? Are you then your own maſter? be aſhamed to catch yourſelf idle, when there is ſo much to be done for yourſelf, your family, your country, and your king. Handle your tools without mittens: remember, that "The cat in gloves catches no mice," as Poor Richard ſays. It is true, there is much to be done, and, perhaps, you are weak-handed; but ſtick to it ſteadily, and you will ſee great effects; for "Conſtant dropping wears away ſtones: and by diligence and patience the mouſe ate in two the cable; and little ſtrokes fell great oaks."

'Methinks I hear ſome of you ſay, "Muſt a man afford himſelf no leiſure?" I will tell thee, my friend, what Poor Richard ſays; "Employ thy time well, if

ing parapraph of this addreſs, Poor Richard (Saunders) and father Abraham have proved, in America, that they are no common preachers.—And ſhall we, brother Engliſhman, refuſe good ſenſe and ſaving knowledge, becauſe it comes from the *other* ſide of the water?

if thou meaneſt to gain leiſure; and, ſince thou art not ſure of a minute, throw not away an hour." Leiſure is time for doing ſomething uſeful; this leiſure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; for, "A life of leiſure and a life of lazineſs are two things. Many, without labour, would live by their wits only, but they break for want of ſtock;" whereas induſtry gives comfort, and plenty, and reſpect. "Fly pleaſures, and they will follow you. The diligent ſpinner has a large ſhift; and now I have a ſheep and a cow, every body bids me good-morrow."

II. 'But with our induſtry we muſt likewiſe be ſteady, ſettled, and careful, and oyerſee our own affairs with our own eyes, and not truſt too much to others; for, as Poor Richard ſays,

"I never ſaw an oft-removed tree,
Nor yet an oft-removed family,
That throve ſo well as thoſe that ſettled be."

'And again, "Three removes is as bad as a fire:" and again, "Keep thy ſhop, and thy ſhop will keep thee:" and again, "If you would have your buſineſs done, go; if not, ſend." And again,

"He that by the plough would thrive,
Himſelf muſt either hold or drive."

'And again, "The eye of the maſter will do more work than both his hands:" and again, "Want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge:" and again, "Not to overſee workmen, is to leave them your purſe open." Truſting too much to others care is the ruin of many; for, "In the affairs of this world, men are ſaved, not by faith, but by the want of it:" but a man's own care is profitable; for, "If you would have a faithful ſervant, and one that you like,—ſerve yourſelf. A little neglect may breed great miſchief; for want of a nail the ſhoe was loſt; for want of a ſhoe the horſe was loſt; and for want of a horſe the rider was loſt," being overtaken and ſlain by the enemy; all for want of a little care about a horſe-ſhoe nail.

III. 'So much for induſtry, my friends, and attention to one's own buſineſs; but to theſe we muſt add frugality, if we would make our induſtry more certainly ſucceſsful. A man may, if he knows not how to ſave as he gets, "keep his noſe all his life to the grindſtone, and die not worth a groat at laſt. A fat kitchen makes a lean will;" and

"Many eſtates are ſpent in the getting,
Since women for tea forſook ſpinning and knitting,
And men for punch forſook hewing and ſplitting."

"If you would be wealthy, think of ſaving, as well as of getting. The Indies have not made Spain rich, becauſe her outgoes are greater than her incomes."

'Away, then, with your expenſive follies, and you will not then have ſo much cauſe to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families; for

"Women and wine, game and deceit,
Make the wealth ſmall, and the want great."

And farther, "What maintains one vice, would bring up two children." You may think, perhaps, that a little tea, or a little punch now and then, diet a little more coſtly, cloaths a little finer, and a little entertainment now and then, can be no great matter; but remember, "Many a little makes a mickle." Beware of little expences; "A ſmall leak will ſink a great ſhip," as Poor Richard ſays; and again, "Who dainties love, ſhall beggars prove;" and moreover, "Fools make feaſts, and wiſe men eat them." Here you are all got together to this ſale of fineries and nick-nacks. You call them goods; but, if you do not take care, they will prove evils to ſome of you. You expect they will be ſold cheap, and, perhaps, they may for leſs than they coſt; but, if you have no occaſion for them, they muſt be dear to you. Remember what Poor Richard ſays, "Buy what thou haſt no need of, and ere long thou ſhalt ſell thy neceſſaries." And again, "At a great penny-worth pauſe a while:" he means, that perhaps the cheapneſs is apparent only, and not real; or the bargain, by ſtraitening thee in thy buſineſs, may do thee more harm than good. For in another place he ſays, "Many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths." Again,

" It is fooliſh to lay out money in a purchaſe of repentance;" and yet this folly is practiſed every day at auctions, for want of minding the Almanack. Many a one, for the ſake of finery on the back, have gone with a hungry belly, and half ſtarved their families; " Silks and ſattins, ſcarlet and velvets, put out the kitchen-fire," as Poor Richard ſays. Theſe are not the neceſſaries of life; they can ſcarcely be called the conveniences: and yet only becauſe they look pretty, how many want to have them?—By theſe, and other extravagancies, the genteel are reduced to poverty, and forced to borrow of thoſe whom they formerly deſpiſed, but who, through induſtry and frugality, have maintained their ſtanding; in which caſe it appears plainly, that " A ploughman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees," as Poor Richard ſays. Perhaps they have had a ſmall eſtate left them, which they knew not the getting of; they think " It is day, and will never be night:" that a little to be ſpent out of ſo much is not worth minding; but " Always taking out of the meal-tub, and never putting in, ſoon comes to the bottom," as Poor Richard ſays; and then, " When the well is dry, they know the worth of water." But this they might have known before, if they had taken his advice. " If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow ſome; for he that goes a borrowing, goes a ſorrowing," as Poor Richard ſays; and, indeed, ſo does he that lends to ſuch people, when he goes to get in again. Poor Dick farther adviſes, and ſays,

" Fond pride of dreſs is ſure a very curſe;
Ere fancy you conſult, conſult your purſe."

And again, " Pride is as loud a beggar as Want, and a great deal more ſaucy." When you have bought one fine thing, you muſt buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but Poor Dick ſays, " It is eaſier to ſuppreſs the firſt deſire, than to ſatisfy all that follow it:" And it is as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich, as for the frog to ſwell, in order to equal the ox,

" Veſſels large may venture more,
But little boats ſhould keep near ſhore."

It is, however, a folly ſoon puniſhed; for, as Poor Richard ſays, " Pride that dines on vanity, ſups on contempt;—Pride breakfaſted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and ſupped with Infamy." And, after all, of what uſe is this pride of appearance, for which ſo much is riſked, ſo much is ſuffered? It cannot promote health, nor eaſe pain; it makes no increaſe of merit in the perſon, it creates envy, it haſtens misfortune.

' But what madneſs it muſt be to run in debt for theſe ſuperfluities? We are offered, by the terms of this ſale, ſix months credit; and that, perhaps, has induced ſome of us to attend it, becauſe we cannot ſpare the ready money, and hope now to be fine without it. But, ah! think what you do when you run in debt; you give to another power over your liberty. If you cannot pay at the time, you will be aſhamed to ſee your creditor; you will be in fear when you ſpeak to him; you will make poor pitiful ſneaking excuſes, and, by degrees, come to loſe your veracity, and ſink into baſe, downright lying; for, " The ſecond vice is lying, the firſt is running in debt," as Poor Richard ſays; and again, to the ſame purpoſe, " Lying rides upon Debt's back:" whereas a free-born Engliſhman ought not to be aſhamed nor afraid to ſee or ſpeak to any man living. But poverty often deprives a man of all ſpirit and virtue. " It is hard for an empty bag to ſtand upright."—What would you think of that prince, or of that government, who ſhould iſſue an edict forbidding you to dreſs like a gentleman or gentlewoman, on pain of impriſonment or ſervitude? Would you not ſay that you were free, have a right to dreſs as you pleaſe, and that ſuch an edict would be a breach of your privileges, and ſuch a government tyrannical? and yet you are about to put yourſelf under that tyranny, when you run in debt for ſuch dreſs! Your creditor has authority, at his pleaſure, to deprive you of your liberty, by confining you in gaol for life, or by ſelling you for a ſervant, if you ſhould not be able to pay him. When you have got your bargain, you may, perhaps, think

little

little of payment; but, as Poor Richard ſays, "Creditors have better memories than debtors; creditors are a ſuperſtitious ſect, great obſervers of ſet days and times." The day comes round before you are aware, and the demand is made before you are prepared to ſatisfy it; or, if you bear your debt in mind, the term, which at firſt ſeemed ſo long, will, as it leſſens, appear extremely ſhort: Time will ſeem to have added wings to his heels as well as his ſhoulders. "Thoſe have a ſhort Lent, who owe money to be paid at Eaſter." At preſent, perhaps, you may think yourſelves in thriving circumſtances, and that you can bear a little extravagance without injury; but

"For age and want ſave while you may,
No morning-ſun laſts a whole day."

'Gain may be temporary and uncertain, but ever, while you live, expence is conſtant and certain; and, "It is eaſier to build two chimneys, than to keep one in fuel," as Poor Richard ſays: So, "Rather go to bed ſupperleſs, than riſe in debt.

Get what you can, and what you get hold,
'Tis the ſtone that will turn all your lead into gold."

And when you have got the philoſopher's ſtone, ſure you will no longer complain of bad times, or the difficulty of paying taxes.

IV. 'This doctrine, my friends, is reaſon and wiſdom: but, after all, do not depend too much upon your own induſtry, and frugality, and prudence, though excellent things; for they may all be blaſted without the bleſſing of Heaven; and therefore, aſk that bleſſing humbly, and be not uncharitable to thoſe that at preſent ſeem to want it, but comfort and help them. Remember, Job ſuffered, and was afterwards proſperous.

'And now to conclude, "Experience keeps a dear ſchool, but fools will learn in no other," as Poor Richard ſays, and ſcarce in that; for it is true, "We may give advice, but we cannot give conduct." However, remember this, "They that will not be counſelled, cannot be helped;" and farther, that "If you will not hear Reaſon, ſhe will ſurely rap your knuckles," as Poor Richard ſays.'

Thus the old gentleman ended his harangue. The people heard it, and approved the doctrine, and immediately practiſed the contrary, juſt as if it had been a common ſermon; for the auction opened, and they began to buy extravagantly.—I found the good man had thoroughly ſtudied my Almanacks, and digeſted all I had dropt on thoſe topics during the courſe of twenty-five years. The frequent mention he made of me muſt have tired any one elſe; but my vanity was wonderfully delighted with it, though I was conſcious, that not a tenth part of the wiſdom was my own, which he aſcribed to me; but rather the gleanings that I had made of the ſenſe of all ages and nations. However, I reſolved to be the better for the echo of it; and though I had at firſt determined to buy ſtuff for a new coat, I went away, reſolved to wear my old one a little longer. Reader, if thou wilt do the ſame, thy profit will be as great as mine.—I am, as ever, thine to ſerve thee,

RICHARD SAUNDERS.

§ 158. *On Cruelty to inferior Animals.*

Man is that link of the chain of univerſal exiſtence, by which ſpiritual and corporeal beings are united: as the numbers and variety of the latter his inferiors are almoſt infinite, ſo probably are thoſe of the former his ſuperiors; and as we ſee that the lives and happineſs of thoſe below us are dependant on our wills, we may reaſonably conclude, that our lives and happineſs are equally dependant on the wills of thoſe above us; accountable, like ourſelves, for the uſe of this power, to the Supreme Creator and Governor of all things. Should this analogy be well founded, how criminal will our account appear, when laid before that juſt and impartial Judge! How will man, that ſanguinary tyrant, be able to excuſe himſelf from the charge of thoſe innumerable cruelties inflicted on his unoffending ſubjects committed to his care, formed for his benefit, and placed under his authority by their common Father? whoſe mercy

mercy is over all his works, and who expects that his authority ſhould be exerciſed not only with tenderneſs and mercy, but in conformity to the laws of juſtice and gratitude.

But to what horrid deviations from theſe benevolent intentions are we daily witneſſes! no ſmall part of mankind derive their chief amuſements from the deaths and ſufferings of inferior animals; a much greater, conſider them only as engines of wood, or iron, uſeful in their ſeveral occupations. The carman drives his horſe, and the carpenter his nail, by repeated blows; and ſo long as theſe produce the deſired effect, and they both go, they neither reflect or care whether either of them have any ſenſe of feeling. The butcher knocks down the ſtately ox, with no more compaſſion than the blackſmith hammers a horſe-ſhoe; and plunges his knife into the throat of the innocent lamb, with as little reluctance as the taylor ſticks his needle into the collar of a coat.

If there are ſome few, who, formed in a ſofter mould, view with pity the ſufferings of theſe defenceleſs creatures, there is ſcarce one who entertains the leaſt idea, that juſtice or gratitude can be due to their merits, or their ſervices. The ſocial and friendly dog is hanged without remorſe, if, by barking in defence of his maſter's perſon and property, he happens unknowingly to diſturb his reſt: the generous horſe, who has carried his ungrateful maſter for many years with eaſe and ſafety, worn out with age and infirmities, contracted in his ſervice, is by him condemned to end his miſerable days in a duſt-cart, where the more he exerts his little remains of ſpirit, the more he is whipped to ſave his ſtupid driver the trouble of whipping ſome other leſs obedient to the laſh. Sometimes, having been taught the practice of many unnatural and uſeleſs feats in a riding-houſe, he is at laſt turned out, and conſigned to the dominion of a hackney-coachman, by whom he is every day corrected for performing thoſe tricks, which he has learned under ſo long and ſevere a diſcipline. The ſluggiſh bear, in contradiction to his nature, is taught to dance, for the diverſion of a malignant mob, by placing red-hot irons under his feet: and the majeſtic bull is tortured by every mode which malice can invent, for no offence, but that he is gentle, and unwilling to aſſail his diabolical tormentors. Theſe, with innumerable other acts of cruelty, injuſtice, and ingratitude, are every day committed, not only with impunity, but without cenſure, and even without obſervation; but we may be aſſured, that they cannot finally paſs away unnoticed and unretaliated.

The laws of ſelf-defence undoubtedly juſtify us in deſtroying thoſe animals who would deſtroy us, who injure our properties, or annoy our perſons; but not even theſe, whenever their ſituation incapacitates them from hurting us. I know of no right which we have to ſhoot a bear on an inacceſſible iſland of ice, or an eagle on the mountain's top; whoſe lives cannot injure us, nor deaths procure us any benefit. We are unable to give life, and therefore ought not wantonly to take it away from the meaneſt inſect, without ſufficient reaſon; they all receive it from the ſame benevolent hand as ourſelves, and have therefore an equal right to enjoy it.

God has been pleaſed to create numberleſs animals intended for our ſuſtenance; and that they are ſo intended, the agreeable flavour of their fleſh to our palates, and the wholeſome nutriment which it adminiſters to our ſtomachs, are ſufficient proofs: theſe, as they are formed for our uſe, propagated by our culture, and fed by our care, we have certainly a right to deprive of life, becauſe it is given and preſerved to them on that condition; but this ſhould always be performed with all the tenderneſs and compaſſion which ſo diſagreeable an office will permit; and no circumſtances ought to be omitted, which can render their executions as quick and eaſy as poſſible. For this, Providence has wiſely and benevolently provided, by forming them in ſuch a manner, that their fleſh becomes rancid and unpalatable by a painful and lingering death; and has thus compelled us to be merciful without compaſſion, and cautious

of

of their ſuffering, for the ſake of ourſelves: but, if there are any whoſe taſtes are ſo vitiated, and whoſe hearts are ſo hardened, as to delight in ſuch inhuman ſacrifices, and to partake of them without remorſe, they ſhould be looked upon as dæmons in human ſhapes, and expect a retaliation of thoſe tortures which they have inflicted on the innocent, for the gratification of their own depraved and unnatural appetites.

So violent are the paſſions of anger and revenge in the human breaſt, that it is not wonderful that men ſhould perſecute their real or imaginary enemies with cruelty and malevolence; but that there ſhould exiſt in nature a being who can receive pleaſure from giving pain, would be totally incredible, if we were not convinced, by melancholy experience, that there are not only many, but that this unaccountable diſpoſition is in ſome manner inherent in the nature of man; for, as he cannot be taught by example, nor led to it by temptation, or prompted to it by intereſt, it muſt be derived from his native conſtitution; and is a remarkable confirmation of what revelation ſo frequently inculcates—that he brings into the world with him an original depravity, the effects of a fallen and degenerate ſtate; in proof of which we need only obſerve, that the nearer he approaches to a ſtate of nature, the more predominant this diſpoſition appears, and the more violently it operates. We ſee children laughing at the miſeries which they inflict on every unfortunate animal which comes within their power: all ſavages are ingenious in contriving, and happy in executing, the moſt exquiſite tortures; and the common people of all countries are delighted with nothing ſo much as bull-baitings, prize-fightings, executions, and all ſpectacles of cruelty and horror. Though civilization may in ſome degree abate this native ferocity, it can never quite extirpate it; the moſt poliſhed are not aſhamed to be pleaſed with ſcenes of little leſs barbarity, and, to the diſgrace of human nature, to dignify them with the name of ſports. They arm cocks with artificial weapons, which nature had kindly denied to their malevolence, and with ſhouts of applauſe and triumph, ſee them plunge them into each other's hearts: they view with delight the trembling deer and defenceleſs hare, flying for hours in the utmoſt agonies of terror and deſpair, and at laſt, ſinking under fatigue, devoured by their mercileſs purſuers: they ſee with joy the beautiful pheaſant and harmleſs partridge drop from their flight, weltering in their blood, or perhaps periſhing with wounds and hunger, under the cover of ſome friendly thicket to which they have in vain retreated for ſafety: they triumph over the unſuſpecting fiſh, whom they have decoyed by an inſidious pretence of feeding, and drag him from his native element by a hook fixed to and tearing out his entrails: and, to add to all this, they ſpare neither labour nor expence to preſerve and propagate theſe innocent animals, for no other end, but to multiply the objects of their perſecution.

What name ſhould we beſtow on a ſuperior being, whoſe whole endeavours were employed, and whoſe whole pleaſure conſiſted, in terrifying, enſnaring, tormenting, and deſtroying mankind? whoſe ſuperior faculties were exerted in fomenting animoſities amongſt them, in contriving engines of deſtruction, and inciting them to uſe them in maiming and murdering each other? whoſe power over them was employed in aſſiſting the rapacious, deceiving the ſimple, and oppreſſing the innocent? who, without provocation or advantage, ſhould continue from day to day, void of all pity and remorſe, thus to torment mankind for diverſion, and at the ſame time endeavour with his utmoſt care to preſerve their lives, and to propagate their ſpecies, in order to increaſe the number of victims devoted to his malevolence, and be delighted in proportion to the miſeries which he occaſioned? I ſay, what name deteſtable enough could we find for ſuch a being? yet, if we impartially conſider the caſe, and our intermediate ſituation, we muſt acknowledge, that, with regard to inferior animals, juſt ſuch a being is a ſportſman.

Jenyns.

§ 159.

Duties of School Boys, from and judicious ROLLIN.

n ſays, that he has included ne duty of ſcholars in this advice which he gives them, ſe who teach them, as they love the ſciences which they learn of them; and to look upon them as fathers, from whom they derive not the life of the body, but that inſtruction which is in a manner the life of the ſoul. Indeed this ſentiment of affection and reſpect ſuffices to make them apt to learn during the time of their ſtudies, and full of gratitude all the reſt of their lives. It ſeems to me to include a great part of what is to be expected from them.

Docility, which conſiſts in ſubmitting to directions, in readily receiving the inſtructions of their maſters, and reducing them to practice, is properly the virtue of ſcholars, as that of maſters is to teach well. The one can do nothing without the other; and as it is not ſufficient for a labourer to ſow the ſeed, unleſs the earth, after having opened its boſom to receive it, in a manner hatches, warms, and moiſtens it; ſo likewiſe the whole fruit of inſtruction depends upon a good correſpondence between the maſters and the ſcholars.

Gratitude for thoſe who have laboured in our education, is the character of an honeſt man, and the mark of a good heart. Who is there among us, ſays Cicero, that has been inſtructed with any care, that is not highly delighted with the ſight, or even the bare remembrance of his preceptors, maſters, and the place where he was taught and brought up? Seneca exhorts young men to preſerve always a great reſpect for their maſters, to whoſe care they are indebted for the amendment of their faults, and for having imbibed ſentiments of honour and probity. Their exactneſs and ſeverity diſpleaſe ſometimes, at an age when we are not in a condition to judge of the obligations we owe to them; but when years have ripened our underſtanding and judgment, we then diſcern that what made us diſlike them, I mean admonitions, reprimands, and a ſevere exactneſs in reſtraining the paſſions of an imprudent and inconſiderate age, is expreſsly the very thing which ſhould make us eſteem and love them. Thus we ſee that Marcus Aurelius, one of the wiſeſt and moſt illuſtrious emperors that Rome ever had, thanked the gods for two things eſpecially—for his having had excellent tutors himſelf, and that he had found the like for his children.

Quinctilian, after having noted the different characters of the mind in children, draws, in a few words, the image of what he judged to be a perfect ſcholar; and certainly it is a very amiable one: "For my part," ſays he, "I like a child who is encouraged by commendation, is animated by a ſenſe of glory, and weeps when he is outdone. A noble emulation will always keep him in exerciſe, a reprimand will touch him to the quick, and honour will ſerve inſtead of a ſpur. We need not fear that ſuch a ſcholar will ever give himſelf up to ſullenneſs." Mihi ille detur puer, quem laus excitet, quem gloria juvet, qui virtus fleat. Hic erit alendus ambitu: hunc mordebit objurgatio: hunc honor excitabit: in hoc deſidiam nunquam verebor.

How great a value ſoever Quinctilian ſets upon the talents of the mind, he eſteems thoſe of the heart far beyond them, and looks upon the others as of no value without them. In the ſame chapter from whence I took the preceding words, he declares, he ſhould never have a good opinion of a child, who placed his ſtudy in occaſioning laughter, by mimicking the behaviour, mien, and faults of others; and he preſently gives an admirable reaſon for it: "A child," ſays he, "cannot be truly ingenious, in my opinion, unleſs he be good and virtuous; otherwiſe, I ſhould rather chooſe to have him dull and heavy than of a bad diſpoſition." Non dabit ſpem bonæ indolis, qui hoc imitandi ſtudio petit, ut rideatur. Nam probus quoque imprimis erit ille vere ingenioſus: alioqui non pejus duxerim tardi eſſe ingenii, quàm mali.

He diſplays to us all theſe talents in the eldeſt of his two children, whoſe character he draws, and whoſe death he laments in ſo eloquent and pathetic a

ſtrain, in the beautiful preface to his ſixth book. I ſhall beg leave to inſert here a ſmall extract of it, which will not be uſeleſs to the boys, as they will find it a model which ſuits well with their age and condition.

After having mentioned his younger ſon, who died at five years old, and deſcribed the graces and beauties of his countenance, the prettineſs of his expreſſions, the vivacity of his underſtanding, which began to ſhine through the veil of childhood; "I had ſtill left me," ſays he, "my ſon Quinctilian, in whom I placed all my pleaſure and all my hopes, and comfort enough I might have found in him: for, having now entered into his tenth year, he did not produce only bloſſoms like his younger brother, but fruits already formed, and beyond the power of diſappointment.—I have much experience; but I never ſaw in any child, I do not ſay only ſo many excellent diſpoſitions for the ſciences, nor ſo much taſte, as his maſters know, but ſo much probity, ſweetneſs, good-nature, gentleneſs, and inclination to pleaſe and oblige, as I diſcerned in him.

"Beſides this, he had all the advantages of nature, a charming voice, a pleaſing countenance, and a ſurpriſing facility in pronouncing well the two languages, as if he had been equally born for both of them.

"But all this was no more than hopes. I ſet a greater value upon his admirable virtues, his equality of temper, his reſolution, the courage with which he bore up againſt fear and pain; for, how were his phyſicians aſtoniſhed at his patience under a diſtemper of eight months continuance, when at the point of death he comforted me himſelf, and bade me not to weep for him! and delirious as he ſometimes was at his laſt moments, his tongue ran of nothing elſe but learning and the ſciences: O vain and deceitful hopes!" &c.

Are there many boys amongſt us, of whom we can truly ſay ſo much to their advantage, as Quinctilian ſays here of his ſon? What a ſhame would it be for them, if, born and brought up in a Chriſtian country, they had not even the virtues of Pagan children! I make no ſcruple to repeat them here again—docility, obedience, reſpect for their maſters, or rather a degree of affection, and the ſource of an eternal gratitude; zeal for ſtudy, and a wonderful thirſt after the ſciences, joined to an abhorrence of vice and irregularity; an admirable fund of probity, goodneſs, gentleneſs, civility, and liberality; as alſo patience, courage, and greatneſs of ſoul in the courſe of a long ſickneſs. What then was wanting to all theſe virtues?—That which alone could render them truly worthy the name, and muſt be in a manner the ſoul of them, and conſtitute their whole value, the precious gift of faith and piety; the ſaving knowledge of a Mediator; a ſincere deſire of pleaſing God, and referring all our actions to him.

A ſhort

A ſhort SYSTEM of GEOGRAPHY, from Dr. Gregory Sharpe's Tranſlation of Baron Holberg's Introduction to Univerſal Hiſtory *.

§ 1. *Definition of Geography.*

GEOGRAPHY † is a deſcription of the whole earth, as far as it is known to us.

Geography differs from Coſmography ‡ as a part from the whole, and from Chorography || as the whole from a part. Coſmography deſcribes the heavens as well as the earth; Geography, only the ſuperficies of the terraqueous globe; Chorography, any particular region; and Topography **, any particular place, land, territory, town, or village.

The deſcription of the terraqueous globe is uſually conſidered as mathematical, phyſical, or political.

§ 2. *The mathematical Deſcription of the Earth.*

The artificial globe properly belongs to this diviſion: it is ſuſpended by the two poles; the one on the north point of the orb is called arctic ††, the other, directly oppoſite to it, antarctic ‡‡, and named poles from the Greek verb τρεπω, to turn, becauſe upon them the whole frame of the earth turns round.

On the terraqueous globe are deſcribed eight principal circles, four great, and four leſs.

The great circles are, the æquator, horizon, zodiac, and meridian, which divide the globe into two equal parts. The æquator, commonly called the æquinoctial line, divides the globe into two parts, north and ſouth, at an equal diſtance from each pole. The horizon or determinator, ſeparates the viſible from the inviſible part of the globe, and takes the lower hemiſphere away. The zodiac is an oblique circle paſſing through the middle of the æquator. It is divided into twelve parts, which are called ſigns. Theſe ſigns being for the moſt part repreſentations of animals, the name of the circle is taken from the Greek word ζωον, which ſignifies animal. This circle is divided by another concentric circle, called the ecliptic, making an angle with the æquinoctial of 23 degrees 30 minutes, which is the ſun's greateſt declination, in the points of Aries and Libra.

The meridian, paſſing through the two poles, divides the terraqueous globe into two equal parts, and takes its name from *meridies*, or *medius dies*, becauſe when the ſun comes to the meridian of a place, it is then mid-day in that place.

The leſſer circles are, the tropics of Cancer and Capricorn, which touch the ecliptic in the oppoſite points of Cancer and Capricorn, which are therefore called ſolſtitial points: the arctic and antarctic poles, and theſe four leſſer circles, divide the face or ſuperficies of the whole earth into five ſpaces or climates, called zones.

The zones are, 1. Torrid, including the ſpace between the two tropics, and is ſo called becauſe of the great and continual heat of the ſun, under whoſe courſe it lies. This zone comprehends Guinea, lower Lybia, Æthiopia, part of Arabia and of the Eaſt Indies, as alſo the Weſt Indies. 2. The temperate zone, which is either ſouth or north, and includes thoſe parts of the globe which are greatly improved on account

* A few alterations have been made, to render the Syſtem agreeable to the preſent ſtate and times.

† From γη, earth, and γραφω, to deſcribe.

‡ From κοσμος, the world, and γραφω.

|| From χωρος, a region.

** From τοπος, a place.

†† From αρκτος, a bear, becauſe the real north pole in the heavens is diſtinguiſhed by a ſtar in the conſtellation, called the little bear.

‡‡ From αντι, contrary to.

account of the temperature of the air. 3. The frigid zone, is alſo north or ſouth, and comprehends ſuch lands as are deſert and uncultivated on account of exceſſive cold.

Each circle, as well as the whole globe, is by geometricians divided into three hundred and ſixty parts, called degrees; each degree into ſixty, called ſcruples or minutes, anſwering to ſo many Italian miles: ſo that, as four Italian miles make one German mile, fifteen German miles are equal to a degree. This may ſuffice for the mathematical diviſion of the globe; and he that would know more, muſt have recourſe to the profeſſors of geometry.

§ 3. *A phyſical Deſcription of the Earth.*

The next deſcription of the earth is called phyſical or natural, according to which the globe is divided into land and water.

Waters are either confined within banks, or encompaſs the earth.

Waters which waſh their banks are ſprings, ſtreams, rivers, lakes.

Springs riſe from the earth, and form ſtreams, ſeveral of which meeting together, make rivers.

A lake is a collection of waters ſurrounded with land: if no ſtream flows in or out, it is called a pool.

Waters encompaſſing the earth, are called the ſea or ocean, which is again divided into many different ſeas and gulphs.

The four ſeas, or greater parts of the ocean, are, 1. The Atlantic, which flows between Africa and America. 2. The Pacific, contained between America and Aſia. 3. The Northern, about the north pole. 4. The South-ſea, upon the ſouth coaſt, which is known.

Theſe great ſeas have other names given them, from the ſeveral regions and ſhores they waſh. Hence ſo many leſſer ſeas; the Atlantic, Gallic, Britiſh, Baltic, Mediterranean, &c.

Whenever the ſea extends itſelf like an arm, within land, having no paſſage, it is called a gulph. The principal of which are, the Arabian, Perſian, Bothnian, Adriatic, &c.

Whenever it flows between two ſhores at no great diſtance from each other, it forms a ſtrait or fretum, *a fervendo*. The moſt noted ſtraits are thoſe of Gibraltar, the Sound near Copenhagen, the ſtraits of Magellan, and the Helleſpont.

The land is divided into continent, iſlands, and peninſulas.

The continent is a large tract of land not ſurrounded by the ocean, though in part waſhed by it.

An iſland is ſeparated from the continent, and ſurrounded by the ſea. It is called *inſula*, from *ſalum*, the ſea, becauſe ſurrounded by it.

A peninſula or *cherſoneſus*, is almoſt ſurrounded by the ſea, being by ſome ſmall part or neck of land joined to the continent, and therefore called a peninſula, from *pene inſula*, as being almoſt an iſland.

An iſthmus is a narrow tract or neck of land, which joins a peninſula to the continent or any larger iſland.

The earth, with reſpect to its uneven ſurface, is divided into mountains, promontories, vallies, and plains.

A mountain is that part of the earth which is lifted high above the vallies and plains. Some mountains vomit forth fire, as Ætna in Sicily, Veſuvius in Campania within ſeven miles of Naples, and Hecla in Iceland.

A promontory, *mons prominens*, is a a high land ſtretching itſelf out into the ſea. The moſt remarkable promontory is the Cape of Good Hope, at the moſt ſouthern point of Africa.

§ 4. *The political Deſcription of the Earth.*

It is called political, becauſe the earth is divided into various empires, kingdoms, and principalities. The moſt general diviſion of the earth, in this reſpect, is into known and unknown parts.

The unknown comprehends the regions near the poles, which are ſuppoſed to be uninhabited on account of exceſſive cold.

The habitable part of the globe is by geographers divided into Europe, Aſia, Africa, and America.

§ 5. *Of*

§ 5. *Of* EUROPE, *and its ſeveral Kingdoms.*

Europe, now more famous than any other part of the globe, is bounded on the eaſt by a river of Tartary in Europe called Tanais or Don, on the ſouth by the Mediterranean ſea, on the north by the Northern, and on the weſt by the Atlantic ocean. The figure it makes is like a woman ſitting, whoſe head is Spain, neck and breaſt France, arms Italy and Britain, her belly Germany, and the reſt of her body other regions.

The chief kingdoms in Europe are Spain, Portugal, France, Italy, Great Britain, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Germany, Bohemia, Poland, Hungary, Sclavonia, Croatia, Dalmatia, Boſnia, Servia, Bulgaria, Tartary the leſs, Moſcovy, Greece; to which we add ſuch republics as are not inferior to ſome kingdoms, as Venice, the United Provinces of the Netherlands, and the Swiſs Cantons.

§ 6. SPAIN, *formerly called* Iberia.

It is bounded on the eaſt by the Pyrenean mountains and part of the Mediterranean ſea, on the weſt by Portugal, on the ſouth by the Mediterranean, and on the north, by the bay of Biſcay. The ancient diviſion of Spain was into Bœtica, Luſitania, and Tarracona: the modern is into various ſtates and kingdoms. The metropolis of Spain is Madrid, ennobled by the reſidence of its kings. The reſt of the moſt famous cities are Barcelona, Cæſar-Auguſta, or Saragoſſa, Pompejopolis or Pampeluna, Valentia, Murcia, New Carthage or Carthagena, the beſt harbour in Spain; Granada, which was reckoned one of the largeſt cities in Europe when under ſubjection to the Moors; Seville, formerly Hiſpalis, whence the whole kingdom called Hiſpania or Spain, the greateſt city for commerce in Spain; Corduba, a very large city, and the old ſeat of the Saracen kings; Toledo, the centre of Spain; Valladolid, eſteemed one of the neateſt cities in Europe; Compoſtella or St. Jago, to which holy pilgrimages uſed to be made, on account of St. James's bones, believed to be preſerved there; and Burgos, the capital of Old Caſtile.

The moſt celebrated univerſities are thoſe of Salamanca, and Complutum or Alcala de Henares.

The more noble rivers are the Ebro, Bœtis or Guadalquiver, Anas or Guadiana, Tagus, Douro, Minius, Xucar.

The moſt noted iſlands near Spain are the two Baleares, Majorca and Minorca, Ebuſus or Ivica, and Cadiz.

§ 7. PORTUGAL, *anciently* Luſitania.

It has Spain on the eaſt, and the Atlantic ocean on the weſt. It is divided into Portugal, properly ſo called, and Algarve.

Liſbon is the capital of the kingdom, a very great and famous emporium. Setubal, or, as it is commonly called, St. Ubes, is one of its beſt ports, famous for the number of merchants which come there every year from all parts of Europe to buy ſalt.

The univerſities of this kingdom are at Liſbon and Coimbra.

§ 8. FRANCE.

Gaul was anciently divided into *Gallia Ciſalpina* and *Tranſalpina*; and, from the dreſs of the inhabitants, into *Togata*, or thoſe who wore long garments, and *Braccata et Comata*, or who wore breeches and their hair. It has for boundaries, to the eaſt, Germany, Switzerland, and Savoy; to the weſt, the bay of Biſcay; to the north, the Britiſh channel; and to the ſouth, the Mediterranean ſea, and Pyrenæan mountains.

It is at this time divided into twelve general provinces.

The moſt famous cities are, Paris, the capital of the kingdom, a city which for greatneſs and number of inhabitants may well be called an epitome of the world; Rouen, a moſt opulent trading city near the Engliſh channel; Rennes, and Nantes; Rheims, the ſeat of an archbiſhop, who anoints the kings of France with the holy oil; Dijon, formerly the reſidence of the dukes of Burgundy; Poictiers, next to Paris in ſize; Rochelle, a well-fortified city, once the bulwark of the Proteſtants; Bourdeaux, a large city, and one of the moſt

moſt noted for trade in France, famous for Roman antiquities and ruins; Tholouſe; Narbonne; Montpelier, inhabited by phyſicians; Niſmes, once a Roman colony, and therefore abounding with Roman antiquities and ruins; Marſeilles, a city famous for trade, where the royal gallies are ſtationed; Toulon, the harbour for the king's fleet in the Mediterranean; Gratianopolis or Grenoble, ſo called from the emperor Gratian; Lyons, a large and fine city; Orleans, and many more.

The moſt celebrated univerſities are at Paris, the real ſeat of the Muſes; Orleans; Montpelier, famous for the ſtudy of phyſic; Bourdeaux, Tholouſe; &c.

The moſt noted rivers in France are, the Rhone, Garonne, Meuſe, Seine, Loire, Saone, Marne, Scheld, or Eſcaut.

§ 9. Italy.

It is ſaid to reſemble a boot; it advances into the Mediterranean ſea, and has France on the weſt, and Germany to the north.

It is at this day divided into kingdoms, principalities, republics, and ſeveral iſlands.

There is but one kingdom, that of Naples, on the continent of Italy, which formerly was in ſubjection to Spain, but is now governed by a king of its own, Ferdinand IV. ſon of Charles III. king of Spain. The metropolis of this kingdom is Naples, the ſeat of its kings, and for magnificence of buildings, and number of inhabitants, inferior to few of the moſt famous cities.

Tuſcany, Savoy, and Milan, are the principal dukedoms.

Tuſcany, diſtinguiſhed by the name of the Grand Duchy, has Florence for its capital, the ſeat of the great dukes, and is reckoned one of the moſt beautiful cities in Europe. All the great duchy is ſubject to Peter-Leopold, brother of the preſent emperor of Germany.

Savoy, which together with Piedmont is under the dominion of the king of Sardinia as duke of Savoy. The principal cities are Chambery and Turin, the capitals of Savoy and Piedmont.

The duchy of Milan, whoſe metropolis is Milan, a city which, for its extent, ſtrength, and number of inhabitants, is very reſpectable. Formerly it was governed by its own dukes, afterwards it was ſubject to the Spaniards, and now it is under the dominion of the emperor of Germany.

The moſt conſiderable republics in Italy are, Venice, Genoa, and Lucca.

The Venetian republic, whoſe chief city is Venice, built on certain iſlands in the Adriatic ſea, has a duke of its own, called the Doge, who is elected by the ſenate. The power of this city was once ſo great as to be envied by all Italy; and at this time it may in ſome ſort be reckoned amongſt the wonders of the world, for the beauty of its buildings, the opulence of its inhabitants, and well-contrived form of government.

The capital of the Genoeſe republic is Genoa, a city inferior to few others in the world for the magnificence of its edifices: it is therefore called by the Italians, who are wont to give epithets to cities, Genoa the proud, as Venice is by them called rich, Florence fair, and Rome holy, &c.

Lucca, is alſo a free city, but within the territories of the emperor. Not far from this place is hewn out in great plenty the moſt valuable marble in all Italy.

The iſlands of greateſt conſequence near Italy are, Sicily, Sardinia, Corſica, and Malta.

Sicily is ſituate in the Mediterranean ſea, and once was joined to Italy, but afterwards ſeparated by the influx of the Sicilian ſea. If we credit what authors have written, this was formerly called Sicania and Trinacria. The capital of old was Syracuſe, at preſent Palermo. Sicily is famous for the burning mount Ætna, and three promontories, Pachynus, Lilybæum, and Pelorus, whence the iſland was called Triquetra. It is ſeparated from Italy by a narrow ſtrait, which dire and uncertain paſſage is well known by the tremendous names of Scylla and Charybdis.

Sardinia is the ſecond largeſt iſland in the Mediterranean, formerly, on account of its fertility, diſtinguiſhed as a

kind nurſe to Rome; but as it is fruitful, it is alſo peſtilential, and the ſoil is more beneficent than the ſky. The chief city is Caralis or Cagliari, which has a noble port. Sardinia now belongs to the duke of Savoy, who takes his title of king from thence.

Corſica is leſs than Sardinia, and not ſo fruitful. There have been cruel conteſts between the inhabitants of Piſa and the Genoeſe, and between the Genoeſe and the natives, for the dominion of this iſland, which is now in the poſſeſſion of the French: the metropolis is Baſtia.

Malta, though it lies near Africa, is generally reckoned among the iſlands of Italy. It is governed by the knights of the order of St. John, whoſe chief is grand maſter of the order. Valetta is the place where he reſides, and it is extremely well fortified.

The moſt famous univerſities in Italy are thoſe of Bononia and Piſa. The rivers are the Po and the Tiber. The mountains are, the Alps, the Apennine, and the burning Veſuvius.

§ 10. Great Britain.

It includes three kingdoms, England, Scotland, and Ireland.

England is ſo called from the Angles, a people of Cimbric Cherſoneſus, who, invited over by the Britons to aſſiſt them againſt the Scots and Picts, made themſelves maſters of the whole country, and obliged the old inhabitants to retire to that part which is now called Wales.

England is divided into ſeven provinces, and each province into ſeveral ſhires or counties. The chief city is London, the head and abſtract of the whole kingdom. It is reckoned the largeſt city this day in Europe, and the moſt celebrated emporium in the world, and deſerves the name of a world rather than of a city. The cities next to this for ſize and number of inhabitants, are Briſtol, Norwich, and York.

Wales, which had long been governed by Britiſh ſovereigns, is now part of the kingdom of England. From this country the eldeſt ſons of the kings of England are called princes of Wales.

The univerſities in England are at *Oxford* and Cambridge.

The greateſt river is the Thames, which flows through London, and empties itſelf into the German ocean.

Scotland is divided into North and South, and the iſlands. The principal city is Edinburgh. The univerſities are four, at Edinburgh, Glaſgow, Aberdeen, and St. Andrews.

Ireland is divided into four provinces, Ulſter, Leinſter, Connaught, and Munſter. The chief city in this iſland is Dublin.

§ 11. Denmark, *formerly called* Dacia.

It is bounded on the weſt by the German ocean, on the eaſt by the Baltic ſea, on the north by the Sound, and on the ſouth by part of Germany: it is diſtributed into ſeveral portions. The whole kingdom is divided into continent and iſlands.

The continent is called the Cimbrian Cherſoneſus: it is a peninſula, joined by the ſouthern parts to Germany. The continent of Cimbria is divided into north and ſouth.

South Cimbria, or the duchy of Sleſwic, for a long time was ſubject both to the kings of Denmark and the dukes of Sleſwic of the royal houſe of Denmark, but it is now under the ſole dominion of the Daniſh king. Sleſwic, with the caſtle of Gottorp, once the reſidence of the dukes, is the principal city in this duchy; the other cities are, Henſburg, Haderſleb, &c.

North Cimbria, or Jutland, is divided into four diſtricts or commanderies; namely, of Ripen, Wiburg, Arhuſen, and Alburg, ſo called from the ſeveral cities under thoſe names.

In Denmark are ſeveral iſlands.

The larger iſlands are thoſe of Zeland and Funen.

Copenhagen is the principal city in Zeland, the capital of Denmark, where the king reſides. The reſt of the cities in this iſland are, Helſingore, famous for the reſort of ſhips that paſs through the Baltic, which are here to pay a tax for their paſſage. Near to this place ſtands the moſt magnificent and well-fortified tower of Cronenburg, erected by Frederick againſt any invaſions from the Baltic. In the heart of the iſland

is Roſchild, once the metropolis of the whole kingdom; now remarkable for the ſepulchres of the kings. The tower of Frederickſburg, ſituate in a moſt delightful country, is the ſummer reſidence of the kings of Denmark.

Funen, which on account of its fertility may be called the nurſe of Denmark. In the centre of the iſland is Odenſee the principal city, Newberg, &c.

The leſſer iſlands are, Laland, of which the principal town is Naxkow; Falſter, with the city of Nykoping; Langland; Mona; Arroa; Boringia or Bornholm, ſituate in the midſt of the Baltic, with a very commodious harbour and ſtation for ſhips.

Denmark is not divided by rivers: the provinces are ſeparated by three ſeas; the leſſer Belt flows between Jutland and Finland; the greater Belt divides Funen from Zeland; beſides the famous ſtrait called the Sound, through which is a paſſage for ſhips from the German ocean into the Baltic.

There is but one univerſity belonging to Denmark and Norway, and that is at Copenhagen.

§ 12. NORWAY, *uſually called* Norrighe *and* Norghe *by the Natives.*

It is bounded on the eaſt by Sweden, from which it is ſeparated by a continued chain of mountains; to the ſouth it has the chops of the Baltic, *codani ſinus fauces*; the weſtern ſide is bounded by the ocean; and the northern by Finmarck. It is a waſte dreary land, but abounds with ports and markets. The whole kingdom is divided into four governments, of Aggerhus, Bergen, Chriſtianſand, and Nidroſe. The chief cities are, Chriſtiana, where the viceroys reſide; Bergen, the moſt famous and the greateſt emporium of the kingdom, formerly the ſtaple of the Hanſe towns; Nidroſe, the ancient capital and place of reſidence to the kings of Norway; Chriſtianſand, a new city, built by Chriſtian IV.

To Denmark and Norway belong; 1. Finmarck, which extends as far as the North Cape. 2. Iceland, ſo called from the ice that is perpetual there; it is alſo noted for mount Hecla, which diſcharges fire. 3. The Zerroen iſlands. 4. Greenland, which, whether it is an iſland, or joins the continent of America, is uncertain. The coaſt of this waſte region is noted for the whale-fiſhery.

Amongſt other wonders in this kingdom is reckoned that dreadful *vorago maris* or gulph, not far diſtant from the ſhore of northern Norway, called Malſtrom, which riſes and falls at certain times as if the ſea drew breath there.

§ 13. SWEDEN.

It is bounded on the ſouth by the gulph of Finland, and by the Baltic; on the eaſt by Muſcovy; on the north by Norwegian Lapland; and on the weſt by the mountains of Norway.

The land is rough and horrid, covered with barren rocks or vaſt foreſts, but rich in ore of ſilver, copper, and iron; and in a prodigious quantity of fiſh, with which it abounds, is exceeded only by Norway.

It is at this day divided into four regions; namely, into Sweden properly ſo called, Gothland, Nordland, and Finland.

The chief city in Sweden properly ſo called, and the capital of the whole kingdom, is Stockholm, the place of reſidence for the king, fortified both by art and nature: it is ſituate in the marſhes, after the manner of Venice, and derives its name from its ſituation, having its foundation raiſed upon piles driven into the ſea-marſhes. The next city to this is Upſal, where there is a famous academy, and where the kings of Sweden are crowned.

Gothland is divided into eaſt, weſt, and ſouth.

South Gothland, or Scania, is the moſt fertile of all the provinces in Sweden, and is divided into Scania, Halland, and Bleking. The moſt noted towns are, Malmoge, Lunden, Chriſtianſtadt, and Chriſtianopolis. This whole region was, for a long while, matter of contention between the Danes and the Swedes.

Nordland is a waſte region, ſituate to the north, but not to be confounded with Lapland, which is divided into

three parts, belonging to as many different kingdoms; viz. Denmark, Sweden, and Ruſſia.

Finland lies between the gulph of Finland and the Bothnic; the principal town is Abo.

Ingria and Livonia till of late belonged to Sweden, but now they are ſeparated from it, and annexed to the empire of Ruſſia.

The univerſities in Sweden are, at Upſal, Lunden in Scania, and Abo.

§ 14. *The* Low Countries.

For their ſplendour they may be conſidered as the eye of Europe, and an abſtract of the civilized world. Part of Germany bounds this country on the eaſt, the German ocean on the north, France on the ſouth and weſt. It is divided into Spaniſh, now Auſtrian, French, and Dutch Netherlands, and contains ſeventeen provinces, greatly enriched with various merchandize and the moſt extended commerce.

The names of the provinces are, Flanders, Artois, Haynault, Namur, Luxemburg, Limburg, Brabant, Mechlin, Antwerp, Holland, Zeland, Utrecht, Gelderland, Zutphen, Overyſſel, Weſt-Frieſland, and Groningen,

All theſe provinces formerly belonged to the dukes of Burgundy, afterwards to the kings of Spain, as their heirs; but the natives finding themſelves injuriouſly treated, and grown weary of Spaniſh tyranny, took up arms againſt Philip II. This occaſioned a long war, that did not ceaſe for forty years. Part ſubmitted to the Spaniard, part recovered their liberty. Thus the Low Countries were divided: ten provinces yielded to Spain; the other ſeven eſtabliſhed themſelves, and conſtantly and bravely aſſerted their freedom under the form of a republic. But ſince that time the French have ſeized upon ſeveral cities and provinces that belonged to their Spaniſh neighbour; and then the provinces were divided into three parts, and the Netherlands are called Spaniſh, now Auſtrian, French, and United or Dutch.

It would be endleſs to mention all the fine towns and ſtrong fortreſſes, which ſome have reckoned to be more in number than in half the remaining part of Europe. They are all beautiful and rich, particularly Amſterdam, a city of ſuch importance that it may be put in competition with a kingdom. The Hague, once the ſeat of the earls of Holland, is now the ſeat for the council of the United States: as Bruſſels, formerly the reſidence of the Spaniſh viceroys, is now that of the Imperial governors; for, by the treaty of Utrecht, the greateſt part of the Spaniſh towns and provinces which had been ſeized by the French were given up to the emperor.

§ 15. Germany.

This very great part of Europe is terminated to the eaſt by Poland and Hungary; by France, Flanders, and Holland to the weſt; to the ſouth, by Switzerland, and the Venetian territories; and to the north, by the Baltic and German oceans. It is uſually divided into Upper and Lower Germany; and, according to the preſent conſtitution of the empire, into nine circles; namely, Auſtrian, Bavarian, Franconian, Suabian, of the Upper Rhine, of the Lower Rhine, Weſtphalian, of Upper Saxony, and Lower Saxony.

The Auſtrian circle comprehends Auſtria, Stiria, Carinthia, Carniola, and the county of Tyrol; the Bavarian, Bavaria, with the Upper Palatinate; the Franconian, Franconia; the Suabian, Suabia, with the Duchy of Wirtemberg; that of the Upper Rhine contains Alſace, Heſſe, and Lorrain; that of the Lower Rhine, the archbiſhoprics of Mentz, Triers, Cologne, and the Lower Palatinate; the Weſtphalian, Weſtphalia, Liege, Cleves, the duchy of Juliers, Eaſt Frieſland; the circle of Upper Saxony contains Luſatia, Miſnia, Thuringia, marquiſate of Brandenburg, Pomerania; that of Lower Saxony, the duchy of Brunſwick and Lunenburg, Magdeburgh, Bremen, and Holſtein.

Among the chief cities in Germany are the following. In the circle of Auſtria, Vienna, the metropolis of Auſtria, in which is the emperor's palace. It is a magnificent and ſplendid city; and,

and, in thoſe parts, the ſafeſt fortreſs againſt the incurſions of the Turks: it is ſituate on the Danube, and is famous for the many times it has been beſieged by the Turks. 2. Gratz, the capital of Stiria. 3. Inſpruck, the capital of the county of Tyrol. 4. Trent, famous for the council held there in the ſixteenth century.

In the Bavarian circle are the following cities, 1. Munich, the faireſt of all the German cities, and the ſeat of the electors of Bavaria. 2. Ratiſbon, commonly called Regenſburg, remarkable on account of the Imperial diet held there, and remains of antiquity.

In the circle of Franconia are, 1. Wurtzburg, the capital of Franconia. 2. Nuremberg, a magnificent city, famed for its trade and opulence. 3. Franckfort upon the Maine, a free city of the empire, and famous for its fairs.

In the Suabian circle, 1. Augſburg, a fair and ſplendid city, free of the empire, particularly noted for the confeſſion of faith propoſed there, and thence named the Auguſtan confeſſion. 2. Ulm. 3. Stutgard, the principal city of the duchy of Wirtemberg.

In the circle of the Upper Rhine is, Straſburg, in which city the tower of the cathedral deſerves notice, as being one of the nobleſt ſtructures in all Germany.

In the circle of the Lower Rhine is, 1. Mentz, the ſeat of the archbiſhop and elector of Mentz. 2. Triers, the capital of the archbiſhopric of Triers. 3. Cologne, i. e. Colonia Agrippina, ſo called from a colony conducted thither under the auſpices of Agrippina, wife of Claudius. 4. Heidelberg, the ſeat of the electors palatine.

In the circle of Weſtphalia, 1. Munſter, the capital of Weſtphaly, famous for the reign of the anabaptiſts. 2. Aken, or Aix-la-Chapelle, remarkable for the moſt celebrated ſprings of hot water, and for the court and ſepulchre of the emperor Charles the Great. In this place it was long the cuſtom to crown the emperors.

In Upper Saxony, 1. Dreſden, the ſeat of the electors of Saxony. 2. Leipſic, reſpectable on account of the manners of the people, the beauty of the buildings, and the fairs held there, which, next to thoſe of Franckfort upon the Maine, are the moſt famous in all Germany. 3. Berlin, a moſt agreeable city, the reſidence of the kings of Pruſſia.

In Lower Saxony, 1. Brunſwick. 2. Lunenburg, famous for ſalt ſprings. 3. Bremen, a noble place of trade. 4. Lubec, once a place of great ſtrength, and the chief of the Hanſe towns. 5. Hamburg, the principal city in Holſtein, and moſt celebrated trading town upon the river Elbe.

The chief rivers in Germany are, the Danube, Rhine, Ems, Maine, Weſer, Elbe, Oder, Weixel or Viſtula, Moſelle, &c. The Danube or Iſter is the moſt renowned, as it paſſes through many regions, and, after it has received about ſixty other ſtreams, diſcharges itſelf from ſix mouths into the Euxine ſea.

§ 16. Bohemia *and* Hungary.

Among other regions out of Germany in ſubjection to emperors of the houſe of Auſtria, are the two kingdoms of Bohemia and Hungary.

Bohemia is encompaſſed with woods and mountains as with a wall, and takes its name from the Boij, a Gallic nation*: it comprehends Moravia and Sileſia, and boaſts the moſt famous city of Prague. The chief town in Sileſia is Breſlau; and in Moravia, Olmutz.

Hungary or Pannonia is divided into upper and lower; the one on this ſide, the other croſs the Danube. Preſburg is the capital of the firſt; and Buda, or, as the Germans call it, Ofen, of the other. Boſnia and Sclavonia uſed to be conſidered as belonging to Hungary; and Croatia and Dalmatia are parts of Sclavonia.

* The Boij, under Segoveſus, are ſaid to have ſettled in this country in the fixth century before Chriſt. They were driven out by the Marcomanni, who were again expelled by the Sclavonians in the fixth century after Chriſt. The language of the country-people is a dialect of the Sclavonian.

§ 17. Switzerland.

It is ſituate between Germany, France, and Italy; and is ſurrounded by the Alps as with a girdle. It was once under ſubjection to the houſe of Auſtria, but growing weary of that yoke, the Switzers ſhook it off; and the chief provinces forming a league, aſſerted their freedom vigorouſly againſt their old maſters, and other neighbouring powers, till at length Switzerland was, by the treaty of Weſtphalia, declared a free republic.

The whole body is at this time to be conſidered under three denominations. 1. The republic of Switzerland. 2. Its ſubjects. 3. Its allies.

The republic of Switzerland, commonly called Eydgenoſſenſchaft, is divided into thirteen free communities, which are called Cantons. The chief cities are, Bern, the moſt powerful; Zuric; and Baſil, the moſt famous univerſity in Switzerland.

The ſubjects of Switzerland are variouſly divided, and too numerous to be inſerted here *.

The allies are, the Rhæti or Griſons, the Valleſii or the people of the country of Valais in the Alps, and the republic of Geneva, whoſe capital, Geneva, is famous for the doctrine of Calvin, which owed its birth and ſupport to that city.

§ 18. Poland, *by the Natives called* Polſka, *from the word* Pole, *which ſignifies a Plain.*

It is bounded on the eaſt by Moſcovy, on the weſt by Sileſia, on the ſouth by Hungary and Wallachia, and on the north by Pruſſia, Livonia, and Courland. It is at this day divided into the kingdom of Poland, and the duchy of Lithuania.

Poland, properly ſo called, is again divided into greater and leſſer, and Red Ruſſia.

The moſt remarkable cities in the greater Poland are, Poſnania or Poſen; and Gneſna, the moſt ancient of all the cities in Poland, and the firſt place where its princes reſided.

The chief city of leſſer Poland is Cracow, a large city, and the metropolis of the whole kingdom. 2. Lublin, where are held the greateſt fairs in all Poland. 3. Warſaw, where the kings now reſide.

The chief cities in Red Ruſſia are, 1. Leopolis or Lemberg. 2. Caminieck, a city built on a ſteep rock, and therefore ſuppoſed to be impregnable.

The large city of Vilna is the metropolis of Lithuania, a country not much cultivated.

Pruſſia and Courland have been added to the crown of Poland. Pruſſia is divided into two parts; one belonging to Poland, the other to Brandenburg. Dantzig, a colony of Danes, is the principal city in Poliſh Pruſſia. Pruſſia of Brandenburg is the granary of the whole country, lately honoured with the title of a kingdom, the capital of which is Konigſberg.

§ 19. Moscovy.

White Ruſſia, or Moſcovy, comprehends a vaſt tract of land in Europe and Aſia; and is, for the greateſt part, both uninhabited and impaſſable, from its woods and marſhes. The frozen ſea bounds it on the north; to the eaſt it extends through the greater Tartary, almoſt as far as the confines of China; the Baltic ſea cloſes it to the weſt; as does the Euxine to the ſouth; which ſhews what a vaſt ſpace of the globe this country contains.

It takes its name from the river Moſqua, which diſcharges itſelf into the Occa and Volga. This wide empire is divided into eaſt and weſt, Tartary and Moſcovy.

Moſcow is the metropolis of the whole empire, a city of incredible extent, but not beautiful, the houſes for the moſt part being built of wood. The next to this is the new city of Peterſburg, lately built near the Baltic ſea by Peter the Great, who made it the place of reſidence for the Imperial family, and adorned it with a port fit to receive a very large fleet; a famous univerſity; and very coſtly edifices; ſo that it may deſervedly be accounted one of the moſt ſplendid cities in Europe.

* See Hubner's Geography.

The moſt noted rivers in Moſcovy are, the Tanais, or, as it is commonly called, the Don, the Wolga, Oby, and Dwina.

§ 20. THRACE.

This was the ancient name of a country now called Romania, ſituate on the Thracian Boſphorus. Conſtantinople is the capital of Romania, and of the whole Turkiſh empire: this city was formerly called Byzantium, but now the Turks call it Stamboul; it is thought to be the greateſt and moſt populous of all the cities in Europe, and it is the place where the Turkiſh emperors reſide. Adrianople is the ſecond city in Thrace.

The moſt remarkable mountains in Thrace are, Hæmus, Pangæus, Rhodope, Iſmarus. The rivers are, the Neſſus, Hebrus, and Bathynias, which the army of Xerxes is reported to have drank dry.

§ 21. MOESIA.

It is ſituate beyond Macedonia and Thrace. The Romans called it the granary of Ceres. It is divided into upper, called Servia; and lower, called Bulgaria.

§ 22. TRANSYLVANIA.

It is ſuppoſed to take its name from the vaſt foreſts that ſurround it; and from the ſeven cities in it, it is called by the Germans Siebenbürgen. The chief city is Cibinium or Hermanſtadt.

Walachia was anciently divided into great and little: the greater is now called Moldavia; the leſſer, Walachia. The whole country was formerly known by the name Dacia, inhabited by Scythians.

Tartary in Europe, or the Leſſer with reſpect to Great Tartary, which is in Aſia, is divided into Precopenſis and Crim-Tartary: the firſt lies in the Cherſoneſus Taurica; the latter contains the reſt beyond it.

§ 23. GREECE.

This country, once ſo renowned for ſciences and war, is uſually diſtributed into five principal parts; Epirus, Peloponneſus, Hellas or Greece properly ſo called, Theſſaly, and Macedonia. The moſt famous cities of old in all Greece were, Athens, Corinth, and Lacedæmon.

The moſt celebrated rivers are, Acheron, Achelous, Eurotas, Inachus, Aliacmon, Axius, Strymon, Celidnus. The moſt conſpicuous mountains are, the Acroceraunii, Pindus, Stymphalus, Taygetus, Callidromus, Othrys, Oëta, Helicon, Parnaſſus, Cythæron, Hymettus, Olympus, Pelius, Oſſa, and Athos, which was dug through by Xerxes.

The chief of all thoſe iſlands, which lie, almoſt without number, oppoſite to the Grecian ſhore, is Crete, as it was called by the ancients, now Candia, the name of the metropolis as well as of the iſland. In the midſt of the Ægean ſea are the Cyclades, and round them the Sporades.

§ 24. ASIA.

This quarter of the world, where the firſt of human kind appeared, and where God himſelf was made manifeſt in the fleſh, is bounded on the north by the Scythian ſea, on the eaſt by the Eaſtern ocean, on the ſouth by the Indian ſea, and on the weſt by the Arabian gulph, and by an iſthmus between that and the Mediterranean; hence it is bounded by the Phœnician and Ægean ſeas, the Propontis, Pontus, the lake Mæotis, the rivers Tanais and Oby.

Anciently it was divided into greater and leſſer: by the moderns, into five principal parts, namely, into Tartary, China, India, with the adjacent iſlands, the kingdom of the Sophi or Perſians, and the Turkiſh empire.

Tartary in Aſia is divided into five principal parts: the firſt of which is called Tartary in the Deſert, of which Aſtracan, ſituate on the Wolga, is the chief city; the ſecond is Zagataia, the metropolis of which is Samarcand, made famous by Tamerlane, the moſt warlike emperor of the Tartars; the third is the kingdom of Turkeſtan, the country of the ancient Sacæ; the fourth is the empire of the Great Cham; the fifth,

Old Tartaria, of which the chief places are Ung and Mogul. It is called Tartaria from the river Tartar, which, flowing through the country of Mongul, diſcharges itſelf into the North ſea.

§ 25. China.

China, for fertility of ſoil and temperature of climate, wealth, or importance, ſcarce inferior to any other country, is diſtributed into various provinces or governments. It has two remarkable rivers, of Croceum, and Kiang or the ſon of the ſea. To the north is the mountain Ottorocora, and the wall of four hundred German miles built on its border.

The chief of the adjacent iſlands are, Corea, Japan, and Formoſa.

§ 26. India.

India, ſo fertile in precious ſtones, ſpices, gold, and ſilver, is ſeparated by the Ganges; on this ſide is Indoſtan, on the other Mangi or India beyond the Ganges.

The principal parts into which India is divided are, Cambaja, Narſinga, Malabar, Orixa, Bengal, Pegu, Siam, Camboia. The Great Mogul, once the moſt powerful of the kings of India, was in poſſeſſion of the northern part of India, which is therefore called the empire of the Mogul; but his power is reduced to nothing, ſince the acquiſitions of the Engliſh in that country.

The greateſt cities in India are, Cambaia or Cairo of India, Goa, Calecut, Calcutta in the province of Bengal, Pegu, Camboia, Delhi, and Agra. The moſt celebrated rivers, Indus and Ganges, which is ſaid to abound with diamonds and gold duſt: this river gives its name to the gulph into which it flows, which however is moſt commonly known by the name of the gulph or bay of Bengal: the rivers Hydaſpes and Hypaſis fall into its channel, and it divides India into two parts.

§ 27. Persia.

Perſia was anciently divided as follows; into Gedroſia, Carmania, Drangiana, Arachoſia, Parapomiſus, Bactriana, Margiana, Hyrcania, Aria, Parthia, Perſis, Suſiana, Aſſyria, Media. It boaſts of having Iſpahan for a metropolis; and the Perſians call it the half of the world. The moſt famous cities of old in Perſia were, Perſepolis, formerly the capital of the Perſian empire; and Nineveh in Aſſyria, of which city we read in the holy ſcriptures.

In Aſia the following regions belong to the Turkiſh empire, Albania, Iberia, Colchis, Armenia, Cappadocia, Galatia, Pontus and Bithynia, Aſia Minor or Natolia, Lycia, Pamphylia, Cilicia, Syria, Meſopotamia, Babylonia, Arabia.

Among the iſlands are, Cyprus, Rhodes, Leſbus, and Cos.

Albania was once famous for the moloſſus or maſtiff; Iberia for poiſons; Colchis, the golden fleece, and the mount Caucaſus; Armenia for mount Antitaurus, and the Tigris and Euphrates, the moſt celebrated rivers in the eaſt; Cappadocia for the city Iconium, and the rivers Iris and Thermodon; Galatia for the city of Sinope, ennobled by the birth of Mithridates, and mount Didymus; Pontus and Bithynia for Chalcedon the metropolis.

Natolia, or Aſia minor, is divided into Phrygia, Myſia, Lydia, Caria, Æolia, Ionia, and Doris.

The moſt noted cities of old in Natolia were, thoſe of Troy or Ilium in Phrygia, famed for its ſiege and deſtruction by the Greeks; Pergamus in Myſia, famous for the birth of Galen; in Lydia, Sardis and Philadelphia; in Caria, Laodicea, and Priene the country of Bias; in Ionia, Epheſus, famous for the temple of Diana; in Doris, Halicarnaſſus, the native ſoil both of Herodotus and Dionyſius, called Halicarnaſſenſis from the name of his country.

The moſt remarkable rivers in Natolia are, the Mæander, with infinite windings and turnings, in Phrygia; Hermus, and Pactolus with its golden ſands, in Lydia. Of mountains the moſt conſpicuous are, Cadmus in Phrygia, which ſeparates it from Lycia: mount Ida in Myſia; Latmus in Caria.

Lycia is famous for the burning mount Chimæra, which gave riſe to the fiory of the monſter with three bodies. The

chief

chief city is Patara, whence one of the names of Apollo was Pataræus.

In Pamphylia is mount Taurus, of prodigious extent, and which divides all Aſia into two parts; that to the north called Aſia on this ſide of Taurus, that to the ſouth, Aſia beyond Taurus.

Cilicia, now called Carmania. The city of Tarſus, which was honoured by the birth and ſtudies of St. Paul, and the river Cydnus, belong to this country.

Syria is divided into Paleſtine, Phœnicia, Antiochia, Comagene, and Cœle-Syria.

Paleſtine, in the Scriptures called Canaan, or the Holy Land, and Land of Promiſe, was anciently divided into Idumæa, Judæa, Samaria, and Galilee. On account of its fertility and great abundance, this country is called in Scripture, a land flowing with milk and honey.

Gaza is one of the firſt cities in Idumæa; it was inhabited by the ſons of Anak; whoſe gates, being pulled down by Samſon, were carried by his miraculous ſtrength to a neighbouring mountain near Hebron. Here alſo was Thamnas, in which country Samſon ſlew the lion: alſo the deſert of Berſaba, whither Agar, Sarah's ſervant, with her ſon Iſmael, fled, being turned out of doors; as did Elias, to avoid the menaces of Jeſabel.

Judæa boaſts Jeruſalem its metropolis, the moſt famous of all cities in the eaſt, burnt and deſtroyed by Titus Veſpaſian. Among other principal cities belonging to the Jews, and ſituate near the coaſt, Aſcalon was very conſiderable for its ſtrength and riches; Azotus or Aſdod; Jamnia; Joppa: but in the inland country ſtood Bethlehem, ſo renowned over all the world for the birth of Chriſt our Saviour; alſo Jericho, or the city of palms, which Joſhua beſieged. Among the towns and villages was Emmaus, in the way to which Chriſt ſhewed himſelf to two of his diſciples, the ſame day on which he roſe from the dead; alſo Bethphage, Bethany, and Gethſemane.

Jordan was the principal river in Judæa, famous for the baptiſm of Chriſt our Saviour, and other miraculous events recorded in Scripture. Aſphaltites, called alſo the Dead or Salt Sea, is a lake in Judæa.

Of mountains, there were ſome within and others without the walls of Jeruſalem. Moria, on which was built the temple of Solomon, was within; the mount of Olives, with the neighbouring valley of Jehoſapha', and the brook Kedron, were without the walls: on the weſtern ſide was mount Calvary, called alſo Golgotha, near to which was the garden, with the ſepulchre in which Chriſt was laid.

Samaria was the name of a city and country lying between Judæa and Galilee, which had been beſieged and taken by Salmanaſſar king of Aſſyria. Among other cities were, Neapolis, Gamala, and on the coaſt, Apollonia; Bethel and Dan lay between mountains: the tower of Strato or Cæſarea of Paleſtine ſhewed itſelf among the principal towns of Galilee, on the coaſt, remarkable for the magnificence of its ſtructure, which was enlarged by Herod, and for the bondage of St. Paul.

On the lake of Geneſareth ſtood Capernaum, a rich and noble city, which Chriſt, leaving Nazareth, honoured with his preſence, dwelling and performing many miracles there; alſo Corazin and Bethſaida, the ruin of which cities was foretold by Chriſt; and Julias, Tiberias, Magdalum, and Tarachæa: between the lake of Geneſareth and the Phœnician ſea ſtood Nazareth, where Chriſt was brought up; alſo Cana of Galilee, where our Saviour performed the miracle of turning water into wine.

Geneſareth was the moſt famous lake in Galilee, ſo called from the adjacent country of Geneſar, otherwiſe the ſea of Tiberias, from a city on the banks thereof. It was alſo called the ſea of Galilee, becauſe it was for the greateſt part incloſed in it. Hermon was famed for its dew, one of the moſt remarkable hills; oppoſite to which are thoſe of Gilboah, on which Saul, king of Iſrael, was ſlain by the Philiſtines; between theſe hills is the valley of Jeſreel. Thabor was the hill on which was the transfiguration of Jeſus.

Phœnicia is divided into Upper Galilee, or Galilee of the Gentiles, and Syro-Phœnicia. Tyre and Sidon were the

the greateſt cities; and Libanon, Anti-Libanon, and Carmel, the higheſt mountains.

Antiochene was called Tetrapolis, on account of the four following towns, Antioch, Apamea, Seleucia, Laodicea. In this country are, mount Caſius, and the rivers Belus, Lycus, Adones.

In Comagene, the laſt diſtrict in Syria, Samoſata was once the capital, noted for the birth of Lucian.

Cœle-Syria, or Syria in the Bottom, is divided into three remarkable diſtricts, Decapolis, Tetrachias, and Palmyra. Damaſcus was formerly the capital of this kingdom, and of all Syria.

Meſopotamia, of which Seleucia Magna was anciently one of the principal cities, is ſituate between the Tigris and Euphrates. Not far from Meſopotamia was Babylon, the metropolis of Babylonia in Aſſyria, eminent for the many ancient accounts given of it. The part of Babylonia towards the ſouth is called Chaldæa.

Arabia is diſtinguiſhed by the names of Petræa, the Deſert, and Arabia Felix. The firſt was inhabited by the Nabathœi, the Deſert, by the Nomades and Scenitæ; the laſt, which abounds with ſpices and frankincenſe, by the Saracens, the Minæi, and Sabeans, who had a town called Saba. Of all the mountains in Arabia of the Deſert, the moſt famous was that of Sinai, diſtinguiſhed by the delivery of the law of God.

The moſt remarkable modern cities in that part of Aſia already deſcribed are, Damaſcus, Aleppo, Alexandretta, Tripoli of Syria, and Mecca in Arabia Felix, eminent for the birth of Mohammed.

Leſbus, Chius, Samus, and Cos, are the principal iſlands in the Ægean ſea; Cyprus and Rhodes in the Aſiatic ſea; the firſt of theſe iſlands was anciently dedicated to Venus, the other had a coloſſal ſtatue of the Sun, which was one of the ſeven wonders of the world.

§ 28. AFRICA.

Africa is the greateſt peninſula in the world, being joined to Aſia by a narrow *iſthmus*: it has the Red Sea to the eaſt, the Atlantic to the weſt, the Mediterranean to the north, and the Æthiopic to the ſouth.

The regions according to which Africa is at preſent diſtinguiſhed are, Ægypt, Barbary, Biledulgerid, Sarra in the Deſert, the country of Nigritia, Upper and Lower Æthiopia.

Ægypt is divided by the Nile into Upper and Lower: it is eminent for the cities of Alexandria, Thebes of Ægypt, Arſinoe, Heliopolis, and Memphis, and near it thoſe ſtupendous ſtructures of the pyramids. The metropolis of modern Ægypt is Cairo or Alkair.

The moſt celebrated river of Ægypt is the Nile, which at a certain time of the year overflows, and diſcharges itſelf at ſeven mouths into the Ægyptian ſea.

Barbary comprehends the country of Barca, the eaſtern half of which was by the ancients called Cyreniaca; the kingdom of Tunis, or Africa minor; the country of Tripoli; that of Tremiſen, including Numidia; the kingdoms of Fez and Morocco; and Dara. Tunis is the capital of the kingdom of that name; Algiers, infamous for its piracies, is the metropolis of Tremiſen.

Biledulgerid, anciently Gætulia or the country of Dates, is bounded on the ſouth by mount Atlas, the higheſt in all Africa, which old authors have reported to ſhine with frequent fires in the night, and to reſound with the ſongs of Satyrs and Ægipans, and the noiſe of drums and cymbals.

Sarra or Zaara of the Deſert, anciently Lybia interior, conſiſts of immenſe deſerts, with dens and retreats of wild beaſts, and reaches from mount Atlas to the River Niger.

The country of Nigritia is waſhed by the Niger, the nobleſt river in Africa; and is divided into ſeveral diſtricts, the chief of which is Guinea; the coaſt of which, from the quantity of gold found there, is called the Golden coaſt.

Æthiopia is divided into Upper or the kingdom of Abyſſinia, and Lower, and the regions of Congo, Monomotapa, Cafreria, Zangibar, Ajan, Nubia, and Troglodytica.

The moſt noted inhabitants of Africa among the ancients were the Ægyptians, who contended with the Scythi-

ans

ans for the antiquity of their nation, and were the inventors of many arts. Beſides theſe were the Naſamones, Pſylli, Nomades, Troglodytæ, Garamantes, Mauri, Gætuli, Nubii, Nigritiæ, Æthiopes Anthropophagi, or Canibals, now called Caffres or Hottentots.

The greateſt iſland near the African coaſt is that of Madagaſcar, diſcovered in 1492; the iſlands of Cape Verd, Madeira, and the Canaries, with that of St. Thomas and St. Helena in the Æthiopic ſea, deſerve notice,

§ 29. AMERICA.

It is bounded on the north by the Arctic Lands; on the ſouth by the ſtraits of Magellan, which ſeparate it from Terra del Fuego; on the eaſt by the Atlantic or Weſtern ocean; on the weſt by the Pacific or South ſea.

The whole continent of America is divided into north and ſouth, by a narrow iſthmus paſſing between them.

In North America are the following countries:

United States.

New England, New Hampſhire, Connecticut, Rhode Iſland,	}	of which the principal town is Boſton.
New York,	—	New York.
New Jerſies,	—	Elizabeth-town
Pennſylvania, Delaware,	}	Philadelphia
Maryland,	—	Baltimore
Virginia,	—	Williamſburg
North Carolina,		Edenton
South Carolina,		Charles-town
Georgia,	—	Savannah.

Arctic Lands, New Wales, Greenland.

Labrador or New Britain.

New Albion, California.

Mexico or New Spain, in which is the city of Mexico.

New Mexico or Grenada, with the town of Santa Fe.

Louiſiana, with the city of New Orleans.

Florida, with the city of St. Auguſtin.

Canada, in which the principal town is Quebec.

Nova Scotia, principal town Halifax.

Principal rivers in North America are, St. Laurence, and Miſſiſſipi.

South America is divided into the following great parts: Terra Firma, with the city of Panama; Peru, in which is Lima; Braſil, with St. Salvador; Land of the Amazons; Chili, in which is St. Jago; Paraguay, with the town called Aſſumption; Magellanic lands.

Principal rivers in South America are, the Rio de la Plata, and Amazon.

The chief of the American iſlands are as follows: Newfoundland, Cape Breton, Bermudas, &c.

§ 30. ISLANDS *in the* WEST INDIES.

Cuba, Hiſpaniola or St. Domingo, Jamaica, Porto Rico, Barbadoes, Lucayos or Bahama Iſles; the Antilles or Caribbees; with many others of leſs note.

§ 31. ARCTIC LANDS.

The lands included under this name are New Guinea, which lies to the eaſt of the Molucco iſlands in the Eaſt Indies; New Britain, a little to the eaſt of New Guinea; New Holland, to the ſouth of the Moluccos; Van Diemen's land, to the ſouth-eaſt of New Holland; the Terra Auſtralis, to the ſouth-weſt of the Cape of Good Hope in Africa; the lands of the Holy Spirit, which lie about 20 degrees to the eaſt of New Holland; and New Zeland, which lies as many to the eaſt of Van Diemen's land.

A New Chronological Table of Remarkable Events, Diſcoveries, and Inventions:

Alſo, the Æra, the Country, and Writings of Learned Men.

The whole comprehending in one View, the Analyſis or Outlines of General Hiſtory from the Creation to the preſent Time.

Before Chriſt.

4004 THE creation of the world, and Adam and Eve.
4003 The birth of Cain, the firſt who was born of a woman.
3017 Enoch, for his piety, is tranſlated into Heaven.
2348 The old world is deſtroyed by a deluge which continued 377 days.
2247 The Tower of Babel is built about this time by Noah's poſterity, upon which God miraculouſly confounds their language, and thus diſperſes them into different nations.

About the ſame time Noah is, with great probability, ſuppoſed to have parted from his rebellious offspring, and to have led a colony of ſome of the more tractable into the Eaſt, and there either he or one of his ſucceſſors to have founded the ancient Chineſe monarchy.

2234 The celeſtial obſervations are begun at Babylon, the city which firſt gave birth to learning and the ſciences.
2188 Miſraim, the ſon of Ham, founds the kingdom of Egypt, which laſted 1663 years, down to the conqueſt of Cambyſes, in 525 before Chriſt.
2059 Ninus, the ſon of Belus, founds the kingdom of Aſſyria, which laſted above 1000 years, and out of its ruins were formed the Aſſyrians of Babylon, thoſe of Nineveh, and the kingdom of the Medes.
1921 The covenant of God made with Abram, when he leaves Haran to go into Canaan, which begins the 430 years of ſojourning.
1897 The cities of Sodom and Gomorrah are deſtroyed for their wickedneſs, by fire from Heaven.
1856 The kingdom of Argos, in Greece, begins under Inachus.
1822 Memnon, the Egyptian, invents the letters.
1715 Promethus firſt ſtruck fire from flints.
1635 Joſeph dies in Egypt, which concludes the book of Geneſis, containing a period of 2369 years.
1574 Aaron born in Egypt: 1490, appointed by God firſt high-prieſt of the Iſraelites.
1571 Moſes, brother to Aaron, born in Egypt, and adopted by Pharaoh's daughter, who educates him in all the learning of the Egyptians.
1556 Cecrops brings a colony of Saites from Egypt into Attica, and begins the kingdom of Athens, in Greece.
1546 Scamander comes from Crete into Phrygia, and begins the kingdom of Troy.
1493 Cadmus carried the Phœnician letters into Greece, and built the citadel of Thebes.
1491 Moſes performs a number of miracles in Egypt, and departs from that kingdom, together with 600,000 Iſraelites, beſides children; which completed the 430 years of ſojourning. They miraculouſly paſs through the Red Sea, and come to the deſert of Sinai, where Moſes receives from God, and delivers to the people, the Ten Commandments, and the other laws, and ſets up the tabernacle, and in it the ark of the covenant.

1485 The

1485 The firſt ſhip that appeared in Greece was brought from Egypt by Danaus, who arrived at Rhodes, and brought with him his fifty daughters.
1453 The firſt Olympic games celebrated at Olympia, in Greece.
1452 The Pentateuch, or five firſt books of Moſes, are written in the land of Moab, where he died the year following, aged 110.
1451 The Iſraelites, after ſojourning in the wilderneſs forty years, are led under Joſhua into the land of Canaan, where they fix themſelves, after having ſubdued the natives; and the period of the ſabbatical year commences.
1406 Iron is found in Greece from the accidental burning of the woods.
1198 The rape of Helen by Paris, which, in 1193, gave riſe to the Trojan war, and ſiege of Troy by the Greeks, which continued ten years, when that city was taken and burnt.
1048 David is ſole king of Iſrael.
1004 The Temple is ſolemnly dedicated by Solomon.
896 Elijah, the prophet, is tranſlated to Heaven.
894 Money firſt made of gold and ſilver at Argos.
869 The city of Carthage, in Africa, founded by queen Dido.
814 The kingdom of Macedon begins.
753 Æra of the building of Rome in Italy by Romulus, firſt king of the Romans.
720 Samaria taken, after three years ſiege, and the kingdom of Iſrael finiſhed, by Salmanaſar, king of Aſſyria, who carries the ten tribes into captivity.
The firſt eclipſe of the moon on record.
658 Byzantium (now Conſtantinople) built by a colony of Athenians.
604 By order of Necho, king of Egypt, ſome Phœnicians ſailed from the Red Sea round Africa, and returned by the Mediterranean.
600 Thales, of Miletus, travels into Egypt, conſults the prieſts of Memphis, acquires the knowledge of geometry, aſtronomy, and philoſophy; returns to Greece, calculates eclipſes, gives general notions of the univerſe, and maintains that one Supreme Intelligence regulates all its motions.
Maps, globes, and the ſigns of the Zodiac, invented by Anaximander, the ſcholar of Thales.
597 Jehoiakin, king of Judah, is carried away captive, by Nebuchadnezzar, to Babylon.
587 The city of Jeruſalem taken, after a ſiege of 18 months.
562 The firſt comedy at Athens acted upon a moveable ſcaffold.
559 Cyrus the firſt king of Perſia.
538 The kingdom of Babylon finiſhed; that city being taken by Cyrus, who, in 536, iſſues an edict for the return of the Jews.
534 The firſt tragedy was acted at Athens, on a waggon, by Theſpis.
526 Learning is greatly encouraged at Athens, and a public library firſt founded.
515 The ſecond Temple at Jeruſalem is finiſhed under Darius.
509 Tarquin, the ſeventh and laſt king of the Romans, is expelled, and Rome is governed by two conſuls, and other republican magiſtrates, till the battle of Pharſalia, being a ſpace of 461 years.
504 Sardis taken and burnt by the Athenians, which gave occaſion to the Perſian invaſion of Greece.
486 Æſchylus, the Greek poet, firſt gains the prize of tragedy.
481 Xerxes the Great, king of Perſia, begins his expedition againſt Greece.
458 Ezra is ſent from Babylon to Jeruſalem, with the captive Jews, and the veſſels of gold and ſilver, &c. being ſeventy weeks of years, or 490 years before the crucifixion of our Saviour.

454 The

454 The Romans ſend to Athens for Solon's laws.
451 The Decemvirs created at Rome, and the laws of the twelve tables compiled and ratified.
430 The hiſtory of the Old Teſtament finiſhes about this time.
Malachi, the laſt of the prophets.
400 Socrates, the founder of moral philoſophy among the Greeks, believes the immortality of the ſoul, and a ſtate of rewards and puniſhments, for which, and other ſublime doctrines, he is put to death by the Athenians, who ſoon after repent, and erect to his memory a ſtatue of braſs.
331 Alexander the Great, king of Macedon, conquers Darius king of Perſia, and other nations of Aſia. 323, Dies at Babylon, and his empire is divided by his generals into four kingdoms.
285 Dionyſius, of Alexandria, began his aſtronomical æra on Monday June 26, being the firſt who found the exact ſolar year to conſiſt of 365 days, 5 hours, and 49 minutes.
284 Ptolemy Philadelphus, king of Egypt, employs ſeventy-two interpreters to tranſlate the Old Teſtament into the Greek language, which is called the Septuagint.
269 The firſt coining of ſilver at Rome.
264 The firſt Punic war begins, and continues 23 years. The chronology of the Arundelian marbles compoſed.
260 The Romans firſt concern themſelves in naval affairs, and defeat the Carthaginians at ſea.
237 Hamilcar, the Carthaginian, cauſes his ſon Hannibal, at nine years old, to ſwear eternal enmity to the Romans.
218 The ſecond Punic war begins, and continues 17 years. Hannibal paſſes the Alps, and defeats the Romans in ſeveral battles; but, being amuſed by his women, does not improve his victories by the ſtorming of Rome.
190 The firſt Roman army enters Aſia, and from the ſpoils of Antiochus brings the Aſiatic luxury firſt to Rome.
168 Perſeus defeated by the Romans, which ends the Macedonian kingdom.
167 The firſt library erected at Rome, of books brought from Macedonia.
163 The government of Judea under the Maccabees begins, and continues 126 years.
146 Carthage, the rival to Rome, is razed to the ground by the Romans.
135 The hiſtory of the Apocrypha ends.
52 Julius Cæſar makes his firſt expedition into Britain.
47 The battle of Pharſalia between Cæſar and Pompey, in which the latter is defeated.
The Alexandrian library, conſiſting of 400,000 valuable books, burnt by accident.
45 The war of Africa, in which Cato kills himſelf.
The ſolar year introduced by Cæſar.
44 Cæſar, the greateſt of the Roman conquerors, after having fought fifty pitched battles, and ſlain 1,192,000 men, and overturned the liberties of his country, is killed in the ſenate-houſe.
35 The battle of Actium fought, in which Mark Anthony and Cleopatra are totally defeated by Octavius, nephew to Julius Cæſar.
30 Alexandria, in Egypt, is taken by Octavius, upon which Anthony and Cleopatra put themſelves to death, and Egypt is reduced to a Roman province.
27 Octavius, by a decree of the ſenate, obtains the title of Auguſtus Cæſar, and an abſolute exemption from the laws, and is properly the firſt Roman emperor.
8 Rome at this time is fifty miles in circumference, and contains 463,000 men fit to bear arms.

The

The temple of Janus is ſhut by Auguſtus, as an emblem of univerſal peace, and JESUS CHRIST is born on Monday, December 25.

A. C.
12 ——— Diſputes with the doctors in the Temple;
27 ——— is baptized in the Wilderneſs by John;
33 ——— is crucified on Friday, April 3, at 3 o'clock P. M.
His Reſurrection on Sunday, April 5: his Aſcenſion, Thurſday, May 14.
36 St. Paul converted.
39 St. Matthew writes his Goſpel.
Pontius Pilate kills himſelf.
40 The name of Chriſtians firſt given at Antioch to the followers of Chriſt.
43 Claudius Cæſar's expedition into Britain.
44 St. Mark writes his Goſpel.
49 London is founded by the Romans; 368, ſurrounded by Ditto with a wall, ſome parts of which are ſtill obſervable.
51 Caractacus, the Britiſh king, is carried in chains to Rome.
52 The council of the apoſtles at Jeruſalem.
55 St. Luke writes his Goſpel.
59 The emperor Nero puts his mother and brothers to death.
——— perſecutes the Druids in Britain.
61 Boadicea, the Britiſh queen, defeats the Romans; but is conquered ſoon after by Suetonius, governor of Britain.
62 St. Paul is ſent in bonds to Rome—writes his Epiſtles between 51 and 66.
63 The Acts of the Apoſtles written.
Chriſtianity is ſuppoſed to be introduced into Britain by St. Paul, or ſome of his diſciples, about this time.
64 Rome ſet on fire, and burned for ſix days; upon which began (under Nero) the firſt perſecution againſt the Chriſtians.
67 St. Peter and St. Paul put to death.
70 Whilſt the factious Jews are deſtroying one another with mutual fury, Titus, the Roman general, takes Jeruſalem, which is razed to the ground, and the plough made to paſs over it.
83 The philoſophers expelled Rome by Domitian.
85 Julius Agricola, governor of South Britain, to protect the civilized Britons from the incurſions of the Caledonians, builds a line of forts between the rivers Forth and Clyde; defeats the Caledonians under Galgacus on the Grampian hills; and firſt ſails round Britain, which he diſcovers to be an iſland.
96 St. John the Evangeliſt wrote his Revelation—his Goſpel in 98.
121 The Caledonians reconquer from the Romans all the ſouthern parts of Scotland; upon which the emperor Adrian builds a wall between Newcaſtle and Carliſle; but this alſo proving ineffectual, Pollius Urbicus, the Roman general, about the year 144, repairs Agricola's forts, which he joins by a wall four yards thick.
135 The ſecond Jewiſh war ends, when they were all baniſhed Judæa.
139 Juſtin writes his firſt Apology for the Chriſtians.
141 A number of hereſies appear about this time.
152 The emperor Antoninus Pius ſtops the perſecution againſt the Chriſtians.
217 The Septuagint ſaid to be found in a caſk.
222 About this time the Roman empire begins to ſink under its own weight. The Barbarians begin their irruptions, and the Goths have annual tribute not to moleſt the empire.
260 Valerius is taken priſoner by Sapor, king of Perſia, and flayed alive.

274 Silk firſt brought from India: the manufactory of it introduced into Europe by ſome monks, 551; firſt worn by the clergy in England, 1534.
291 Two emperors, and two Cæſars, march to defend the four quarters of the empire.
306 Conſtantine the Great begins his reign.
308 Cardinals firſt began.
313 The tenth perſecution ends by an edict of Conſtantine, who favours the Chriſtians, and gives full liberty to their religion.
314 Three biſhops, or fathers, are ſent from Britain to aſſiſt at the council of Arles.
325 The firſt general council at Nice, when 318 fathers attended, againſt Arius, where was compoſed the famous Nicene Creed, which we attribute to them.
328 Conſtantine removes the ſeat of empire from Rome to Byzantium, which is thenceforwards called Conſtantinople.
331 ——— orders all the heathen temples to be deſtroyed.
363 The Roman emperor Julian, ſurnamed the Apoſtate, endeavours in vain to rebuild the temple of Jeruſalem.
364 The Roman empire is divided into the eaſtern (Conſtantinople the capital) and weſtern (of which Rome continued to be the capital) each being now under the government of different emperors.
400 Bells invented by biſhop Paulinus, of Campagnia.
404 The kingdom of Caledonia, or Scotland, revives under Fergus.
406 The Vandals, Alans, and Suevi, ſpread into France and Spain, by a conceſſion of Honorius, emperor of the Weſt.
410 Rome taken and plundered by Alaric, king of the Viſi-Goths.
412 The Vandals begin their kingdom in Spain.
420 The kingdom of France begins upon the Lower Rhine, under Pharamond.
426 The Romans, reduced to extremities at home, withdraw their troops from Britain, and never return; adviſing the Britons to arm in their own defence, and truſt to their own valour.
446 The Britons, now left to themſelves, are greatly harraſſed by the Scots and Picts, upon which they once more make their complaint to the Romans, but receive no aſſiſtance from that quarter.
447 Attila (ſurnamed the Scourge of God) with his Huns, ravages the Roman empire.
449 Vortigern, king of the Britons, invites the Saxons into Britain, againſt the Scots and Picts.
455 The Saxons having repulſed the Scots and Picts, invite over more of their countrymen, and begin to eſtabliſh themſelves in Kent, under Hengiſt.
476 The weſtern empire is finiſhed, 523 years after the battle of Pharſalia; upon the ruins of which ſeveral new ſtates ariſe in Italy and other parts, conſiſting of Goths, Vandals, Huns, and other Barbarians, under whom literature is extinguiſhed, and the works of the learned are deſtroyed.
496 Clovis, king of France, baptized, and Chriſtianity begins in that kingdom.
508 Prince Arthur begins his reign over the Britons.
513 Conſtantinople beſieged by Vitalianus, whoſe fleet is burned by a ſpeculum of braſs.
516 The computing of time by the Chriſtian æra is introduced by Dionyſius the monk.
529 The code of Juſtinian, the eaſtern emperor, is publiſhed.
557 A terrible plague all over Europe, Aſia, and Africa, which continues near 50 years.
581 Latin ceaſed to be ſpoken about this time in Italy.
596 Auguſtine the monk comes into England with forty monks.

606 Here begins the power of the popes, by the conceſſions of Phocas, emperor of the eaſt.
622 Mahomet, the falſe prophet, flies from Mecca to Medina, in Arabia, in the 44th year of his age and 10th of his miniſtry, when he laid the foundation of the Saracen empire, and from whom the Mahometan princes to this day claim their deſcent. His followers compute their time from this æra, which in Arabic is called Hegira, i. e. the Flight.
637 Jeruſalem is taken by the Saracens, or followers of Mahomet.
640 Alexandria in Egypt is taken by Ditto, and the grand library there burnt by order of Omar, their caliph or prince.
653 The Saracens now extend their conqueſts on every ſide, and retaliate the barbarities of the Goths and Vandals upon their poſterity.
664 Glaſs invented in England by Benalt, a monk.
685 The Britons, after a brave ſtruggle of near 150 years, are totally expelled by the Saxons, and driven into Wales and Cornwall.
713 The Saracens conquer Spain.
726 The controverſy about images begins, and occaſions many inſurrections in the eaſtern empire.
748 The computing of years from the birth of Chriſt began to be uſed in hiſtory.
749 The race of Abbas became caliphs of the Saracens, and encourage learning.
762 The city of Bagdad upon the Tigris is made the capital for the caliphs of the houſe of Abbas.
800 Charlemagne, king of France, begins the empire of Germany, afterwards called the weſtern empire; gives the preſent names to the winds and months; endeavours to reſtore learning in Europe; but mankind are not yet diſpoſed for it, being ſolely engroſſed in military enterprizes.
826 Harold, king of Denmark, dethroned by his ſubjects, for being a Chriſtian.
828 Egbert, king of Weſſex, unites the Heptarchy, by the name of England.
836 The Flemings trade to Scotland for fiſh.
838 The Scots and Picts have a deciſive battle, in which the former prevail, and both kingdoms are united by Kenneth, which begins the ſecond period of the Scottiſh hiſtory.
867 The Danes begin their ravages in England.
896 Alfred the Great, after ſubduing the Daniſh invaders (againſt whom he fought 56 battles by ſea and land), compoſes his body of laws; divides England into counties, hundreds, and tythings; erects county courts, and founds the univerſity of Oxford, about this time.
915 The univerſity of Cambridge founded.
936 The Saracen empire is divided by uſurpation into ſeven kingdoms.
975 Pope Boniface VII. is depoſed and baniſhed for his crimes.
979 Coronation oaths ſaid to be firſt uſed in England.
991 The figures in arithmetic are brought into Europe by the Saracens from Arabia. Letters of the alphabet were hitherto uſed.
996 Otho III. makes the empire of Germany elective.
999 Boleſlaus, the firſt king of Poland.
1000 Paper made of cotton rags was in uſe; that of linen rags in 1170: the manufactory introduced into England at Dartford, 1588.
1005 All the old churches are rebuilt about this time in a new manner of architecture.
1015 Children forbidden by law to be ſold by their parents in England.
1017 Canute, king of Denmark, gets poſſeſſion of England.
1040 The Danes, after ſeveral engagements with various ſucceſs, are about this time driven out of Scotland, and never again return in a hoſtile manner.
1041 The Saxon line reſtored under Edward the Confeſſor.
1043 The Turks (a nation of adventurers from Tartary, ſerving hitherto in the armies of contending princes) become formidable, and take poſſeſſion of Perſia.

1054 Leo IX. the firſt pope that kept up an army.
1057 Malcolm III. king of Scotland, kills the tyrant Macbeth at Dunſinane, and marries the princeſs Margaret, ſiſter to Edgar Atheling.
1065 The Turks take Jeruſalem from the Saracens.
1066 The battle of Haſtings fought, between Harold and William (furnamed the baſtard) duke of Normandy, in which Harold is conquered and ſlain, after which William becomes king of England.
1070 William introduces the feudal law.
Muſical notes invented.
1075 Henry IV. emperor of Germany, and the pope, quarrel about the nomination of the German biſhops. Henry, in penance, walks barefooted to the pope, towards the end of January.
1076 Juſtices of the peace firſt appointed in England.
1080 Doomſday-book began to be compiled by order of William, from a ſurvey of all the eſtates in England, and finiſhed in 1086.
The Tower of London built by Ditto, to curb his Engliſh ſubjects; numbers of whom fly to Scotland, where they introduce the Saxon or Engliſh language, are protected by Malcolm, and have lands given them.
1091 The Saracens in Spain, being hard preſſed by the Spaniards, call to their aſſiſtance Joſeph, king of Morocco; by which the Moors get poſſeſſion of all the Saracen dominions in Spain.
1096 The firſt cruſade to the Holy Land is begun under ſeveral Chriſtian princes, to drive the infidels from Jeruſalem.
1110 Edgar Atheling, the laſt of the Saxon princes, dies in England, where he had been permitted to reſide as a ſubject.
1118 The order of the Knights Templars inſtituted, to defend the Sepulchre at Jeruſalem, and to protect Chriſtian ſtrangers.
1151 The canon law collected by Gratian, a monk of Bologna.
1163 London bridge, conſiſting of 19 ſmall arches, firſt built of ſtone.
1164 The Teutonic order of religious knights begins in Germany.
1172 Henry II. king of England (and firſt of the Plantagenets) takes poſſeſſion of Ireland; which, from that period, has been governed by an Engliſh viceroy, or lord lieutenant.
1176 England is divided, by Henry, into ſix circuits, and juſtice is diſpenſed by itinerant judges.
1180 Glaſs windows began to be uſed in private houſes in England.
1181 The laws of England are digeſted about this time by Glanville.
1182 Pope Alexander III. compelled the kings of England and France to hold the ſtirrups of his ſaddle when he mounted his horſe.
1186 The great conjunction of the ſun and moon and all the planets in Libra, happened in September.
1192 The battle of Aſcalon, in Judæa, in which Richard, king of England, defeats Saladine's army, conſiſting of 300,000 combatants.
1194 *Dieu et mon Droit* firſt uſed as a motto by Richard, on a victory over the French.
1200 Chimneys were not known in England.
Surnames now began to be uſed; firſt among the nobility.
1208 London incorporated, and obtained their firſt charter, for electing their Lord Mayor and other magiſtrates, from king John.
1215 Magna Charta, is ſigned by king John and the barons of England.
Court of Common Pleas eſtabliſhed.
1227 The Tartars, a new race of heroes, under Gingis-Kan, emerge from the northern parts of Aſia, over-run all the Saracen empire, and, in imitation of former conquerors, carry death and deſolation wherever they march.
1233 The Inquiſition, begun in 1204, is now truſted to the Dominicans.

1233 The houſes of London, and other cities in England, France, and Germany, ſtill thatched with ſtraw.
1253 The famous aſtronomical tables are compoſed by Alonzo, king of Caſtile.
1258 The Tartars take Bagdad, which finiſhes the empire of the Saracens.
1263 Acho, king of Norway, invades Scotland with 160 ſail, and lands 20,000 men at the mouth of the Clyde, who are cut to pieces by Alexander III. who recovers the weſtern iſles.
1264 According to ſome writers, the commons of England were not ſummoned to parliament till this period.
1269 The Hamburgh company incorporated in England.
1273 The empire of the preſent Auſtrian family begins in Germany.
1282 Llewellyn, prince of Wales, defeated and killed by Edward I. who unites that principality to England.
1284 Edward II. born at Caernarvon, is the firſt prince of Wales.
1285 Alexander III. king of Scotland, dies, and that kingdom is diſputed by twelve candidates, who ſubmit their claims to the arbitration of Edward, king of England; which lays the foundation of a long and deſolating war between both nations.
1293 There is a regular ſucceſſion of Engliſh parliaments from this year, being the 22d of Edward I.
1298 The preſent Turkiſh empire begins in Bithynia under Ottoman.
Silver-hafted knives, ſpoons, and cups, a great luxury.
Tallow candles ſo great a luxury, that ſplinters of wood were uſed for lights.
Wine ſold by apothecaries as a cordial.
1302 The mariner's compaſs invented, or improved, by Givia, of Naples.
1307 The beginning of the Swiſs cantons.
1308 The popes remove to Avignon, in France, for 70 years.
1310 Lincoln's Inn ſociety eſtabliſhed.
1314 The battle of Bannockburn, between Edward II. and Robert Bruce, which eſtabliſhes the latter on the throne of Scotland.
The cardinals ſet fire to the conclave, and ſeparate. A vacancy in the papal chair for two years.
1320 Gold firſt coined in Chriſtendom; 1344, ditto in England.
1336 Two Brabant weavers ſettle at York, which, ſays Edward III. may prove of great benefit to us and our ſubjects.
1337 The firſt comet whoſe courſe is deſcribed with an aſtronomical exactneſs.
1340 Gunpowder and guns firſt invented by Swartz, a monk of Cologn; 1346, Edward III. had four pieces of cannon, which contributed to gain him the battle of Creſſy; 1346, bombs and mortars were invented.
Oil-painting firſt made uſe of by John Vaneck.
Heralds college inſtituted in England.
1344 The firſt creation to titles by patents uſed by Edward III.
1346 The battle of Durham, in which David, king of Scots, is taken priſoner.
1349 The order of the Garter inſtituted in England by Edward III. altered in 1557, and conſiſts of 26 knights.
1352 The Turks firſt enter Europe.
1354 The money in Scotland till now the ſame as in England.
1356 The battle of Poictiers, in which king John of France, and his ſon, are taken priſoners by Edward the Black Prince.
1357 Coals firſt brought to London.
1358 Arms of England and France firſt quartered by Edward III.
1362 The law pleadings in England changed from French to Engliſh, as a favour of Edward III. to his people.
John Wickliffe, an Engliſhman, begins about this time to oppoſe the errors

of the church of Rome with great acuteneſs and ſpirit. His followers are called Lollards.

1386 A company of linen-weavers, from the Netherlands, eſtabliſhed in London.
Windſor-caſtle built by Edward III.

1388 The battle of Otterburn, between Hotſpur and the earl of Douglas.

1391 Cards invented in France for the king's amuſement.

1399 Weſtminſter abbey built and enlarged—Weſtminſter hall ditto.
Order of the Bath inſtituted at the coronation of Henry IV.; renewed in 1725, conſiſting of 38 knights.

1410 Guildhall, London, built.

1411 The univerſity of St. Andrew's in Scotland founded.

1415 The battle of Agincourt gained over the French by Henry V. of England.

1428 The ſiege of Orleans, the firſt blow to the Engliſh power in France.

1430 About this time Laurentius of Harleim invented the art of printing, which he practiſed with ſeparate wooden types. Guttemburgh afterwards invented cut metal types: but the art was carried to perfection by Peter Schoeffer, who invented the mode of caſting the types in matrices. Frederick Corſellis began to print at Oxford, in 1468, with wooden types; but it was William Caxton who introduced into England the art of printing with fuſile types, in 1474.

1446 The Vatican library founded at Rome.
The ſea breaks in at Dort, in Holland, and drowns 100,000 people.

1453 Conſtantinople taken by the Turks, which ends the Eaſtern empire, 1123 years from its dedication by Conſtantine the Great, and 2206 years from the foundation of Rome.

1454 The univerſity of Glaſgow, in Scotland, founded.

1460 Engraving and etching in copper invented.

1477 The univerſity of Aberdeen, in Scotland, founded.

1483 Richard III. king of England, and laſt of the Plantagenets, is defeated and killed at the battle of Boſworth, by Henry (Tudor) VII. which puts an end to the civil wars between the houſes of York and Lancaſter, after a conteſt of 30 years, and the loſs of 100,000 men.

1486 Henry eſtabliſhes fifty yeomen of the guards, the firſt ſtanding army.

1489 Maps and ſea-charts firſt brought to England by Barth. Columbus.

1491 William Grocyn publicly teaches the Greek language at Oxford.
The Moors, hitherto a formidable enemy to the native Spaniards, are entirely ſubdued by Ferdinand, and become ſubjects to that prince on certain conditions, which are ill obſerved by the Spaniards, whoſe clergy employ the powers of the Inquiſition, with all its tortures; and in 1609, near one million of the Moors are driven from Spain to the oppoſite coaſt of Africa, from whence they originally came.

1492 America firſt diſcovered by Columbus, a Genoeſe, in the ſervice of Spain.

1494 Algebra firſt known in Europe.

1497 The Portugueſe firſt ſail to the Eaſt Indies by the Cape of Good Hope.
South America diſcovered by Americus Veſpuſius, from whom it has its name.

1499 North America ditto, for Henry VII. by Cabot.

1500 Maximilian divides the empire of Germany into ſix circles, and adds four more in 1512.

1505 Shillings firſt coined in England.

1509 Gardening introduced into England from the Netherlands, from whence vegetables were imported hitherto.

1513 The battle of Flowden, in which James IV. of Scotland is killed, with the flower of his nobility.

1517 Martin Luther began the Reformation.
Egypt is conquered by the Turks.

1518 Magellan,

1518 Magellan, in the ſervice of Spain, firſt diſcovers the ſtraits of that name in South America.
1520 Henry VIII. for his writings in favour of popery, receives the title of Defender of the Faith from his Holineſs.
1529 The name of Proteſtant takes its riſe from the Reformed proteſting againſt the church of Rome, at the diet of Spires in Germany.
1534 The Reformation takes place in England, under Henry VIII.
1537 Religious houſes diſſolved by Ditto.
1539 The firſt Engliſh edition of the Bible authorized; the preſent tranſlation finiſhed 1611.
About this time cannon began to be uſed in ſhips.
1543 Silk ſtockings firſt worn by the French king; firſt worn in England by queen Elizabeth, 1561; the ſteel frame for weaving invented by the Rev. Mr. Lee, of St. John's College, Cambridge, 1589.
Pins firſt uſed in England, before which time the ladies uſed ſkewers.
1544 Good lands let in England at one ſhilling per acre.
1545 The famous council of Trent begins, and continues 18 years.
1546 Firſt law in England, eſtabliſhing the intereſt of money at ten *per cent.*
1549 Lords lieutenants of counties inſtituted in England.
1550 Horſe guards inſtituted in England.
1555 The Ruſſian company eſtabliſhed in England.
1558 Queen Elizabeth begins her reign.
1560 The Reformation in Scotland completed by John Knox.
1563 Knives firſt made in England.
1569 Royal Exchange firſt built.
1572 The great maſſacre of Proteſtants at Paris.
1579 The Dutch ſhake off the Spaniſh yoke, and the republic of Holland begins.
Engliſh Eaſt India company incorporated—eſtabliſhed 1600.
——— Turkey company incorporated.
1580 Sir Francis Drake returns from his voyage round the world, being the firſt Engliſh circumnavigator.
Parochial regiſter firſt appointed in England.
1582 Pope Gregory introduces the New Style in Italy; the 5th of October being counted 15.
1583 Tobacco firſt brought from Virginia into England.
1587 Mary queen of Scots is beheaded by order of Elizabeth, after 18 years impriſonment.
1588 The Spaniſh Armada deſtroyed by Drake and other Engliſh admirals.
Henry IV. paſſes the edict of Nantes, tolerating the Proteſtants.
1589 Coaches firſt introduced into England; hackney act 1693; increaſed to 1000, in 1770.
1590 Band of penſioners inſtituted in England.
1591 Trinity College, Dublin, founded.
1597 Watches firſt brought into England from Germany.
1602 Decimal arithmetic invented at Bruges.
1603 Queen Elizabeth (the laſt of the Tudors) dies, and nominates James VI. of Scotland (and firſt of the Stuarts) as her ſucceſſor; which unites both kingdoms under the name of Great Britain.
1605 The gunpowder-plot diſcovered at Weſtminſter; being a project of the Roman catholics to blow up the king and both houſes of parliament.
1606 Oaths of allegiance firſt adminiſtered in England.
1608 Galileo, of Florence, firſt diſcovers the ſatellites about the planet Saturn, by the teleſcope, then juſt invented in Holland.
1610 Henry IV. is murdered at Paris, by Ravaillac, a prieſt.
1611 Baronets firſt created in England, by James I.
1614 Napier, of Marcheſton, in Scotland, invents the logarithms.

1614 Sir Hugh Middleton brings the New River to London from Ware.
1616 The firſt permanent ſettlement in Virginia.
1619 Dr. W. Harvey, an Engliſhman, diſcovers the doctrine of the circulation of the blood.
1620 The broad ſilk manufactory from raw ſilk introduced into England.
1621 New England planted by the Puritans.
1625 King James dies, and is ſucceeded by his ſon, Charles I.
The iſland of Barbadoes, the firſt Engliſh ſettlement in the Weſt Indies, is planted.
1632 The battle of Lutzen, in which Guſtavus Adolphus, king of Sweden, and head of the Proteſtants in Germany, is killed.
1635 Province of Maryland planted by lord Baltimore.
Regular poſts eſtabliſhed from London to Scotland, Ireland, &c.
1640 King Charles diſobliges his Scottiſh ſubjects, on which their army, under general Leſley, enters England, and takes Newcaſtle, being encouraged by the malcontents in England.
The maſſacre in Ireland, when 40,000 Engliſh Proteſtants were killed.
1642 King Charles impeaches five members, who had oppoſed his arbitrary meaſures, which begins the civil war in England.
1643 Exciſe on beer, ale, &c. firſt impoſed by parliament.
1649 Charles I. beheaded at Whitehall, January 30, aged 49.
1654 Cromwell aſſumes the protectorſhip.
1655 The Engliſh, under admiral Penn, take Jamaica from the Spaniards.
1658 Cromwell dies, and is ſucceeded in the Protectorſhip by his ſon Richard.
1660 King Charles II. is reſtored by Monk, commander of the army, after an exile of twelve years in France and Holland.
Epiſcopacy reſtored in England and Scotland.
The people of Denmark, being oppreſſed by the nobles, ſurrender their privileges to Frederic III. who becomes abſolute.
1662 The Royal Society eſtabliſhed at London, by Charles II.
1663 Carolina planted; 1728, divided into two ſeparate governments.
1664 The New Netherlands, in North America, conquered from the Swedes and Dutch, by the Engliſh.
1665 The plague rages in London, and carries off 68,000 perſons.
1666 The great fire of London began Sept. 2, and continued three days, in which were deſtroyed 13,000 houſes, and 400 ſtreets.
Tea firſt uſed in England.
1667 The peace of Breda, which confirms to the Engliſh the New Netherlands, now known by the names of Pennſylvania, New York, and New Jerſey.
1668 ——— ditto, Aix-la-Chapelle.
St. James's Park planted, and made a thoroughfare for public uſe by Charles II.
1670 The Engliſh Hudſon's Bay company incorporated.
1672 Lewis XIV. over-runs great part of Holland, when the Dutch open their ſluices, being determined to drown their country, and retire to their ſettlements in the Eaſt Indies.
African company eſtabliſhed.
1678 The peace of Nimeguen.
The habeas corpus act paſſed.
1680 A great comet appeared, and, from its nearneſs to our earth, alarmed the inhabitants. It continued viſible from Nov. 3 to March 9.
William Penn, a Quaker, receives a charter for planting Pennſylvania.
1683 India ſtock ſold from 360 to 500 per cent.
1685 Charles II. dies, aged 55; and is ſucceeded by his brother, James II.
The duke of Monmouth, natural ſon to Charles II. raiſes a rebellion, but is defeated at the battle of Sedgmoor, and beheaded.

1685 The

1685 The edict of Nantes infamouſly revoked by Lewis XIV. and the Proteſtants cruelly perſecuted.
1687 The palace of Verſailles, near Paris, finiſhed by Lewis XIV.
1688 The Revolution in Great Britain begins, Nov. 5. King James abdicates, and retires to France, December 3.
King William and queen Mary, daughter and ſon-in-law to James, are proclaimed February 16.
Viſcount Dundee ſtands out for James in Scotland, but is killed by general Mackey, at the battle of Killycrankie, upon which the Highlanders, wearied with repeated misfortunes, diſperſe.
1689 The land-tax paſſed in England.
The toleration act paſſed in Ditto.
Several biſhops are deprived for not taking the oath to king William.
William Fuller, who pretended to prove the prince of Wales ſpurious, was voted by the commons to be a notorious cheat, impoſtor, and falſe accuſer.
1690 The battle of the Boyne, gained by William againſt James in Ireland.
1691 The war in Ireland finiſhed, by the ſurrender of Limerick to William.
1692 The Engliſh and Dutch fleets, commanded by admiral Ruſſel, defeat the French fleet off La Hogue.
1693 Bayonets at the end of loaded muſkets firſt uſed by the French againſt the Confederates in the battle of Turin.
The duchy of Hanover made the ninth electorate.
Bank of England eſtabliſhed by king William.
The firſt public lottery was drawn this year.
Maſſacre of Highlanders at Glencoe, by king William's troops.
1694 Queen Mary dies at the age of 33, and William reigns alone.
Stamp duties inſtituted in England.
1696 The peace of Ryſwick.
1699 The Scots ſettled a colony at the iſthmus of Darien, in America, and called it Caledonia.
1700 Charles XII. of Sweden begins his reign.
King James II. dies at St. Germains, in the 68th year of his age.
1701 Pruſſia erected into a kingdom.
Society for the propagation of the Goſpel in foreign parts eſtabliſhed.
1702 King William dies, aged 50, and is ſucceeded by queen Anne, daughter to James II. who, with the emperor and States General, renews the war againſt France and Spain.
1704 Gibraltar taken from the Spaniards, by admiral Rooke.
The battle of Blenheim won by the duke of Marlborough and allies, againſt the French.
The court of Exchequer inſtituted in England.
1706 The treaty of Union betwixt England and Scotland, ſigned July 22.
The battle of Ramillies won by Marlborough and the allies.
1707 The firſt Britiſh parliament.
1708 Minorca taken from the Spaniards by general Stanhope.
The battle of Oudenarde won by Marlborough and the allies.
Sardinia erected into a kingdom, and given to the duke of Savoy.
1709 Peter the Great, czar of Muſcovy, defeats Charles XII. at Pultowa, who flies to Turkey.
The battle of Malplaquet won by Marlborough and the allies.
1710 Queen Anne changes the Whig miniſtry for others more favourable to the intereſt of her brother, the late Pretender.
The cathedral church of St. Paul, London, rebuilt by Sir Chriſtopher Wren, in 37 years, at one million expence, by a duty on coals.
The Engliſh South-Sea company began.

1712 Duke of Hamilton and lord Mohun killed in a duel in Hyde-Park.
1713 The peace of Utrecht, whereby Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, New Britain, and Hudſon's Bay, in North America, were yielded to Great Britain; Gibraltar and Minorca, in Europe, were alſo confirmed to the ſaid crown by this treaty.
1714 Queen Ann dies, at the age of fifty, and is ſucceeded by George I.
Intereſt reduced to five *per cent.*
1715 Lewis XIV. dies, and is ſucceeded by his great-grandſon, Lewis XV. the late king of France.
The rebellion in Scotland begins in September, under the earl of Mar, in favour of the Pretender. The action of Sheriff-muir, and the ſurrender of Preſton, both in November, when the rebels diſperſe.
1716 The Pretender married to the princeſs Sobieſki, grand-daughter of John Sobieſki, late king of Poland.
An act paſſed for ſeptennial parliaments.
1719 The Miſſiſſipi ſcheme at its height in France.
Lombe's ſilk-throwing machine, containing 26,586 wheels, erected at Derby; takes up one-eighth of a mile; one water-wheel moves the reſt; and in 24 hours it works 318,504,960 yards of organzine ſilk thread.
The South-Sea ſcheme in England begun April 7; was at its height at the end of June; and quite ſunk about September 29.
1727 King George I. dies, in the 68th year of his age; and is ſucceeded by his only ſon, George II.
Inoculation firſt tried on criminals with ſucceſs.
Ruſſia, formerly a dukedom, is now eſtabliſhed as an empire.
1732 Kouli Khan uſurps the Perſian throne, conquers the Mogul empire, and returns with two hundred and thirty-one millions ſterling.
Several public-ſpirited gentlemen begin the ſettlement of Georgia, in North America.
1736 Capt. Porteus, having ordered his ſoldiers to fire upon the populace at the execution of a ſmuggler, is himſelf hanged by the mob at Edinburgh.
1738 Weſtminſter-Bridge, conſiſting of fifteen arches, begun; finiſhed in 1750, at the expence of 389,000 l. defrayed by parliament.
1739 Letters of marque iſſued out in Britain againſt Spain, July 21, and war declared October 23.
1743 The battle of Dettingen won by the Engliſh and allies, in favour of the queen of Hungary.
1744 War declared againſt France. Commodore Anſon returns from his voyage round the world.
1745 The allies loſe the battle of Fontenoy.
The rebellion breaks out in Scotland, and the Pretender's army defeated by the duke of Cumberland, at Culloden, April 16, 1746.
1746 Britiſh Linen Company erected.
1748 The peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, by which a reſtitution of all places, taken during the war, was to be made on all ſides.
1749 The intereſt of the Britiſh funds reduced to three *per cent.*
Britiſh herring fiſhery incorporated.
1751 Frederic, prince of Wales, father to his preſent majeſty, died.
Antiquarian ſociety at London incorporated.
1752 The new ſtyle introduced into Great Britain; the third of September being counted the fourteenth.
1753 The Britiſh Muſeum erected at Montagu-houſe.
Society of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, inſtituted in London.
1755 Liſbon deſtroyed by an earthquake.
1756 146 Engliſhmen are confined in the black hole at Calcutta, in the Eaſt Indies, by order of the Nabob, and 123 found dead next morning.

1756 Marine

1756 Marine ſociety eſtabliſhed at London.
1757 Damien attempted to aſſaſſinate the French king.
1759 General Wolfe is killed in the battle of Quebec, which is gained by the Engliſh.
1760 King George II. dies, October 25, in the 77th year of his age, and is ſucceeded by his preſent majeſty, who, on the 22d of September, 1761, married the princeſs Charlotte of Mecklenburgh Strelitz.
Black-Friars bridge, conſiſting of nine arches, begun; finiſhed 1770, at the expence of 52,840l. to be diſcharged by a toll. Toll taken off 1785.
1762 War declared againſt Spain.
Peter III. emperor of Ruſſia, is depoſed, impriſoned, and murdered.
American Philoſophical Society eſtabliſhed in Philadelphia.
George Auguſtus Frederic, prince of Wales, born Auguſt 12.
1763 The definitive treaty of peace between Great Britain, France, Spain, and Portugal, concluded at Paris, February 10, which confirms to Great Britain the extenſive provinces of Canada, Eaſt and Weſt Florida, and part of Louiſiana, in North America; alſo the iſlands of Granada, St. Vincent, Dominica, and Tobago, in the Weſt Indies.
1764 The parliament granted 10,000l. to Mr. Harriſon, for his diſcovery of the longitude by his time-piece.
1765 His majeſty's royal charter paſſed for incorporating the Society of Artiſts.
An act paſſed annexing the ſovereignty of the iſland of Man to the crown of Great Britain.
1766 April 21, a ſpot or macula of the ſun, more than thrice the bigneſs of our earth, paſſed the ſun's centre.
1768 Academy of painting eſtabliſhed in London.
The Turks impriſon the Ruſſian ambaſſador, and declare war againſt that empire.
1771 Dr. Solander and Mr. Banks, in his majeſty's ſhip the Endeavour, lieut. Cook, return from a voyage round the world, having made ſeveral important diſcoveries in the South Seas.
1772 The king of Sweden changes the conſtitution of that kingdom.
The Pretender marries a princeſs of Germany, grand-daughter of Thomas, late earl of Ayleſbury.
The emperor of Germany, empreſs of Ruſſia, and the king of Pruſſia, ſtrip the king of Poland of great part of his dominions, which they divide among themſelves, in violation of the moſt ſolemn treaties.
1773 Captain Phipps is ſent to explore the North Pole, but having made eighty-one degrees, is in danger of being locked up by the ice, and his attempt to diſcover a paſſage in that quarter proves fruitleſs.
The Jeſuits expelled from the pope's dominions.
The Engliſh Eaſt India company having, by conqueſt or treaty, acquired the extenſive provinces of Bengal, Orixa, and Bahar, containing fifteen millions of inhabitants, great irregularities are committed by their ſervants abroad, upon which government interferes, and ſends out judges, &c. for the better adminiſtration of juſtice.
The war between the Ruſſians and Turks proves diſgraceful to the latter, who loſe the iſlands in the Archipelago, and by ſea are every where unſucceſsful.
1774 Peace is proclaimed between the Ruſſians and Turks.
The Britiſh parliament having paſſed an act, laying a duty of three pence per pound upon all teas imported into America, the Coloniſts, conſidering this as a grievance, deny the right of the Britiſh parliament to tax them.
Deputies from the ſeveral American colonies meet at Philadelphia, as the firſt General Congreſs, Sept. 5.

1774 Firſt

1774 First petition of Congreſs to the King, Nov.

1775 April 19, The firſt action happens in America between the king's troops and the provincials at Lexington.

May 20, Articles of confederation and perpetual union between the American provinces.

June 17, A bloody action at Bunker's Hill, between the royal troops and the Americans.

1776 March 17, The town of Boſton evacuated by the King's troops.

An unſucceſsful attempt, in July, made by commodore Sir Peter Parker, and lieutenant general Clinton, upon Charles Town, in South Carolina.

The Congreſs declare the American colonies Free and Independent States, July 4.

The Americans are driven from Long Iſland, New York, in Auguſt, with great loſs, and great numbers of them taken priſoners; and the city of New York is afterwards taken poſſeſſion of by the king's troops.

December 25, General Waſhington takes 900 of the Heſſians priſoners at Trenton.

Torture aboliſhed in Poland.

1777 General Howe takes poſſeſſion of Philadelphia.

Lieutenant-general Burgoyne is obliged to ſurrender his army, at Saratoga, in Canada, by convention, to the American army under the command of the generals Gates and Arnold, October 17.

1778 A treaty of alliance concluded at Paris between the French king and the thirteen united American colonies, in which their independence is acknowledged by the court of France, February 6.

The remains of the earl of Chatham interred at the public expence in Weſtminſter-Abbey, June 9, in conſequence of a vote of parliament.

The earl of Carliſle, William Eden, Eſq; and George Johnſtone, Eſq; arrive at Philadelphia, the beginning of June, as commiſſioners for reſtoring peace between Great Britain and America.

Philadelphia evacuated by the king's troops, June 18.

The Congreſs refuſe to treat with the Britiſh commiſſioners, unleſs the independence of the American colonies were firſt acknowledged, or the king's fleets and armies withdrawn from America.

An engagement fought off Breſt between the Engliſh fleet under the command of admiral Keppel, and the French fleet under the command of the count d'Orvilliers, July 27.

Dominica taken by the French, Sept. 7.

Pondicherry ſurrenders to the arms of Great Britain, Oct. 17.

St. Lucia taken from the French, Dec. 28.

1779 St. Vincent's taken by the French.

Grenada taken by the French, July 3.

1780 Torture in courts of juſtice aboliſhed in France.

The Inquiſition aboliſhed in the duke of Modena's dominions.

Admiral Rodney takes twenty-two ſail of Spaniſh ſhips, Jan. 8.

The ſame admiral alſo engages a Spaniſh fleet under the command of Don Juan de Langara, near Cape St. Vincent, and takes five ſhips of the line, one more being driven on ſhore, and another blown up, Jan. 16.

Three actions between admiral Rodney and the count de Guichen, in the Weſt Indies, in the months of April and May; but none of them deciſive.

Charles Town, South Carolina, ſurrenders to Sir Henry Clinton, May 4.

Penſacola, and the whole province of Weſt Florida, ſurrender to the arms of the king of Spain, May 9.

The Proteſtant Aſſociation, to the number of 50,000, go up to the Houſe

of

of Commons, with their petition for the repeal of an act paſſed in favour of the Papiſts, June 2.

1780 That event followed by the moſt daring riots, in the cities of London, and in Southwark, for ſeveral ſucceſſive days, in which ſome Popiſh chapels are deſtroyed, together with the priſons of Newgate, the King's Bench, the Fleet, ſeveral private houſes, &c. Theſe alarming riots are at length ſuppreſſed by the interpoſition of the military, and many of the rioters tried and executed for felony.

Five Engliſh Eaſt Indiamen, and fifty Engliſh merchant ſhips bound for the Weſt Indies, taken by the combined fleets of France and Spain, Aug. 8.

Earl Cornwallis obtains a ſignal victory over general Gates, near Camden, in South Carolina, in which above 1000 American priſoners are taken, Aug. 16.

Mr. Laurens, late preſident of the Congreſs, taken in an American packet, near Newfoundland, Sept. 3.

General Arnold deſerts the ſervice of the Congreſs, eſcapes to New York, and is made a brigadier-general in the royal ſervice, Sept. 24.

Major André, adjutant-general to the Britiſh army, hanged as a ſpy at Tappan, in the province of New York, Oct. 2.

Mr. Laurens is committed priſoner to the Tower, on a charge of high treaſon, October 4.

Dreadful hurricanes in the Weſt Indies, by which great devaſtation is made in Jamaica, Barbadoes, St. Lucia, Dominica, and other Iſlands, Oct. 3 and 10.

A declaration of hoſtilities publiſhed againſt Holland, Dec. 20.

1781 The Dutch iſland of St. Euſtatia taken by admiral Rodney and general Vaughan, Feb. 3. Retaken by the French, Nov. 27.

Earl Cornwallis obtains a victory, but with conſiderable loſs, over the Americans under general Green, at Guildford, in North Carolina, March 15.

The iſland of Tobago taken by the French, June 2.

A bloody engagement fought between an Engliſh ſquadron under the command of admiral Parker, and a Dutch ſquadron under the command of admiral Zoutman, off the Dogger-bank, Aug. 5.

Earl Cornwallis, with a conſiderable Britiſh army, ſurrendered priſoners of war to the American and French troops, under the command of general Waſhington, and count Rochambeau, at York-town, in Virginia, Oct. 19.

1782 Trincomale, on the iſland of Ceylon, taken by admiral Hughes, Jan. 11.

Minorca ſurrendered to the arms of the king of Spain, Feb. 5.

The iſland of St. Chriſtopher taken by the French, Feb. 12.

The iſland of Nevis, in the Weſt Indies, taken by the French, Feb. 14.

Montſerrat taken by the French, Feb. 22.

The houſe of commons addreſs the king againſt any further proſecution of offenſive war on the continent of North America, March 4; and reſolve, That that houſe would conſider all thoſe as enemies to his majeſty, and this country, who ſhould adviſe, or by any means attempt, the farther proſecution of offenſive war on the continent of North America, for the purpoſe of reducing the revolted colonies to obedience by force.

Admiral Rodney obtains a ſignal victory over the French fleet under the command of count de Graſſe, near Dominica, in the Weſt Indies, April 12.

Admiral Hughes, with eleven ſhips, beat off, near the iſland of Ceylon, the French admiral Suffrein, with twelve ſhips of the line, after a ſevere engagement, in which both fleets loſt a great number of men, April 13th.

The reſolution of the houſe of commons relating to John Wilkes, Eſq; and the Middleſex election, paſſed Feb. 17, 1769, reſcinded May 3.

1782 The

1782 The bill to repeal the declaratory act of George I. relative to the legiſlation of Ireland, received the royal aſſent June 20.
The French took and deſtroyed the forts and ſettlements in Hudſon's Bay, Aug. 24.
The Spaniards defeated in their grand attack on Gibraltar, Sept. 13.
Treaty concluded betwixt the republic of Holland, and the United States of America, Oct. 8.
Proviſional articles of peace ſigned at Paris between the Britiſh and the American commiſſioners, by which the Thirteen United American colonies are acknowledged by his Britannic majeſty to be free, ſovereign, and independent ſtates, Nov. 30.
1783 Preliminary articles of peace between his Britannic majeſty, and the kings of France and Spain, ſigned at Verſailles Jan. 20.
The order of St. Patrick inſtituted, Feb. 5.
Three earthquakes in Calabria Ulterior and Sicily, deſtroying a great number of towns and inhabitants, Feb. 5th, 7th, and 28th.
Armiſtice betwixt Great Britain and Holland, Feb. 10.
Ratification of the definitive treaty of peace between Great Britain, France, Spain, and the United States of America, Sept. 3.
1784 The city of London wait on the king, with an addreſs of thanks for diſmiſſing the coalition miniſtry, Jan. 16.
The great ſeal ſtolen from the lord chancellor's houſe in Great Ormond-ſtreet, March 24.
The ratification of the peace with America arrived, April 7.
The definitive treaty of peace between Great Britain and Holland. May 24.
The memory of Handel commemorated by a grand jubilee at Weſtminſter abbey, May 26.
Proclamation for a public thankſgiving, July 2.
Mr. Lunardi aſcended in a balloon from the Artillery-ground, Moorfields, the firſt attempt of the kind in England, Sept. 15.

MEN of LEARNING and GENIUS.

Bef. Ch.
907 HOMER, the firſt prophane writer and Greek poet, flouriſhed. *Pope.*
Heſiod, the Greek poet, ſuppoſed to live near the time of Homer. *Cooke.*
884 Lycurgus, the Spartan lawgiver.
600 Sappho, the Greek lyric poeteſs, fl. *Fawkes.*
558 Solon, lawgiver of Athens.
556 Æſop, the firſt Greek fabuliſt. *Croxal.*
548 Thales, the firſt Greek aſtronomer and geographer.
497 Pythagoras founder of the Pythagorean philoſophy in Greece. *Rowe.*
474 Anacreon, the Greek lyric poet. *Fawkes, Addiſon.*
456 Æſchylus, the firſt Greek tragic poet. *Potter.*
435 Pindar, the Greek lyric poet. *Weſt.*
413 Herodotus, of Greece, the firſt writer of prophane hiſtory. *Littlebury.*
407 Ariſtophanes, the Greek comic poet, fl. *White.*
Euripides, the Greek tragic poet. *Woodhull.*
406 Sophocles, ditto. *Franklin, Potter.*
Confucius, the Chineſe philoſopher, fl.
400 Socrates, the founder of moral philoſophy, in Greece.
391 Thucydides, the Greek hiſtorian. *Smith, Hobbes.*
361 Hippocrates, the Greek phyſician. *Cliſton.*
Democritus, the Greek philoſopher.

359 Xenophon,

359 Xenophon, the Greek philoſopher and hiſtorian. *Smith, Spelman, Aſhly, Fielding.*
348 Plato, the Greek philoſopher, and diſciple of Socrates, *Sydenham.*
336 Iſocrates, the Greek orator. *Dimſdale.*
332 Ariſtotle, the Greek philoſopher, and diſciple of Plato. *Hobbes.*
313 Demoſthenes, the Athenian orator, poiſoned himſelf. *Leland, Francis.*
288 Theophraſtus, the Greek philoſopher, and ſcholar of Ariſtotle. *Budgel.*
285 Theocritus, the firſt Greek paſtoral poet, fl. *Fawkes.*
277 Euclid, of Alexandria, in Egypt, the mathematician, fl. *R. Simpſon.*
270 Epicurus, founder of the Epicurean philoſophy in Greece. *Digby.*
264 Xeno, founder of the Stoic philoſophy in Ditto.
244 Callimachus, the Greek elegiac poet.
208 Archimedes, the Greek geometrician.
184 Plautus, the Roman comic poet. *Thornton.*
159 Terence, of Carthage, the Latin comic poet. *Colman.*
155 Diogenes, of Babylon, the Stoic philoſopher.
124 Polybius, of Greece, the Greek and Roman hiſtorian. *Hampton.*
54 Lucretius, the Roman poet. *Creech.*
44 Julius Cæſar, the Roman hiſtorian and commentator, killed. *Duncan.*
Diodorus Siculus, of Greece, the univerſal hiſtorian, fl. *Booth.*
Vitruvius, the Roman architect, fl.
43 Cicero, the Roman orator and philoſopher, put to death. *Guthrie, Melmoth.*
Cornelius Nepos, the Roman biographer, fl. *Rowe.*
34 Salluſt, the Roman hiſtorian. *Gordon, Roſe.*
30 Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus, the Roman hiſtorian, fl. *Spelman.*
19 Virgil, the Roman epic poet. *Dryden, Pitt, Warton.*
11 Catullus, Tibullus, and Propertius, Roman poets. *Grainger, Dart.*
8 Horace, the Roman lyric and ſatiric poet. *Francis.*

A. C.

17 Livy, the Roman hiſtorian. *Ray.*
19 Ovid, the Roman elegiac poet. *Garth.*
20 Celſus, the Roman philoſopher and phyſician, fl. *Grieve.*
25 Strabo, the Greek geographer.
33 Phædrus, the Roman fabuliſt. *Smart.*
45 Paterculus, the Roman hiſtorian, fl. *Newcombe.*
62 Perſius, the Roman ſatiric poet. *Brewſter.*
64 Quintius Curtius, a Roman hiſtorian of Alexander the Great, fl. *Digby.*
Seneca, of Spain, the philoſopher and tragic poet, put to death. *L'Eſtrange.*
65 Lucan, the Roman epic poet, ditto. *Rowe.*
79 Pliny the elder, the Roman natural hiſtorian. *Holland.*
93 Joſephus, the Jewiſh hiſtorian. *Whiſton.*
94 Epictetus, the Greek ſtoic philoſopher, fl. Mrs. *Carter.*
95 Quinctilian, the Roman orator and advocate. *Guthrie.*
96 Statius, the Roman epic poet. *Lewis.*
90 Lucius Florus, of Spain, the Roman hiſtorian, fl.
99 Tacitus, the Roman hiſtorian. *Gordon.*
104 Martial, of Spain, the epigrammatic poet. *Hay.*
Valerius Flaccus, the Roman epic poet.
116 Pliny the younger, hiſtorical letters. *Melmoth, Orrery.*
117 Suetonius, the Roman hiſtorian. *Hughes.*
119 Plutarch, of Greece, the biographer. *Dryden, Langhorne.*
128 Juvenal, the Roman ſatiric poet. *Dryden.*
140 Ptolemy, the Egyptian geographer, mathematician, and aſtronomer, fl.
150 Juſtin the Roman hiſtorian, fl. *Turnbull.*
161 Arrian, the Roman hiſtorian and philoſopher, fl. *Rooke.*
167 Juſtin, of Samaria, the oldeſt Chriſtian author after the apoſtles.

180 Lucian,

180 Lucian, the Roman philologer. *Dimſdale, Dryden, Franklin.*
Marcus Aur. Antoninus, Roman emperor and philoſopher. *Collier, Elphinſtone.*
193 Galen, the Greek philoſopher and phyſician.
200 Diogenes Laertius, the Greek biographer, fl.
229 Dion Caſſius, of Greece, the Roman hiſtorian, fl.
254 Origen, a Chriſtian father of Alexandria.
Herodian, of Alexandria, the Roman hiſtorian, fl. *Hart.*
258 Cyprian, of Carthage, ſuffered martyrdom. *Marſhal.*
273 Longinus, the Greek orator, put to death by Aurelian. *Smith.*
320 Lactantius, a father of the church, fl.
336 Arius, a prieſt of Alexandria, founder of the ſect of Arians.
342 Euſebius, the eccleſiaſtical hiſtorian and chronologer. *Hanmer.*
379 Bazil, Biſhop of Cæſarea.
389 Gregory Nazianzen, biſhop of Conſtantinople.
397 Ambroſe, biſhop of Milan.
415 Macrobius, the Roman grammarian.
428 Eutropius, the Roman hiſtorian.
524 Boetius, the Roman poet, and Platonic philoſopher. *Bellamy, Preſton.*
529 Procopius, of Cæſarea, the Roman hiſtorian. *Holcroft.*

Here ends the illuſtrious liſt of ancient, or, as they are ſtyled, Claſſic authors, for whom mankind are indebted to Greece and Rome, thoſe two great theatres of human glory: but it will ever be regretted, that a ſmall part only of their writings have come to our hands. This was owing to the barbarous policy of thoſe fierce illiterate pagans, who, in the fifth century, ſubverted the Roman empire, and in which practices they were joined ſoon after by the Saracens, or followers of Mahomet. Conſtantinople alone had eſcaped the ravages of the Barbarians; and to the few literati who ſheltered themſelves within its walls, is chiefly owing the preſervation of thoſe valuable remains of antiquity. To learning, civility, and refinement, ſucceeded worſe than Gothic ignorance—the ſuperſtition and buffoonery of the church of Rome; Europe therefore produces few names worthy of record during the ſpace of a thouſand years; a period which hiſtorians, with great propriety, denominate the dark or Gothic ages.

The invention of printing contributed to the revival of learning in the ſixteenth century, from which memorable æra a race of men have ſprung up in a new ſoil, France, Germany, and Britain; who, if they do not exceed, at leaſt equal, the greateſt geniuſes of antiquity. Of theſe our own countrymen have the reputation of the firſt rank, with whoſe names we ſhall finiſh our liſt.

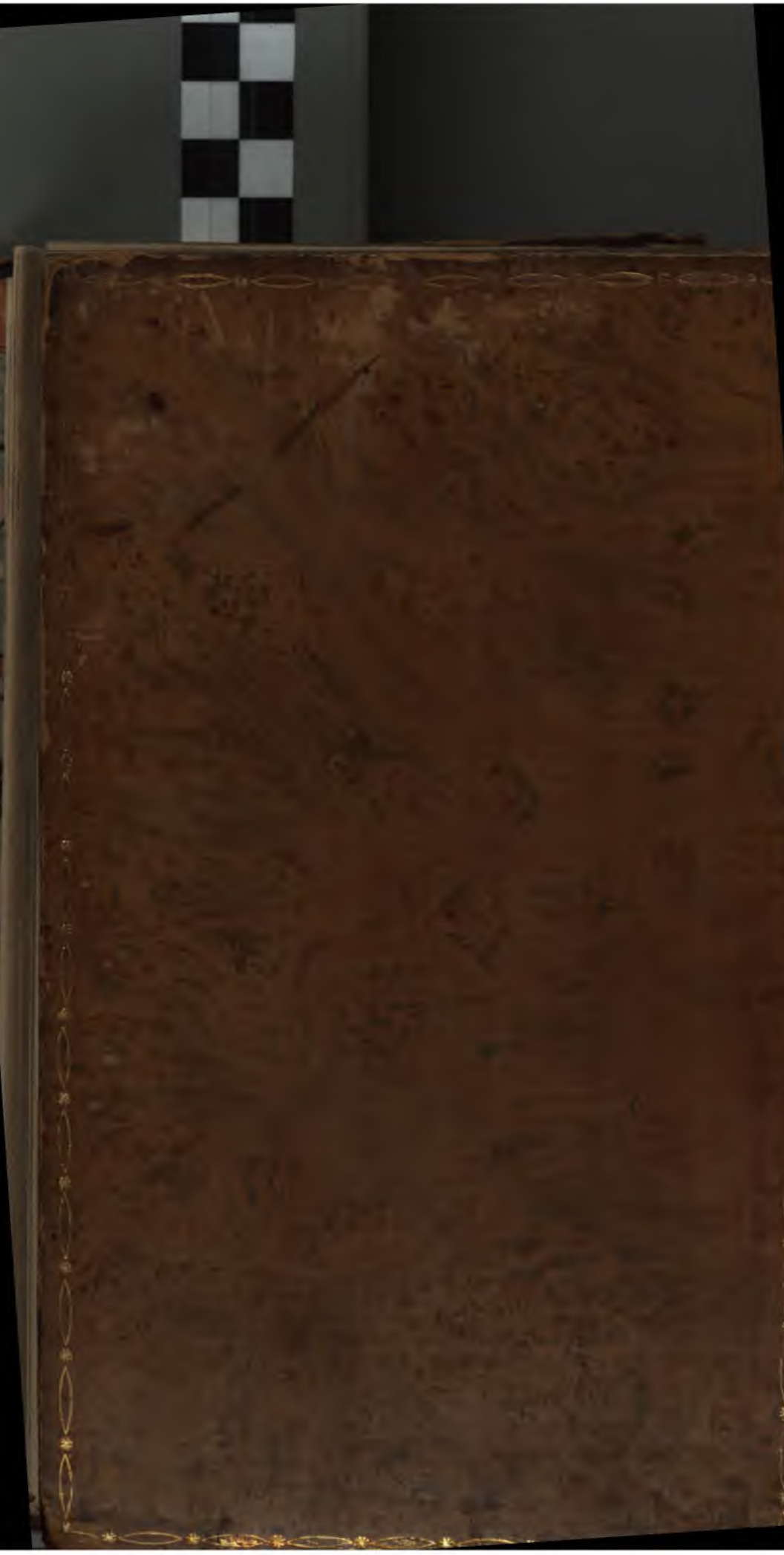
A. C.
735 Bede, a prieſt of Northumberland; Hiſtory of the Saxons, Scots, &c.
901 King Alfred; hiſtory, philoſophy, and poetry.
1259 Matthew Paris, monk of St. Alban's; Hiſtory of England.
1292 Roger Bacon, Somerſetſhire; natural philoſophy.
1308 John Fordun, a prieſt of Mearns-ſhire; Hiſtory of Scotland.
1400 Geoffry Chaucer, London; the father of Engliſh poetry.
1402 John Gower, Wales; the poet.
1535 Sir Thomas More, London; hiſtory, politics, divinity.
1552 John Leland, London; lives and antiquities.
1568 Roger Aſcham, Yorkſhire; philology and polite literature.
1572 Rev. John Knox, the Scotch reformer; hiſtory of the church of Scotland.
1582 George Buchanan, Dumbartonſhire; Hiſtory of Scotland, Pſalms of David, politics, &c.
1598 Edmund Spenſer, London; Fairy Queen, and other poems.
1615—25 Beaumont and Fletcher; 53 dramatic pieces.
1616 William Shakeſpeare, Stratford; 42 tragedies and comedies.
1622 John Napier, of Marcheſton, Scotland; diſcoverer of logarithms.

1623 William

1623 William Camden, London; hiſtory and antiquities.
1626 Lord Chancellor Bacon, London; natural philoſophy, literature in general.
1634 Lord Chief Juſtice Coke, Norfolk; laws of England.
1638 Ben Jonſon, London; 53 dramatic pieces.
1641 Sir Henry Spelman, Norfolk; laws and antiquities.
1654 John Selden, Suſſex; antiquities and laws.
1657 Dr. William Harvey, Kent, diſcovered the circulation of the blood.
1667 Abraham Cowley, London; miſcellaneous poetry.
1674 John Milton, London; Paradiſe Loſt, Regained, and various other pieces in verſe and proſe.
Hyde, earl of Clarendon, Wiltſhire; Hiſtory of the Civil Wars in England.
1675 James Gregory, Aberdeen; mathematics, geometry, and optics.
1677 Reverend Dr. Iſaac Barrow, London; natural philoſophy, mathematics, and ſermons.
1680 Samuel Butler, Worceſterſhire; Hudibras, a burleſque poem,
1685 Thomas Otway, London; 10 tragedies and comedies, with other poems.
1687 Edmund Waller, Bucks; poems, ſpeeches, letters, &c.
1688 Dr. Ralph Cudworth, Somerſetſhire; Intellectual Syſtem.
1689 Dr. Thomas Sydenham, Dorſetſhire; Hiſtory of Phyſic.
1690 Nathaniel Lee, London; 11 tragedies.
Robert Barclay, Edinburgh; Apology for the Quakers.
1691 Hon. Robert Boyle; natural and experimental philoſophy and theology.
Sir George M'Kenzie, Dundee; Antiquities and Laws of Scotland.
1694 John Tillotſon, archbiſhop of Canterbury, Halifax; 254 ſermons.
1697 Sir William Temple, London; politics, and polite literature.
1701 John Dryden, Northamptonſhire; 27 tragedies and comedies, ſatiric poems, Virgil.
1704 John Locke, Somerſetſhire; philoſophy, government, and theology.
1705 John Ray, Eſſex; botany, natural philoſophy, and divinity.
1707 George Farquar, Londonderry; eight comedies.
1713 Ant. Aſh. Cooper, earl of Shafteſbury; Characteriſtics.
1714 Gilbert Burnet, Edinburgh, biſhop of Saliſbury; hiſtory, biography, divinity, &c.
1718 Nicholas Rowe, Devonſhire; 7 tragedies, tranſlation of Lucan's Pharſalia.
1719 Reverend John Flamſteed, Derbyſhire; mathematics and aſtronomy.
Joſeph Addiſon, Wiltſhire; Spectator, Guardian, poems, politics.
Dr. John Keil, Edinburgh; mathematics and aſtronomy.
1721 Matthew Prior, London; poems and politics.
1724 William Wollaſton, Staffordſhire; Religion of Nature delineated.
1727 Sir Iſaac Newton, Lincolnſhire; mathematics, geometry, aſtronomy, optics.
1729 Reverend Dr. Samuel Clarke, Norwich; mathematics, divinity, &c.
Sir Richard Steele, Dublin; four comedies, papers in Tatler, &c.
William Congreve, Staffordſhire; ſeven dramatic pieces.
1732 John Gay, Exeter; poems, fables, and eleven dramatic pieces.
1734 Dr. John Arbuthnot, Mearns-ſhire; medicine, coins, politics.
1742 Dr. Edmund Halley; natural philoſophy, aſtronomy, navigation.
Dr. Richard Bentley, Yorkſhire; claſſical learning, criticiſm.
1744 Alexander Pope, London; poems, letters, tranſlation of Homer.
1745 Reverend Dr. Jonathan Swift, Dublin; poems, politics, and letters.
1746 Colin M'Laurin, Argyleſhire; Algebra, View of Newton's philoſophy.
1748 James Thomſon, Roxburghſhire; Seaſons, and other poems, five tragedies.
Reverend Dr. Iſaac Watts, Southampton; logic, philoſophy, pſalms, hymns, ſermons, &c.
Dr. Francis Hutcheſon, Airſhire; Syſtem of Moral Philoſophy.
1750 Reverend Dr. Conyers Middleton, Yorkſhire; Life of Cicero, &c.
Andrew Baxter, Old Aberdeen; metaphyſics, and natural philoſophy.

1751 Henry

1751 Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke, Surrey; philoſophy, metaphyſics, and politics.
Dr. Alexander Monro, Edinburgh; Anatomy of the Human Body.
1754 Dr. Richard Mead, London, on poiſons, plague, ſmall-pox, medicine, precepts.
Henry Fielding, Somerſetſhire; Tom Jones, Joſeph Andrews, &c.
1757 Colley Cibber, London; 25 tragedies and comedies.
1761 Thomas Sherlock, biſhop of London; 69 ſermons, &c.
Benjamin Hoadley, biſhop of Winchester; ſermons and controverſy.
Samuel Richardſon, London; Grandiſon, Clariſſa, Pamela.
Reverend Dr. John Leland, Lancaſhire; Anſwer to Deiſtical Writers.
1765 Reverend Dr. Edward Young; Night Thoughts, and other poems, three tragedies.
Robert Simſon, Glaſgow; Conic Sections, Euclid, Apollonius.
1768 Reverend Lawrence Sterne; 45 ſermons, Sentimental Journey, Triſtram Shandy.
1769 Robert Smith, Lincolnſhire; harmonics and optics.
1770 Reverend Dr. Jortin; Life of Eraſmus, Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory, and ſermons.
Dr. Mark Akenſide, Newcaſtle upon Tyne; poems.
Dr. Tobias Smollet, Dumbartonſhire; Hiſtory of England, novels, tranſlations.
1771 Thomas Gray, Profeſſor of Modern Hiſtory, Cambridge; poems.
1773 Philip Dormer Stanhope, earl of Cheſterfield; letters.
George Lord Lyttelton, Worceſterſhire; Hiſtory of England.
1774 Oliver Goldſmith; poems, eſſays, and other pieces.
Zachary Pearce, biſhop of Rocheſter; Annotations on the New Teſtament, &c.
1775 Dr. John Hawkeſworth; eſſays.
1776 David Hume, Merſe; Hiſtory of England, and eſſays.
James Ferguſon, Aberdeenſhire; aſtronomy.
1777 Samuel Foote, Cornwall; plays.
1779 David Garrick, Hereford; plays, &c.
William Warburton, biſhop of Glouceſter; Divine Legation of Moſes, and various other works.
1780 Sir William Blackſtone, Judge of the court of Common Pleas, London; Commentaries on the Laws of England.
Dr. John Fothergill, Yorkſhire; philoſophy and medicine.
James Harris; Hermes, Philological Inquiries, and Philoſophical Arrangements.
1782 Thomas Newton, biſhop of Briſtol, Litchfield; Diſcourſes on the Prophecies, and other works.
Sir John Pringle, Bart. Roxburghſhire; Diſeaſes of the Army.
Henry Home, Lord Kaimes, Scotland; Elements of Criticiſm, Sketches of the Hiſtory of Man.
1783 Dr. William Hunter, Lanerkſhire; anatomy.
Dr. Benjamin Kennicott; Hebrew Verſion of the Bible, theological tracts.
1784 Dr. Thomas Morell; Editor of Ainſworth's Dictionary, Hedericus's Lexicon, and ſome Greek tragedies.
Dr. Samuel Johnſon, Litchfield; Engliſh Dictionary, biography, eſſays, poetry. Died December 13, 1784, aged 71.
1785 William Whitehead, Poet Laureat; poems and plays.

N. B. *By the Dates is implied the Time when the above Writers died; but where that Period happens not to be known, the Age in which they flouriſhed is ſignified by* fl. *The names in Italics are thoſe who have given the beſt Engliſh Tranſlations, excluſive of School Books.*

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